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40th Anniversary Issue

New Republic

1914-1954

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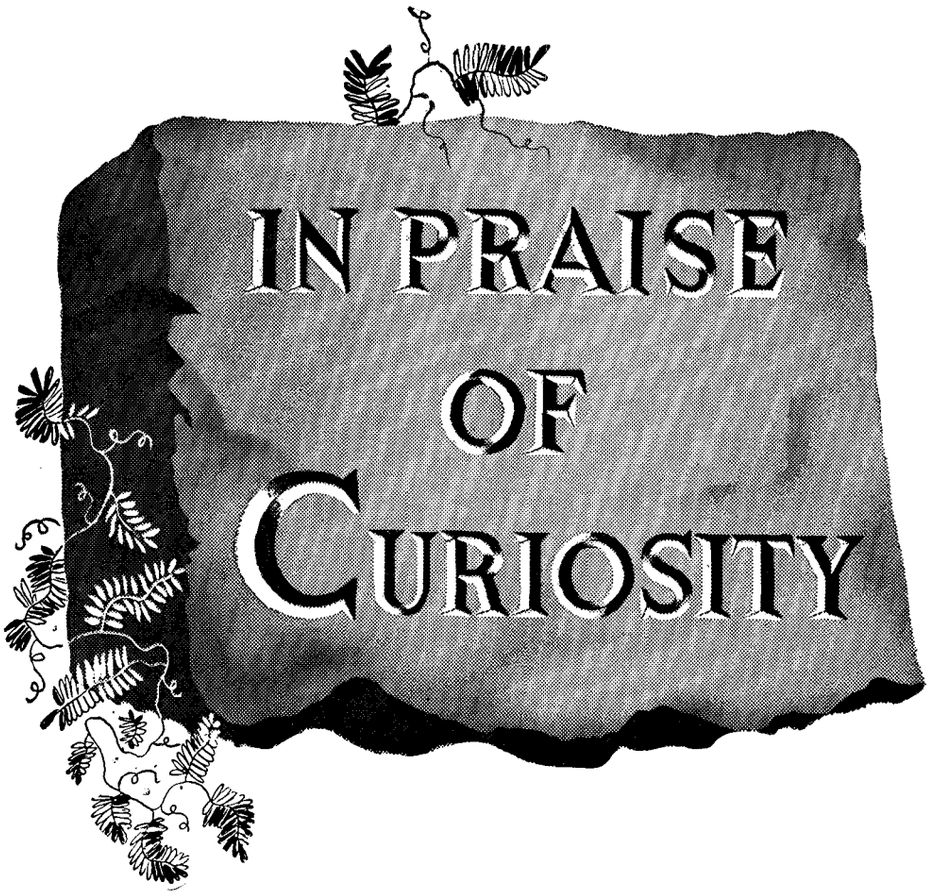

The American people have always had it—a curiosity
which will not be satisfied with dreams
or appearances, but must probe until the lands
are charted, the germ isolated, the truth exposed.

May they have it as long as there is an America—
for if it ever goes, America will not matter.

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New Republic

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Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1954 in the USA by New Republic, Inc., publishing office, 301 N St., N.E. Washington 2, D.C. Editorial and business communications should be addressed to 1826 Jefferson Place, N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950 at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 20c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00.

NOTES ON THIS ISSUE

IN THIS 40th Anniversary Issue of the *New Republic* the past and present meet. Here collected for the first time since the founding of this Journal of Opinion in November, 1914, are some of the best and most representative articles, poems and stories printed in its columns in the past, as well as contemporary articles written especially for this issue.

Four of the current essays examine, from different angles, the relevance today of the attitudes and assumptions of the *New Republic's* first editor, Herbert Croly. They are contributed by the present editor, MICHAEL STRAIGHT; HENRY LADD SMITH, professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin and co-author with Edwin Emery of "The Press and America"; CHARLES B. FORCEY, assistant professor of history at Miami University in Ohio who is now working on a book about the early *New Republic* and its editors; and CARL KAYSEN, professor of economics at the Harvard School of Business.

MALCOLM COWLEY, author of the essay on contemporary threats to American literature written for this issue is former literary editor and present contributor to the *New Republic*. BRUCE BLIVEN's qualifications as historian of the *New Republic's* first forty years include editorship of the magazine for over a decade.

Many of the authors represented were at one or another period *New Republic* staff members or regular columnists: HEYWOOD BROUN, OTIS FERGUSON, FRANCIS HACKETT, WALTER LIPPMANN, HAROLD ICKES, ROBERT LITTELL, EDMUND WILSON, and STARK YOUNG, Mr. Young serving this Journal as dramatic critic for nearly a quarter of a century.

Others whose pieces are included have been frequent contributors over the years: CHARLES A. BEARD, HAROLD J. LASKI, LEWIS MUMFORD.

GERALD W. JOHNSON is a current *NR* regular, his column ("The Superficial Aspect") appearing every other week; likewise ERIC BENTLEY, whose theatre criticism is an *NR* feature.

In the endeavor to assemble, in 128 pages, the broadest possible sampling of past and present writings, some cutting of original texts has been necessary.

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Ideas and Politics

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

ONE OF the discouraging aspects of our times has been the spread of what Senator Fulbright has so well called the "swinish blight" of anti-intellectualism. I do not mean to imply for a moment that our intellectuals should be exempt from questioning and criticism; nor would I deny the intolerable self-righteousness of some of them in the past. Yet any society which goes in for the wholesale disciplining and terrorization of its intellectual community is either bent on tyranny—or on suicide. We are not anywhere near that point yet in the United States. But we are nearer that point than we were a decade or two decades ago; and this is surely not the direction toward which we should be moving if we want to stay alive and intact as a nation.

The world is constantly changing—at least, it has always changed in the past, and there seems no reason to believe that we have achieved a changeless Nirvana today. As the world changes, nations must adjust themselves to new conditions; otherwise, they will disappear, like the dinosaur. And the means by which this adjustment is made are ideas—which means especially *new* ideas. The first requisite for national survival in a changing world is thus a steady flow of new thoughts, new conceptions and, if you like, new dreams. A nation which inhibits that flow—or which permits a minority in its midst to censor and intimidate the thinkers—is a nation which invites stagnation; and stagnation is the first step toward extinction.

That is why I was so sorry when even our President recently permitted himself some derisive remarks about intellectuals. I had supposed that we were all in agreement on the indispensability of education—which is, after all, nothing but the cultivation of our intellects. Without our intellectuals we would not have made the tremendous advances in science, medicine, agriculture and industry on which we are so dependent for our security and our welfare. To demean our intellectuals is to deny the very basis of our national greatness. And certainly there will never be a time when we need ridicule of brains as much as employment of them in our public affairs.

Moreover, if we are to hold our own in our mortal contest with the totalitarian society of Soviet Russia we must work overtime to make our land once again attractive to new ideas; so that all our intellectuals—from our weapons scientists to our economists and philosophers—will have the heart to make their best contribution to an America capable of responding to all challenges.

What is true for the nation is equally true for political parties. No party is going to win many elections for long if it does not possess a sound and vital core of ideas. Political parties need ideas as much as they need managers, candidates and full treasuries. Intellectual bankruptcy and sterility is common enough in politics and happy is the party which has the intellectual means to translate scholarly and technical advances into political ideas. Looking at politics and partisan success from the most practical point of view I still would never trade brains and imagination for money, for, in the long run, the people won't either. Wisecracks about "brain-trusters," "professors in politics," "eggheads" are, like other forms of anti-intellectualism, exercises in self-destruction.

FOR 40 years the *New Republic* has been a potent and persuasive organ of intellectualism in politics and a channel through which new ideas have flowed into American life. I have not always agreed with these ideas. At times, I have totally disagreed with them. But, on balance, I have great respect for the *New Republic's* candor, courage and consistent hospitality to fresh thinking and new thinkers. I salute its contributions in the past; and I look forward to many more years in which the *New Republic* will continue its proud fight to realize the promise of American life.

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The First Forty Years

BRUCE BLIVEN

A GENERATION ago, two myths about the *New Republic* were current in New York publishing circles. One was that the paper had been founded because of an accidental dinner meeting between the potential editor, Herbert Croly, and the paper's financial angel—"a million-dollar dinner" was the customary phrase. The other legend was that the publication date for the first issue had been set for August 1, 1914, and that the beginning of the First World War on that date set the editors so far back on their heels that it took them three months to recover enough to bring out their postponed initial copy.

The facts are more prosaic, though perhaps still interesting to the historically minded. Croly, who in 1914 was 45 years of age, had studied at Harvard and earned his living thereafter as an editor of magazines in the field of architecture. In 1909 he published *The Promise of American Life*, a call for a restoration of the moral and spiritual values inherent in the creation of the American republic. Few books of such limited circulation (only 7,500 copies in all) have attracted such wide attention; among its admirers were former President Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. and Mrs. Willard Straight.

Mr. Straight, who had an upstate New York background, was a Cornell graduate who had gone into the Consular Service and was stationed in China. There he met, and presently married, Dorothy Whitney, daughter of William C. Whitney, New York City traction king and Secretary of the Navy under Cleveland. Miss Whitney had been engaged in making a glorified version of the Grand Tour, one that was never completed.

The Straights were still in China when Croly's book appeared; they were interested and excited by this prophetic voice calling for a renaissance in American political life, and when they returned to America, they sought his acquaintance. Possessors of a large fortune, the young couple wanted to do something useful with their money, and Willard had thought of founding or buying a daily newspaper in the metropolis. Croly believed that a national weekly would be more effective, and the Straights fell in with his view. Together they supported the paper until 1918 when Willard, who had exhausted himself with war work, fell a victim to the influenza epidemic of that year. His wife (who in 1925 became Mrs. Leonard K. Elmhirst) continued her unwavering interest in and support of the paper for almost 40 years.

As for the second myth, it had always been intended to bring out the first issue in November, and it appeared on schedule on November 7. It is true, however, that the War caused a tremendous change in the Journal as it had been planned. Instead of dealing with domestic issues, from the general standpoint of Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose Party of 1912, the paper had to grapple with complex European problems having their roots deep in a history of which most Americans were colossally ignorant.

It is probably true that the editors of few other periodicals were so well qualified to grapple with those issues as the *New Republic* group. The innovation the new journal represented was a bold and exciting one, and as always happens under such circumstances, it attracted to itself a group of men who would have had little interest in boarding such a vessel for any other than her maiden voyage. First of all, of course, was Croly himself, a man so dedicated to the public discussion of public issues that it can almost be said he had no private life at all. Next came Walter Lippmann, whose abilities need no underlining today. Walter Weyl was another brilliant journalist, especially interested in domestic economic problems. Randolph Bourne, a saturnine, almost misanthropic young genius, wrote much for the paper and participated in its councils, though not on the staff. Felix Frankfurter, then a member of the faculty of the Harvard Law School, was one of the paper's closest editorial advisers until he went on the Supreme Court Bench in 1939. On the literary side there was equal brilliance. Philip Littell was an essayist and critic of charm, wit and discernment, and Francis Hackett, a fiery young Irishman, came out of Chicago where he had made the literary page of the *Chicago Evening Post* more distinguished than any comparable page in New York. A little later, the staff was joined by Charles Merz, now editor of the *New York Times* and by Alvin Johnson, later to become head of The New School for Social Research.

FOR its first 21 years, the *New Republic* was published from two adjoining old houses in New York's Chelsea district, just across the street from the General Theological Seminary. Croly, a man of impeccable taste, furnished with handsome antiques those rooms which important visitors saw, and the atmosphere was one of leisure and scholarly distinction. The resident caretaking couple were also cook and butler, and the editors lunched together ceremoniously several days a week around a big circular table in a handsome room overlooking the garden in the rear. Hundreds of distinguished figures in

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politics, journalism and literature, from both sides of the Atlantic were guests at these luncheons, one or two at a time; some of them wanted to write for the paper, but business was taboo, and their ideas were discussed only in the most general terms until they were closeted after lunch with Croly in the second-floor front bedroom, now his office. One of the shyest men who ever lived, Croly covered his essentially warm and friendly nature with a gruff exterior; many a visitor, unable to make the necessary rapid-fire psychoanalysis of the editor, emerged pale and shaken from a painfully frank session, and required emergency comforting by other members of the staff.

THERE was never any doubt, during his lifetime, that Croly was "first among equals" on the editorial board. Unless he was on vacation or ill, he wrote the leading editorial, and it represented, essentially, his judgment and not a collective one, though he would always listen to arguments by his colleagues and readily accepted minor suggestions. His weekly editorial of 1,500 words or so took half his working time. Each morning he wrote at home from 9 to 12:30, covering page after page of ruled yellow foolscap with his inky hen tracks; there never was more than one typist in the office who could read his scrawl, and even this brilliant exception would constantly appeal for help to every passerby.

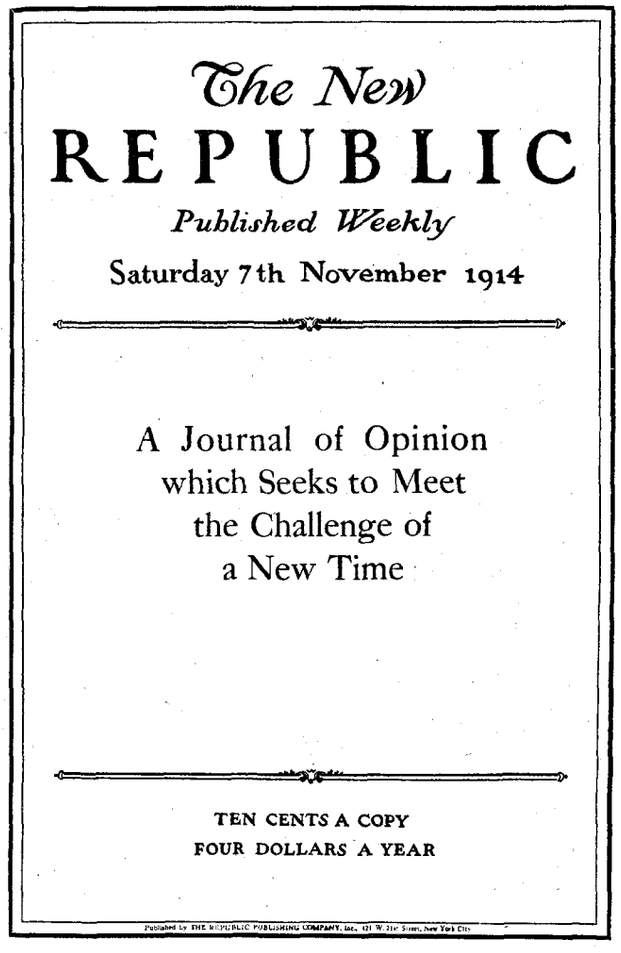
At 12:30, Croly left for the office, to arrive just in time for lunch at one. In the afternoon, while he worked on the routine of his desk, the typist copied out his morning's production so that he could take it home when the seminary chimes told him it was five o'clock. Next noon he brought back the new copy, every fraction of an inch scrawled over with corrections, interlineations and additions. The typist heroically made a fresh start, and had a clean copy for him by five o'clock. This went on throughout the week to the astonishment of colleagues, several of whom could produce an editorial in a morning.

I am not attempting in this brief note to recount again the public battles of that far-off time, but one aspect is worth reporting. The paper struggled unceasingly, both before and after America entered the War in April, 1917, for a just and durable peace. Walter Lippmann was loaned to Washington for the duration, and had much to do with the drafting of Wilson's Fourteen Points, though he denies the common report that he ghosted the whole document. Somehow, Wall Street got the notion that the *NR* was President Wilson's personal organ, that his plans would be given first publicity in its pages, and that by reading the paper they could gamble successfully in the stock market. For some time, all copies instantly disappeared from newsstands in the financial district as soon as they went on sale every week, and attempts were even made to bribe the printers for advance proofs. It would have been interesting to watch the face of a hardboiled Wall Street broker struggling with Croly's weekly long, ponderous and difficult editorial on the moral values of the great conflict, and trying to deduce from it whether or not to sell Anaconda short.

With the end of the war and publication of the Treaty of Versailles, the editors were shocked to see that Wilson's idealism had been sunk without a trace. They therefore repudiated the Treaty, and the League of Nations which was incorporated in it. Many American liberals, just as shocked as the *NR* editors, nevertheless wanted the United States to join the League, on the ground that it would eventually bring about the alteration of the worst parts of the Treaty; but Croly (and I believe the decision was chiefly his) had no thought of compromise. Within a short time, the paper lost 40 percent of its circulation; liberals then were just as ready as both liberals and conservatives are ready to punish a paper for disagreement by refusing to read it. Luckily, the loyalty of Mrs. Straight was as unswerving as always, and the paper managed to go on.

During the next decade, it fought hard against the unnecessarily harsh treatment of the Germans by the Allies, and the myth of sole German responsibility for the War which they used as moral justification. If the advice of the paper had been followed, quite possibly the German people would have been less receptive to the poisonous doctrine of Hitler, and the course of world history altered.

In the early twenties the *NR* made a marked increase in the proportion of its space and attention devoted to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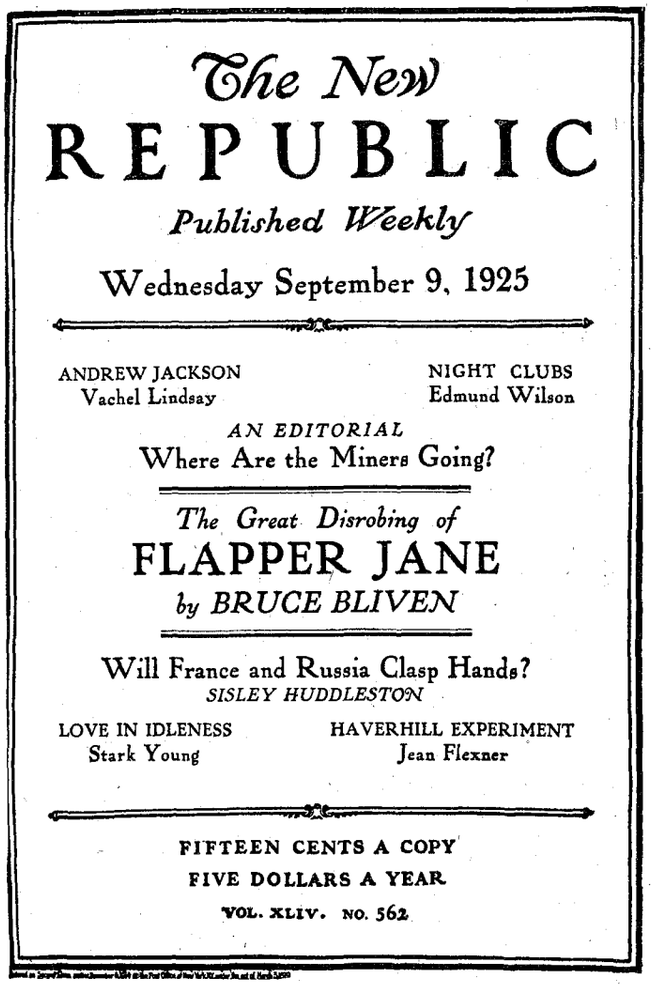

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Published Weekly
Wednesday September 9, 1925

ANDREW JACKSON
Vachel Lindsay

NIGHT CLUBS
Edmund Wilson

AN EDITORIAL
Where Are the Miners Going?

The Great Disrobing of
FLAPPER JANE
by BRUCE BLIVEN

Will France and Russia Clasp Hands?
SISLEY HUDDLESTON

LOVE IN IDLENESS
Stark Young

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Jean Flexner

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cultural subjects. A group of distinguished British writers was added—among them, H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Bertrand Russell and John Maynard Keynes, and among the Americans were Clarence Day, Lewis Mumford, Gilbert Seldes, Waldo Frank and Edmund Wilson. (Most of these, of course, had contributed from the beginning and the only change was to print more of their work or to do so more regularly.)

The experiment was successful, but no one should have supposed (or did) that the *NR* could ever abdicate its primary job in the field of politics, economics and social problems. Teapot Dome and the dreadful antics of the Ohio Gang soon needed attention, and so did the Ku Klux Klan. In 1924 Sen. Robert LaFollette of Wisconsin did remarkably well as a Third Party presidential candidate; he had the support of the paper. The scandals of prohibition required discussion, and so did the United States' policy of enforcing its benevolent intentions in Central America by means of a force of Marines. The Sacco-Vanzetti case engaged the attention of the editors from 1921 when the two men were first sentenced to death, until their execution on August 22, 1927. Toward the end of the fevered struggle to save the lives of men so patently innocent, the *New Republic* editors paid out of their own pockets for a full-page advertisement in the *New York Times* reciting the details of the case, and several of them tramped the streets of Manhattan, in agony of spirit, on the night when the shoemaker and the fish peddler were put to death.

Herbert Croly suffered a stroke in the early autumn of 1928, and was unable to work from then until his death in the spring of 1930. Beginning with his illness, the paper was run in reality by the editors as a group, as it had been in theory from the beginning. Journalism is an occupation with a high turnover of employment; by this time, none of the original editorial group was left. George Soule was now the chief economic writer, taking the place that had been filled successively by Walter Weyl and Alvin Johnson. Malcolm Cowley, Edmund Wilson and on a somewhat irregular schedule, Robert Morse Lovett, supervised literary matters in place of Francis Hackett and Philip Littell. This writer, beginning in 1923, had undertaken the duties formerly performed by Charles Merz. By 1930, the executive in the office with the longest tenure was Daniel Mebane, the business manager, whose ability in that role was matched by his passionate interest in the paper's political views and appreciation of its spiritual independence. One of his special activities was for some years the publication of the New Republic Dollar Books—handsomely printed originals in flexible covers, the forerunners of the inexpensive editions of the present day.

At about this time, there began the *New Republic's* most famous single feature, the "Washington Wire" of "T.R.B." Nobody connected with the paper ever makes a public appearance without being challenged as to the identity of this famous, anonymous correspondent, whose column still continues as witty and caustic as it was a quarter of a century ago. While his identity may not be revealed, it is legitimate to report where his name came from. In the week when the column was first to appear, one of the editors was at the printing office, putting the paper to bed, and suddenly realized, with a printer at his elbow waiting for the final OK, that no pseudonym had been invented. In the dilemma of the moment, he took the name of the subway on which he had arrived at the printing press, the B.R.T. (Brooklyn Rapid Transit), and reversed the initials.

Some years later, the T.R.B. of the moment (for it is an open secret that more than one individual has played this role) made some critical remarks about the Associated Press, mentioning casually that he himself had once owned a paper with an A.P. franchise. The press service, hurt by this filial impiety, looked through its files until it found a man with the right initials—T. R. Bates, I'll call him—who had once held a franchise, and promptly wrote him a scolding letter. Bates in turn, an injured innocent, wrote to the *NR*. It fell to the lot of this writer to explain to the A.P. that they had the wrong man.

The years of the Great Depression were perhaps those

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in which the *NR* had its most immediate and direct social usefulness. As the banks locked their doors and the bread-lines lengthened, more and more people turned to a serious facing of reality and away from the synthetic optimism, the false jauntiness that most of the high-circulation magazines still felt obligated to assume. When the readership of these magazines plummeted, that of the *NR* remained steady or rose.

NEARLY all the members of the Roosevelt Brain Trust had been collaborators of the *NR* before they began to work with President Roosevelt, and most of the ideas of the New Deal first saw the light in its pages. Yet the notion that the paper was closely tied to the Democratic Party, then or at any other time during its first 30 years, is historically incorrect. The *NR*, while opposed to Hoover, was more than lukewarm in the 1932 campaign about the candidacy of Roosevelt, who ran by attacking the "waste and extravagance" of Hoover and pledged strict economy and a balanced budget. For the next eight years, Roosevelt was chastised by the paper more than he was praised, the chief complaint being that his measures for government spending to counteract depression were almost always too little and too late to be wholly effective.

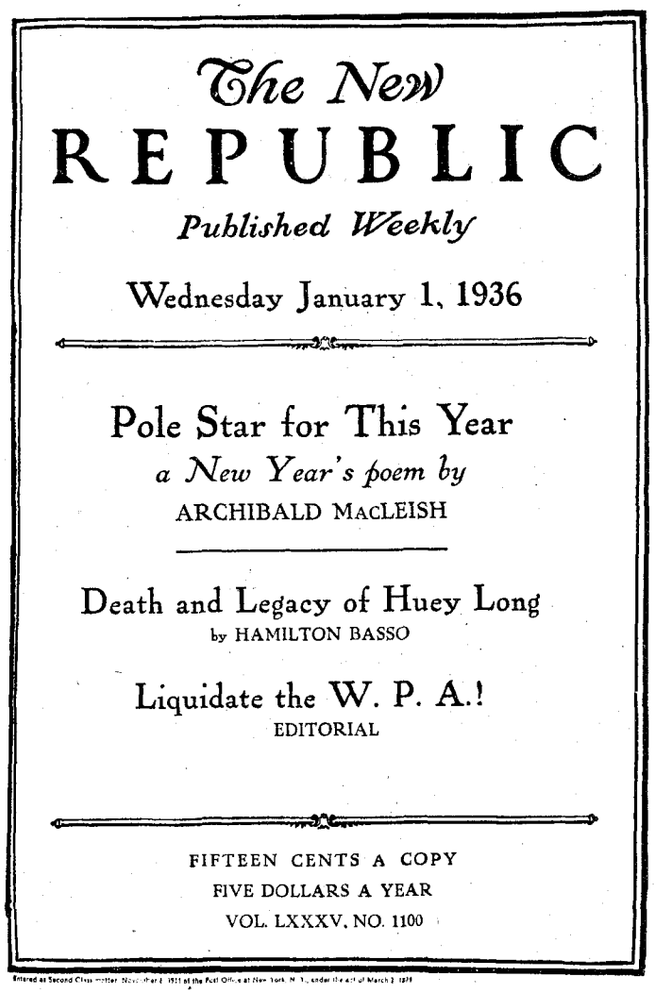
For a time, from 1937 to 1939, the paper was also out of step with the President on the policy of "quarantining the aggressor." The old liberal tradition in America had been isolationist and pacifist, and the editorial board of that day suffered from a cultural inertia that made its members slow to recognize the world changes which necessitated a new approach. Finally they did see the light—if one can call it light—and they demanded American participation in the Second World War long before Pearl Harbor, and at a time when many Americans, including the American Communists, were still screaming for continued neutrality.

From the moment when it was founded, the charge of radicalism was thrown at the *New Republic*, and the accusation has been continued to the present time. It was as false applied to this journal as it was of President Roosevelt and as it is today of those who share his philosophy. But in politics and in journalism, the real crime seems to be to speak sharply about private capitalism's excesses, or worse still, to poke fun at some of the stuffed shirts who have the largest incomes, and the most honored places in the financial hierarchy. It is not enough to support the capitalist system; to escape abuse as an iconoclast, you must publicly venerate it as well.

It is true, of course, that in the Thirties, the paper was Left of Center, and some of the individual editors were still further to the Left, though at no time did they dictate editorial policy on any important issue. It is almost impossible today to get a fair judgment on the often innocent and altruistic radicalism of that far-off time; attitudes of those days are judged by the realities of 25 years later and individuals are damned for not having the foresight to read the pages of future history and predict developments which seemed highly improbable at the time, and would seem so again if the same conditions were to recur. The innocents of those days were certainly naïve; they were gullible; they were very slow to face the changing facts of history. It is also true however that they were miles away from supporting dictatorship, rule by torture and the building of a whole society on falsehood.

During the Second World War, a truce necessarily had to be called regarding many aspects of domestic reform, while attention was concentrated on winning the War. Again, the *New Republic* tried to make vocal the aspiration of decent Americans for a just and lasting peace. Its attitude brought a much enlarged audience and increased acceptance.

With the end of the War, Michael Straight, son of the founders of the paper, joined the editorial board and assumed an important role in its activities. The postwar period was dominated, for a time, by two experiments. The first was to seek a much wider audience for the paper by appealing to a somewhat different group, through an enlarged magazine, the use of illustration, an


The New
REPUBLIC
Published Weekly
Wednesday January 1, 1936
Pole Star for This Year
a New Year's poem by
ARCHIBALD MacLEISH
Death and Legacy of Huey Long
by HAMILTON BASSO
Liquidate the W. P. A.!
EDITORIAL
FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR
VOL. LXXXV, NO. 1100

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increased reportorial staff, and other changes. The second experiment was to abandon, in a degree, the idea of group editorship that had been practiced since the death of Herbert Croly in 1930, and to substitute a single editor, Henry Wallace, who had been Secretary of Agriculture from 1933 to 1940, Vice President from 1941 to 1945 and Secretary of Commerce for a few months beginning in 1945.

Unfortunately, the second experiment ate up the first. It was soon obvious that the Progressive Party, whose Presidential candidate Wallace was to become, was in fact dominated by the Communists who feared (prematurely, as it turned out) that their own party would be made illegal. Four months before the Presidential election, Wallace and the *New Republic* parted company by mutual consent; but by then, the harm had been done. The paper was damned because of its embroilment with an editor who had got himself embroiled with a subversive group. The costly experiment of seeking a much larger circulation, which had been in a fair way to succeed, was destroyed by this unforeseen and unforseeable contretemps.

That the paper was able to survive at all is a remarkable tribute to the amazing loyalty of its readers. Only one who has read all the editorial mail for 30 years as I have, can realize the extent of the devotion of thousands of people to the sort of journalism the *NR* has always represented and represents today. It endured through a series of experiments in typography, some of which were rather far from the austere beauty of the paper's first format, designed by the famous American craftsman, Ingalls Kimball. When, in 1953, circumstances compelled a termination of the pre-existing arrangement for family support of the paper, an appeal had to be made, for the first time in its history, for aid from its readers. The response was remarkable, not only from rank-and-file subscribers, but from American leaders like Adlai Stevenson, Sen. Paul Douglas, Paul Hoffman, John S. Knight, the newspaper publisher, and dozens of others. Today, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Harrison are taking an increasingly active share in the paper's administration and helping to insure that in all major ways, it will be in the future what it has been in the past.

VERY FEW who read these words will need any argument as to why journalism of this sort is a valuable part of American civilization, and it will be hard to convince those others who feel that any paper that cannot continuously show a profit ought to be suspended. It remains true that in America, in an era of constantly rising costs of publication, the mass-circulation press is under greater and greater pressure to conform. Minority, unpopular opinion—even, in most parts of the country, opinion as "unpopular" as that of the Democratic Party—is more and more cut off from public expression. A paper like the *NR* is badly needed, if only to be the eggheads' Committee of Correspondence. It is needed, in more serious vein, because it is so firmly conservative in the true meaning of that word—so committed to the conservation of old American ideals and standards at a time when many have forgotten them. *November, 1954*

The Vital Connection

THE SUREST way, perhaps, of judging the work of an author who ventures into a new field, whether it be that of political controversy or some other, is to trace if we can the growth of his interests and their relations among each other. A man may be led, by the connections of things themselves, far from his starting point, just as Sainte-Beuve, as literary critic, was led to study the whole of social life. Where there is no vital connection, the man may be a brilliant virtuoso, but is probably nothing more. Even within one sphere of business, as in a novel or a play, the vital connection may be absent; and if it is absent, the novel or poem or play will not endure.

December 12, 1928 T. S. ELIOT

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The Ghost at the Banquet

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

NO BANQUET is complete without a ghost. One who will serve as well as any to haunt this issue, published in celebration of the *New Republic's* 40th anniversary, is Mr. Richard Crossman, a recent traveler in this country who has returned to inform the British readers of the *New Statesman and Nation* that freedom has vanished in America and the liberals are dead.

In freedom's place, Mr. Crossman declares an authoritarian dogma called the New Loyalty governs a silent people. "According to this dogma," he says, "Communism is a terrible disease which threatens the American way of life and which can only be met by the elimination of Communists. Loyal Americans must therefore be constantly fearful of infection and ready to accept the most ruthless tests in order to defeat the epidemic—tests which may force you to denounce your best friend as a secret carrier owing to something he did or said 20 years ago."

"These loyalty tests," adds Mr. Crossman, "are as impracticable and morally corrupting as the Nuremberg Laws." Nine out of 10 Americans are not concerned because "they have changed their views as they change their motor cars." Those who should be concerned, such as "Senator Humphries" and Paul Douglas, "are like the Germans in the late 1920's who tolerated Jew-baiting in order to preserve the Weimar Republic." The liberals are powerless to stay this nation's march toward fascism because "they are scared . . . of the FBI and the amateur witch-hunters." Liberals "have come to terms with the New Loyalty" and so "the liberal movement is conniving at its own destruction."

But there remains, in Mr. Crossman's view a grain of hope in the United States. It is nurtured by "conservatives and non-party men and women who have no guilt about the past to inhibit their present indignation." Mr. Crossman concludes: "If I am asked whence the movement to restore American freedom will come, I would forget the professional liberals and put my faith in these men and women."

So the ghost speaks, and since the sepulchral voice is familiar, one's first impulse is to clasp its clammy hand. I once attended Mr. Crossman's apocalyptic school where each setback is presented as a crisis and each crisis must be the greatest and the last. I understand why Mr. Crossman must voice these views, for as one of his *New Statesman* co-editors recently explained, their political success is predicated on disaster. I gave up hope long ago in Mr. Crossman and his friends and concede his right to reciprocate today.

And yet on reflection Mr. Crossman's observations seem so superficial, and his conclusions so unsound, that it would be a disservice to permit them to intrude upon this celebration were it not that the half truths he voices serve to introduce legitimate doubts and questions worth asking.

Whether or not the present national mood is illiberal is hardly debatable. But it points toward the significant question of whether the mood is permanent or subject to change. Whether or not a passing generation of liberals is paralyzed by fear and guilt is not of lasting significance. The lasting issue is whether the liberal idea itself possesses validity, and how it is to be renewed so that it may summon to service succeeding generations.

In this sense the threat is no longer one which ravages the face of American liberty and leaves England unscathed. The sources of our liberal faith are common sources. The danger, internal and external, is one both nations face. The initial responses of both are far less dissimilar than Mr. Crossman would have his audience believe. The answers both peoples ultimately shape will not be far apart.

OUR common liberal faith, now under siege, is the conviction that the collective interest of society is best determined when the individual's right to self-expression is most fully assured. That conviction in turn was an expression of the rationalist belief that every individual was intrinsically good and subject to the sway of reason. The belief was written into the Bill of Rights, but for us its immediate lineage lies in the generations that produced Brandeis, Dewey and Croly in this country and in England Russell, Scott and Maynard Keynes whose views run like a binding thread through the 80 volumes of the *New Republic's* past.

Of his generation Keynes wrote:

> We were among the last of the Utopians, or meliorists as they are sometimes called, who believe in a continuing moral progress by virtue of which the human race already consists of reliable, rational, decent people, influenced by truth and objective standards, who can be safely released from the outward restraints of convention and traditional standards and inflexible rules of

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conduct and left from now onwards to their own sensible devices, pure motives and reliable intuitions of the good. . . .

The same rationalist faith inspired the exuberant men who founded the *New Republic*. To them (and to the founding fathers of the republic itself), Croly attributed one central vision:

> A vision of the latest goodness and regeneracy of human nature, a goodness which would surely come to the surface if only society would permit to the ordinary man and woman a fair and full chance of self-expression.

Croly continued:

> We can no longer honestly charge up to fate or Providence our own blunders. For the first time in history, the human spirit is the captain and the only possible captain of the ship upon which the human race has embarked. . . . In so far as it has sincerely renounced these consoling yet none the less disabling illusions about its subordination to an anthropomorphic and imperative universe it has freed itself for a task which it is fitted to perform.

Mankind, reasonable and regenerate, freed from prior restraints, then proceeded to wage the bloodiest war in history followed by a blockade of the defeated and starving enemy. An unworkable peace treaty promised new wars to come. A new form of barbarism arose in Russia. Still worse, the reaction against the age of enlightenment set in within the West. "We are at the dead season of our fortunes," Keynes recorded in the autumn of 1919. "Never in the lifetime of men now living has the universal element in the soul of men burned so dimly." Similarly, in interpreting the "abominable election" of 1920, Croly noted that for the first time since 1896 neither candidate of the major parties considered the progressive vote worth bidding for.

On a larger scale, the present intolerance and anti-intellectualism repeat the pattern of the years that followed the First World War. And because a lack of historic sense is perhaps our gravest weakness it is useful to review the contrasting interpretations that Keynes and Croly placed upon the growth of unreason after 1918, and the differing responses they believed it demanded.

Keynes granted at once that the society he had assumed to be permanent had been "unusual, unstable, complicated, unreliable and temporary." He accepted no responsibility for the breakdown and assessed no blame. The eclipse of the liberal spirit he attributed to "the reaction from the exertions, the fears and the sufferings of the past five years." He wrote simply: "We have been moved already beyond endurance and need rest."

So Keynes interpreted the growth of unreason as a passing phase. He did not conclude that night was eternal because the present was dark. He counseled patience and prepared for the siege. Keynes wrote in 1919:

> The events of the coming year will not be shaped by the deliberate acts of statesmen, but by the hidden currents flowing continually beneath the surface of political history of which no one can predict the outcome. In one way only can we influence these hidden currents —by setting in motion those forces of instruction and imagination which change *opinion*. The assertion of truth, the unveiling of illusion, the dissipation of hate, the enlargement and instruction of men's hearts and minds must be the means.

The closing lines of his *Economic Consequences* read:

> The true voice of the new generation has not yet spoken and silent opinion is not yet formed. To the formation of the general opinion of the future I dedicate this book.

Thus Keynes resigned himself to a rhythm of ebb and flow in human progress. Croly in contrast could not. In an editorial which preceded Mr. Crossman's verdict by 34 years Croly held that Harding's resurrection of pre-Roosevelt Republicanism, like Wilson's betrayal of the Fourteen Points and the New Freedom were "the natural result of the practically confessed political bankruptcy of every group of progressives. . . ."

Croly's cure was drastic change. Only by a new order, he believed, could order be restored. To redress the imbalance in American politics he set out at once to arouse the class consciousness of the workers. So, he seized a flag and marched in the Presidential parade of a Mr. P. P. Christiansen, candidate of the Farmer-Labor Party which he held to be the best hope of American politics.

Events since 1922 suggest that Keynes was right, and Croly wrong. Croly in 1922, like Crossman in 1954, gave in to the volatility, the manic-depressive cycle, the lack of steadfastness politically that party men complain of in the liberals. Croly's swing to the American left in 1920, like Crossman's swing to the American right in 1954, reflected a loss of confidence in the commitment of the majority to orderly progress, and its ability to discern and recover from occasional errors in political judgment. A single illustration of the flexibility and soundness of the majority stands to dispute Croly and Crossman; beside the name of P. P. Christiansen on the 1920 ballot was the name of F. D. Roosevelt.

Nonetheless the central idea, voiced by Keynes and Croly in 1914, was under attack from trends more profound and permanent than the exhaustion and reaction of 1920. The attack was voiced even in 1914 by D. H. Lawrence who held that Keynes and his generation were "beetles," skimming the surface of life. They were without reverence, he concluded, and they were "done for." Keynes in 1938 granted that: "The attribution of rationality to human nature instead of enriching it, now seems to me to have impoverished it." So he conceded

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that there was "a grain of truth" *but no more than a grain*—in Lawrence's view.

Croly's doubts, in contrast, deepened. In 1922 he published the pamphlet, *The New Republic Idea.* It was written as a reaffirmation of the spirit of 1914. But it is less convincing in its affirmation than in its misgivings. The American ship whose launching on the unchartered seas of rationalism he had hailed in 1914 had drifted by 1922 "into dangerous waters." In fact the whole civilized world, in Croly's view, faced the greatest peril since the barbarian invasion. Expressing a notion that undermined his assumptions, Croly recorded that the peril "did not arise from accidental, easily distinguishable and obviously guilty sources but from sources which are themselves characteristic of the society which they are undermining and in some form indispensable to it." These included the "increasing concentration of economic power and the corresponding centralization of political power;" the cultural sterility caused by science and technology, and the "negative and unedifying" quality of liberty. All these conspired against the regeneracy and latent goodness of human nature, and together in Croly's view, they constituted "the existing breach in civilization."

If Croly hoped that the breach could be closed, he could no longer be confident. Conflict, civil and international, was spreading and deepening; so was the conviction that it must be solved by violence. Croly recorded:

> The chief obstacle to the solution of conflicts by specific adjustments is the disposition of the conflicting interests to insist upon the ultimate righteousness of their motives and objects, and it is this morally pugnacious disposition which has to be undermined. It is incompatible with the modesty, the flexibility and the hospitality of humanism. It forbids an honest experiment in the direction of realistic coordination of the interests of mankind.

Haunted by this new vision, Croly stood by the old. Rational discussion, he argued, might still absorb "a large part of the shock of the conflict" and thus render it unnecessary. And yet rational discussion was possible only among men who affirmed the goodness and regeneracy of human nature. Reason alone could no longer provide this unifying force. The affirmation, Croly concluded in *The New Republic Idea* "was essentially religious"—an assertion that would have been indignantly repudiated by the generation of 1914. "It means," said Croly, "the working of a God symbolized not as Power but as understanding and love."

BY THIS extension of his faith, Croly encompassed realms of human experience, beyond the limited field of aesthetic appreciation, and summoned new battalions to the service of the liberal ideal. And yet this reconciliation of reason and religious feeling was still insufficient; for in the struggle of the 20's, 30's and 40's, to which the dictators brought overbearing organization, Power was symbolized as God while God as understanding and love was denied a unifying role. Great regimes rose, based upon the irrational and negative in man's nature; his fear of freedom, his capacity for hatred; his yearning for authority; his vulnerability to psychological manipulation. To these regimes, hostility to the outside world was the necessary precondition of internal order and violence was the natural and proper method of resolving conflicts beyond reconciliation.

THE liberal mind had few reference points to turn to in meeting this onslaught. It had repudiated the doctrine of original sin. It had not assimilated Freud's new interpretations of the ambivalence of human nature. It had barely discerned how thin and brittle the crust of civilization had become. It met the challenge by developing a body of social reforms and while Roosevelt held together a coalition of Catholics, unions, city machines and low income groups, it provided superb intellectual leadership. At the same time, it could not easily assess and counter anti-democratic trends. The inability of the rationalist mind to treat force as a necessary part of its framework in protecting essential values led to the wild swings that George Kennan has complained of: the adherence to pacifism and isolationism in years when the forces leading to war could still be checked, followed by an abandonment of restraints and reservations in time of war.

One ennobling and shattering experience, the Spanish Civil War, did work a transformation in the liberal mind. It resurrected the discarded but necessary reverence of heroism and sacrifice. It also caused some erosion of liberal values as all times must in which action outruns reflection. It left among liberals a capacity to feel deeply rather than to think clearly; a largely sterile prejudice against the Church; a willingness to see the sweet but not the bitter, a desire to believe that there were no conflicts of long-term interest with the needed allies of the day.

The Spanish struggle, and all the years of action in organizing labor, in overcoming depression, in waging war, led to an intermingling of tradition and revolution on the Left. The success of the Communist Party in recruiting intellectuals and the acceptance of its role by liberals reflected the loss of faith described here in the liberal idea, and the inability of the liberal mind to assess anti-democratic movements. And yet the new recruits of the Communist Party, like the fellow-travelers, supposed with some reason that they were advancing democratic objectives. The immediate objectives of Communists and liberals were often the same: for an end to discrimination against minority groups; for collective bargaining by workers through representatives of their own choosing; for opportunities for professional groups commensurate

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with their skills; and for collective resistance to aggression. The Communists worked skillfully and successfully for these objectives. Many of the bulwarks of democracy in the present contest stand as partial monuments to their outward endeavors.

The legitimate nature of the demands voiced by the Communists concealed for a time the illegitimacy of their basic design. For true collaboration was made impossible by the nature of the Soviet State. It became altogether intolerable when the Kremlin turned its overseas parties into training grounds for treason. From then on the liberals' ability to defend the Communist's rights rested on the liberals' denial of any common political front.

Sketches in the Sand

THAT IS WHAT kills political writing, this absurd pretence you are delivering a great utterance. You never do. You are just a puzzled man making notes about what you think. You are not building the Pantheon, then why act like a graven image? You are drawing sketches in the sand which the sea will wash away. What more is your book but your infinitesimal scratching, and who the devil are you to be grandiloquent and impersonal? The truth is you're afraid to be wrong. And so you put on these airs and use these established phrases, knowing that they will sound familiar and will be respected. But this fear of being wrong is a disease. You cover and qualify and elucidate, you speak vaguely, you mumble because you are afraid of the sound of your own voice. And then you apologize for your timidity by frowning learnedly on anyone who honestly regards thought as an adventure, who strikes ahead and takes his chances. You are like a man trying to be happy, like a man trying too hard to make a good mashie shot in golf. It can't be done by trying so hard to do it. Whatever truth you contribute to the world will be one lucky shot in a thousand misses. You cannot be right by holding your breath and taking precautions.

August 7, 1915 WALTER LIPPMANN

But, separate as they are now, the liberals are weak, and in Mr. Crossman's views dead. So the questions worth asking arise in terms of the present: is *the present mood passing or permanent* and: *is there vitality in the liberal movement, and validity in the liberal idea?*

IS THE *present mood permanent?* Those who answer *yes* surely ignore the whole history of the United States and the constant flux that marks our political life. There was never a time when the Bill of Rights was not under attack. While the present onslaught on the First Amendment is more powerful than that of 1920, its domestic origins are equally identifiable and just as transitory. In *The True Believer* Eric Hoffer notes:

> When hopes and dreams are loose in the streets it is well for the timid to lock doors, shutter windows and lie low until the wrath has passed. For there is often a monstrous incongruity between the hopes, however noble and tender, and the actions which follow them. It is as if ivied maidens and garlanded youths were to herald the four horsemen of the Apocalypse.

We let loose hopes and dreams in the streets of America in prewar and wartime years. The ivied maidens and garlanded youths were the promises, as noble and as unrealizable *in the short term* as those that clothed The New Freedom with Croly's aid. In the grey dawn that broke in 1946, as in 1920, allies became enemies and enemies allies; democracy was sold as a universal panacea and yet $30 billion spent overseas could not secure it. Communism was presented as the universal anti-Christ and yet vast areas passed easily under its rule while weapons we supposed we alone could develop appeared in its arsenal, threatening our homes. So dreams long oversold were shattered, while sacrifices accepted as final emerged as nothing more than rehearsals for greater sacrifices to come.

All this and much more gave an explosive character to the public's reaction to the revelations of treason that followed World War II. The prior intermingling of progressive and Communist movements, and the imprecision of the Truman Administration in meeting the problem of subversion opened the way for the Republican Party to exploit and magnify the issue until it became a lever for prying apart and overturning the coalition Roosevelt had built. The Republican decision turned politics into political warfare, and set in motion precedents, habits and attitudes that will haunt us for generations. Yet like all crusades, the onslaught has given rise to a countermovement, a reawakening to the value and meaning of civil liberty among many who had taken it for granted and relinquished its defense to a very few courageous men. Late in 1954 the patient seems to be rising even while Mr. Crossman draws the winding sheet over an empty bed.

Nowhere certainly are liberal candidates running on the unequivocal platform that Jefferson once raised. But that proves little. Young Mr. Roosevelt, the associate of Mitchell Palmer did not brighten the 1920 campaign with any stirring defense of the rights of dissenters. That did not prevent his leading, 12 years later, a reaffirmation of the liberal faith. Men raised in his image are on a thousand ballots this year. To take a static attitude towards American politics, to spot no philosopher in an army as it lumbers past is to invite repudiation by American history. Each new contest is decided on a new set of issues; yesterday's enemies are today's allies; today's preoccupations are tomorrow's after-thoughts. If further ground for hope is required, it is worth remembering that civil liberty was only one of the four conditions Croly set in 1922 to sustain the promise of American life. The other three were full employment, fair dis-

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tribution of wealth, and adequate public education. These three conditions have been built so far into our society over 30 years that the die-hard wing of the Republican Party has accepted Croly's assumptions while the party itself has moved beyond the New Deal.

IN ONE respect, of course, the present inroads on liberty are paved and durable: the problem to which they form a response is real. The decisive advantages that nuclear weapons confer on the aggressor, as much as the innate hostility of the Communist regimes compel us to adopt some aspects of the garrison state. We must develop secrets; we must guard them. We must punish and seek to forestall those who betray the secrets. The unprecedent nature of the problem is heightened by the character of the Communist Party. The military discipline its members accept undermines the prohibitions against guilt by association. The dedication it arouses among men who may prepare for generations to commit treacherous acts undermines further the doctrine that belief is no concern of government, whose concern must be limited to the commission of crimes. The problem is acute, but only in sensitive or strategically important positions. There it can be met by precise techniques. One would gather from Mr. Crossman that there is no security problem in Britain and no security checks. The contrary is true. The British loyalty program is as vigorous and as effective as ours; it is also selective and silent. It does not undermine British liberty, and it is toward the British system that ours will evolve.

The security problem then is no mortal threat to the liberal idea. It has worked havoc on a generation of liberals that were drawn by depression and war into association with Communists. Succeeding generations, just as militant and radical, will not be tormented by the confusions of the past. In the brief space of five or 10 years the problem will shrink to one of screening new recruits for government. For veterans of the thirties the discount rate will rise as time passes, on the associations of 20 years ago.

In the same way today's rash of Communist control legislation indicates no incurable disease. The accepted view that advocacy of the overthrow of government constitutes in itself a clear and present danger is obviously a menacing precedent. It is also unnecessary, as the country will discover. The United States Government is not easily overthrown, still less by advocacy and least of all by a group as isolated as the Communist Party. Even in its palmy days the enormous turnover in the Communist Party paid tribute to Croly's confidence in common sense. Today the Communist Party is barely good for a weary smatter of applause in a political peroration. The Communist control legislation may not be revoked; once popular bills seldom are. But short of a new catastrophe, the anti-Communist acts will inhibit dissenters no more than men who drink and swear on Sundays are curbed by blue sky laws.

I don't suggest of course that Croly's dream is in the ascendant—yet. The present trend is still against rationalism and back toward subordination to the "anthropomorphic and imperative universe" that is spelled out in words of one syllable by the new salesmen of popular religion. And yet the spirit voiced by Croly and Keynes is the only spirit which can reconcile the United States and its allies, and offer some means of adjusting the conflicts that otherwise will lead to the common destruction of adversaries in nuclear war.

TWICE in the past two years the United States has confronted the opportunity for world war, in Korea and Indo-China. On both occasions it has repudiated the demand that we resolve our conflict with Communism by global war. These decisions have left in ruins the policies both of unconditional surrender and total victory that the conservatives have made their own. To that extent we may have won one victory. "There is," writes George Kennan, "no more dangerous delusion, none that has done us a greater disservice in the past, or that threatens to do us a greater disservice in the future than the concept of total victory." The precondition Kennan sets for the continued unity of the free nations and our continued co-existence with the Communist nations is precisely the repudiation of the "morally pugnacious disposition" that Croly deplored, and a new commitment to "the modesty, the flexibility and the hospitality of humanism" that Croly identified as *The New Republic Idea.* In its general belief in human goodness, that idea affirms today that given containment of aggression, and acceptance of discussion, the Communist regimes in time will mellow or else be replaced. I know of no rational alternative to an endorsement of preventive war.

The task is still to assert truth, to unveil illusion, to dissipate hatred, to set in motion those forces of instruction and imagination in which Keynes saw a shaft of light in 1919. The task is not only well-intentioned, but also practicable. It accords with the attitudes of a healthy minority in the rising generation.

Today's young men and women are committed neither to Croly's early optimism, nor to his later pessimism. They accept his religious conviction without concentrating their hopes upon it. They are prepared for a long and inconclusive struggle. They have encountered the Communist movement and they understand its evil. They have disciplined themselves in political organization and consciously traded some independence for the sake of steadfastness. They have gained the sophistication in matters of organization that Croly's generation lacked. They have overcome their initial reaction to aggression which was that there was no accommodation with Communist nations. They have discerned the critical

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weakness in the conservative position, which is the gap between its insistence on unconditional surrender, and its inability to bring it to pass. They start with a framework of reference in the general welfare concerns of the New Deal and the Fair Deal. They have the experience and will to keep the heritage fresh and alive. They have little respect for voices such as *The Nation* magazine's, whose intellectual growth failed to advance beyond the rigid and now archaic patterns of the Popular Front. They have little more respect for voices such as Crossman who cannot distinguish between the security programs and the Nuremberg Laws. They see no easy return to a past free of conflict. They know that the days of careless rapture are gone and will not come again at least until time and pressure wear away the Communists' fighting faith. They grant that for the foreseeable future young conscripts will have to serve overseas, scientists will have to reconcile themselves to secrecy; government workers will have to give up a part of their civil rights. And yet they believe that the liberal spirit alone offers a basis for sound relations between the United States and the world. In over-all terms it may be that as in 1919 "the true voice of the new generation has not spoken and silent opinion is not yet formed." But they are present, and they will be heard.

THE problem is *how?* If Mr. Crossman is searching for reasons why dissent will decline he might spend less time on the Communist Party and more on the cost of newsprint. For the ability to dissent as much as the right to dissent is threatened today. The concentration of corporate power that works against independence of thought and action is fostered by every economic trend. The standardization of culture and opinion is furthered by the extension and concentration of mass communications. The centralization of power tends to make of politics the adjustment between giant pressure groups rather than the clarification of individual convictions. And yet any man with vital and important convictions can make himself heard. All these trends have advanced much further in Britain than in our nation without undermining her respect for nonconformism, her reverence for individualism, her insistance upon the privacy of mind and home.

SO I don't believe in Mr. Crossman's vision. I don't recognize the land he describes. The loyal Americans I know are not fearful of infection. Those who suffered agonies from the loyalty check are all doing useful and constructive work. The young men who have come to me from the FBI have never asked me to denounce a friend as a "secret courier" of Communism for what he said 20 years ago. And if I knew of any "secret couriers" in sensitive positions I wouldn't suppose that keeping it to myself was an act of affirmation in the liberal faith. I'm short of breath from shouting about the loyalty program. But I know of no citizen branded traitor today because yesterday he practised Americanism. As one of "the opinion-formers who supported the New Deal, Republican Spain and the Russian alliance" I rub the neck that Mr. Crossman weeps for: I find no scar.

All conviction of course is intuitive in the end. My own intuition, like Mr. Crossman's, was pessimistic until now. The experiences that brought me into politics were the sight of the hunger marchers trudging toward London in the winter to plead for more than a dole, and the loss of close friends in Spain. All of us are bound by such early training, and the death of the Spanish Republic led me to expect the worst. Mr. Crossman and his friends have gone a little further down that road until they need disaster like a drug to keep them on the march. So do those who blame society as a means of concealing the bitter truth—that the cause of their failure and unhappiness lies within themselves.

I don't trust these people any more, or feel them as my own. I have no compulsion to quarrel with a society that has permitted me to work for what I believe. On most of the occasions on which I differed with the majority of Americans I can see now that the majority was right and I was wrong. Of course, tensions divide us and fears distract us. Because tension reflects conviction, and fear is well grounded, I find them both far preferable to the calm born of cynicism and apathy.

On the broad front of progress the political regulars are advancing in America. The scouts are out in front, where they should be. Of course, they stumble into pitfalls, lose their way, retrace their steps and pause for rest. Those who cry in alarm that all is lost because days pass without good news remind me of the story told by Adlai Stevenson in the 1952 campaign. A scout was found by troopers in our early days, with three Indian arrows in his back. They revived him with whiskey and when he could whisper they said, "it must hurt awfully."

"It sure does," he answered, "especially when I laugh."

November, 1954

Sweet Oath in Mallorca

IF YOU HAD, suddenly, been where I've been
Under the sun among the almond flowers,
If you had dreamed and seen what I have seen—
The old gray olives and the old gray towers;
If, in bewitchment, there had come to you
Over the hills, beneath the evening star,
The tinkling of the sheepbells, or, the blue
Gleaming from where the happy wild flowers are;
If you'd been wafted to that fairyland,
And in delight been lost and lost again,
And, walking with me, waved a friendly hand
To children smiling with the eyes of Spain,
And in full day beheld the young moon fly—
Then had you sworn the same sweet oath as I.

July 30, 1930 JOHN GALSWORTHY

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Croly and Nationalism

CHARLES B. FORCEY

THE STORY of the *New Republic* in its early years—the years of the First World War and after—is in large measure the story of Herbert Croly. The idea for the magazine was Croly's. He selected the first editors and, in 1914, along with Walter Weyl, Walter Lippmann, Francis Hackett, Felix Frankfurter, and others, worked out the magazine's format and general policies. Once publication had begun, though officially but one among a group of editorial equals, Croly became in fact the *New Republic's* editor-in-chief. While the other editors brought with them both remarkable talents and strong beliefs, in editorial conferences Croly's were the ideas that most often prevailed. His theory of democratic nationalism, developed five years before in *The Promise of American Life,* became the living thread of the *New Republic's* early policies.

That Croly could so dominate the *New Republic* and under his leadership make it a success represents more than anything a triumph of mind over matter. For few men, outwardly at least, could have seemed so ill-suited to the role of crusading progressive journalist. The *New Republic's* editor had little of the literary facility or the public charm of men like William Allen White or Lincoln Steffens, great journalists of the day among whom Croly clearly deserves to be numbered. Even less did he share the demonic driving urge of a Joseph Pulitzer, a William Randolph Hearst, or an S. S. McClure, editors who like Croly created new journalistic forms and made them endure.

Croly, in fact, was the most unprepossessing of men. Small, almost gnome-like, he looked out on the world from behind a face of startling homeliness. His forehead was high and bulging; a pair of rimless glasses decorated his somewhat bulbous nose. Slow in speech, painstakingly deliberate in thought, Croly had none of the dramatic fire that generally sets off the leaders among men. No editorial prima donna, he was mild and retiring to the point of eccentricity. Almost pathologically shy, he at times became totally inarticulate when strangers visited his editorial desk. With intimate friends, however, Croly was able to overcome some of the frigid reserve that congealed his public manner. The men who worked with him on the *New Republic* knew him to be warm and friendly, keenly perceptive of character, capable of humor and occasionally of a certain loquaciousness.

Even the men nearest to Croly, nevertheless, thought "solemnity," an "anguished seriousness," a "morbid sensitivity" to be his outstanding traits. At *New Republic* staff lunches the editors and their guests found themselves talking in low tones in deference to Croly's own near-whisper. When Francis Hackett many years later tried to capture Croly's quality in a single phrase, he remembered best the *New Republic's* editor's habit of "settling like a stone crab in the midst of a lively company."

The very peculiarities of Croly's personality, however, help explain the hegemony he held for so many years over the brilliant, volatile crew that edited the *New Republic.* Croly, of course, had a certain precedence as the magazine's founder. His closeness to the Straights who financed the *New Republic* may also have been a factor. But over the years it was the peculiar fitness of Croly's personality for the compromises of co-operative journalism that most explains his actual influence. Working merely as one among a group of editors, editors with talents equal to or greater than his own, Croly managed to sway them to paths of his own choosing. His control over the others was a tyranny of sensitivity, a tyranny all the more effective for having the appearance of its opposite. Croly's strength lay in the attitude of the other *New Republic* men toward him, an attitude that to outsiders seemed something like reverence. A more forceful and aggressive man, in fact, could hardly have won so complete a dominion.

Probably a considerable part of the other editors' feeling for Croly was their realization of how deep was his devotion to their common cause. For behind his oddly muted personality Croly concealed two strong and enduring passions. One was the *New Republic,* to which he single-mindedly devoted the last 15 years of his life. The other was the progressive tradition, or what after 1915 he and others came to call "liberalism." In Croly's mind the magazine and the tradition were inextricably intertwined. He was convinced always that liberalism had a viable role in American life; he was equally sure of the importance of the *New Republic* for keeping liberalism alive.

HOW well Croly realized his dreams for the *New Republic* is made amply clear elsewhere in this fortieth-anniversary issue. Starting with less than a thousand subscribers before publication began in November, 1914, the magazine caught on almost immediately. By the end of the next year circulation had climbed to around 15,000, by 1920 to 43,000, a figure rarely exceed-

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ed since. For a country with a population of over 110 million in 1914, of over 160 million today, the figures were, and are, not large, but the influence of ideas cannot be measured by counting heads. Charles Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* of 1913, for instance, sold only 7,908 copies, yet few today would deny that it was one of the most influential books of the period.

CROLY and the other editors, moreover, soon had ample grounds for feeling that they were making themselves heard. Before the *New Republic's* first anniversary had rolled around they were able to show in their correspondence columns that the magazine had attracted the attention of some of the best and most controversial minds of the day—Graham Wallas, Conrad Aiken, Arthur O. Lovejoy, Edward A. Ross, Josiah Royce, Lewis Mumford, Ray Stannard Baker and Donald R. Richberg among them. Even more impressive was the number and quality of the men and women who respected the magazine enough to write for it. Again to take merely the first year of publication, the editors could claim among their contributors John Dewey, Charles Beard, George Santayana, Rebecca West, H. G. Wells, Theodore Dreiser, Amy Lowell, Norman Angell, John A. Hobson, James Harvey Robinson, Van Wyck Brooks, Randolph Bourne and Ralph Barton Perry, along with many others of perhaps lesser importance or promise.

In short, Croly's ambition for the *New Republic* was amply requited. Together with Weyl, Lippmann and the others, he made the magazine an important part of the intellectual life of his time, and today, a quarter-century after his death, the reverberations of his success help sustain the *New Republic* in undiminished vigor.

Yet satisfying as was his editorship of the *New Republic,* Croly had a life with more tragedy in it than triumph. For he could never claim the same success for liberalism that he could for the magazine, and of the two driving urges in his life, his hopes for liberalism were dominant. He always recognized that his work as editor was merely a means to the larger end. He was quite ready, in fact, to sacrifice the *New Republic* itself to what he thought best for the liberal cause. In 1919 he came very close to doing as much when he led the other editors, strong Wilsonian internationalists like himself, to reject Wilson's Versailles Treaty on the ground that its defects merely promised another war. Circulation dropped precipitately, friendships valued by Croly and the other editors were blasted, and the *New Republic* itself, though still holding its liberal banner high, drifted willy-nilly into the miasma of postwar negativism. Whether right or wrong, Croly's repudiation of the Versailles Treaty took great courage, courage that can be understood only in the light of Croly's lifelong effort to make liberalism a rationally persuasive creed.

Croly became famous after 1910 as the purported philosopher of Theodore Roosevelt's New Nationalism, yet Croly's nationalism had rather different origins from that of the blood-and-thunder hero of the Spanish-American War. As editor from 1900 to 1906 of a professional journal, the *Architectural Record,* Croly was struck profoundly by the problem of the artist in a materialistic society. The problem first came home to him when around the turn of the century he read Judge Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread,* a rather bad novel that exploited the now familiar theme of the architect caught in a profession half-business and half-art. As Croly explained a decade later in recounting the inspiration for *The Promise of American Life,* Grant's book made him see that the real plight of the American artist arose directly from the blighting effects of the American democratic tradition. The United States was a country where empty individualism had run riot, where individual achievement was measured only in cash, where the whole meaning of society was defined only negatively in terms of proscriptive rights.

AS HE brooded over his architectural articles during the early years of the century, Croly became convinced that the only way to improve the position of the artist or intellectual in America was to make over American society itself. The thing the intellectual most lacked in America, Croly insisted, was "a well-domesticated tradition that would . . . make him build better than he knew." Fascinated by the golden ages of earlier cultures, Croly wondered how America might capture the glories of "Periclean Athens . . . or the north Italian cities of the fifteenth century, [where] . . . social groups were small and homogeneous, the peoples themselves . . . artistically gifted, [living] . . . lives of the most violent and exciting social, political, and military activity. None of these conditions," said Croly in 1901, "exist at the present time in the United States."

Croly knew how difficult it would be to infuse a huge, sprawling country like the United States with the spirit of a city-state of ancient Greece or Renaissance Italy. He came to feel, however, that the difficulties might not be insuperable. "The modern national democratic community," he wrote, "is a new thing under the sun. Its potentialities are only beginning to be vaguely foreshadowed, but if such an enlarged community can ever be got fairly underway, if its members can ever become closely united by some dominant and guiding tradition, there is no telling what may become of it." By 1909, when he finished *The Promise of American Life,* Croly thought he had found such a "dominating and guiding tradition" in his idea of democratic nationalism.

The significance of all this is that Croly emphasized the cultural aspects of nationalism, not the political or the military. He was an early prophet of that American cultural renaissance so many intellectuals foresaw in the years before World War I. For Croly nationalism was always a means to an end, not, as it tended to be for Theodore Roosevelt, an end in itself. Croly wanted to change America so that artists, intellectuals, "specially

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gifted individuals" in all walks of life would have the chance to develop themselves fully. Croly's plea for nationalism was the call of the disenchanted intellectual, not the battle cry of the frustrated militarist and jingo.

The Promise of American Life was without question the most profound analysis of American society that the progressive movement produced. It remains even today, in spite of its rather Victorian cast and ponderous style, a remarkably original and prophetic appraisal of major American dilemmas. The very problem that inspired the book, the plight of men of special talent in a materialist society, hardly loses its force amid the rampant American anti-intellectualism of our day. At a time when the age of mass culture had barely dawned, Croly saw the peculiar difficulties that would attend the intense specialization of modern industrial societies. His vision has its current echoes in C. Wright Mills' *White Collar* or David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*.

Croly conceded that for artists and intellectuals, for businessmen and politicians, for all modern men no matter what their work, specialization was inevitable. Yet the very marvelous complexity that made industrialized societies so productive threatened every man with increasing isolation from his fellows. Such isolation, moreover, would produce mere automatons, men without common values or a sense of common destiny. Society would become atomized, and its standards disintegrate, until the measure of profit alone would bind it together.

Though Croly thought that nationalism might arrest the centrifugal tendencies of modern society, he intended far more than an appeal to men to hearken to patriotism rather than their pocketbooks. Croly admitted the impossibility of "asking a private citizen continually to sacrifice his private interest to the welfare of his fellow-countrymen." What Croly called for was not a sacrifice of individuality to the nation, but rather the heightening of individual effort that would follow an increased consciousness of national greatness. Men, in other words, would not become great through a voluntaristic identification of self with country, but rather they would be inspired to individual greatness through a common desire for national progress.

THE value of Croly's book went far beyond his prophetic awareness of the impersonality and loneliness of modern mass civilization. What he proposed essentially was that Americans learn by doing. Croly in effect was an advocate of John Dewey's ideas on education, considerably before the philosopher had impressed them on the minds of the prewar generation. "The national school," wrote Croly, "is the national life." The inspiration of nationalism was to be roused in the people not by direct education or the speeches of politicians, but by the actual "achievement of a considerable body of national reconstructive legislation."

Thus it was Croly's program for "national reconstruction" that held the real heart of his book, that gave the work its greatest meaning and influence. The main burden of Croly's argument, and the thing that set him off from most contemporary reformers, was his attack on the Jeffersonian tradition. Croly believed that Jeffersonian ideas in politics were multiplying the very centrifugal tendencies in society he feared. Jeffersonians insisted that that government was best that governed least, when the obvious salvation of modern society rested on the capacity of the people to work co-operatively through a strong government for common ends. Jeffersonian equalitarianism tended to suggest that men were not only created equal, but were equal in fact, thus stifling the efforts of modern specialists to perfect themselves, to become creatively unequal. The Jeffersonians defined the beginning and end of government in terms of inalienable personal rights, rights that under modern conditions largely served to allow the few to exploit the many. Croly recognized as early as 1909, therefore, how powerful a tool Jeffersonian ideals had become for the economic royalists. Those who hear the chant of the Eisenhower Republicans today for small government, for "local control," for "individual freedom," can only commend Croly's insight.

CROLY, preaching heresy to the good Jeffersonian progressives of his day, wanted Alexander Hamilton rather than Thomas Jefferson to be the hero of modern progressivism. He believed that the Hamiltonian ideals of strong government, expert administration, and public control of the economy could be made to work for progressive ends. All that was needed was to infuse Hamiltonianism with a Jeffersonian respect for popular democratic government and to make the Hamiltonian strong government serve and attract the loyalty not only of propertied interests but of all interests within society. Croly, for instance, took the radical stand for his time that labor unions should be actively encouraged by government, that such encouragement alone could make labor equal to management and a creative rather than a destructive democratic force. It took the United States more than two decades more to learn the lesson Croly preached so resolutely in 1909.

Others of Croly's ideas have prophetic savor. For all that he was philosopher and dreamer, Croly was an intensely practical man. As a reformer he always had a saving sense of how necessarily slow was social change, of how essential it was for reformers to work with the materials at hand. One of the distinctive arguments of *The Promise of American Life* was that the large corporations that were then rising to unprecedented prosperity and power were a positive good in society. Croly, again considerably in advance of common opinion, attacked trust- busting as futile and destructive. He insisted that breaking up the trusts would not only retard economic progress but force the corporations to retaliate by taking over the government. With marvelous potentialities for both good and evil, the large corporations had to be controlled and disciplined by a nationalized democracy.

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Their tendency to exact monopolistic profits had to be curbed by discriminatory taxation. And those industries that were already virtually monopolies, like the railroads or the telegraph, should be subjected to public ownership. Anyone who knows the unfortunate history of "trust-busting" since 1909 would be hard put to refute Croly's arguments. Facing the domination of our government by corporate interests today, we can sympathize with Croly's desperate plea that big business be brought under public control.

In foreign affairs as well as domestic Croly said much that bears reaffirmation today. The future editor of the *New Republic* was a stern realist in international politics. He decried as strenuously as do contemporary thinkers like George Kennan and Hans Morgenthau the American illusion that noble aspirations alone can remake the world. Croly believed the necessary instrument of foreign relations to be power. He conceded, perhaps rather cold-bloodedly, that the road to international peace and understanding would be "piled mountain-high with dead bodies." Dreaming of a better world with a fervor that opened him to the sneers of "practical" men, Croly at the same time insisted that "ideals" both at home and abroad could be realized only through practical policies and effective power.

Rejecting any idea that mere "education" could convert the United States to a doctrine of democratic nationalism, convinced like the good pragmatist he was that his theory could obtain acceptance only through the value of its results, Croly thought in 1909 that the instrument for his program of "national reconstruction" lay ready at hand. *The Promise of American Life* was to a considerable extent a paean of praise to Theodore Roosevelt and the Republican Party. Roosevelt's career was discussed favorably and at length in the book, and the doughty Colonel was hailed as "the first political leader of the American people to identify the national purpose with the ideal of reform." Similarly, like many progressives of the time, Croly was sure that the Republican Party promised most as the party of reform. Deeply skeptical of agrarian Jeffersonians within the Democratic Party like William Jennings Bryan, Croly believed that the Republican Party had preserved the national tradition of Abraham Lincoln, that under Roosevelt it had already progressed far toward a policy of democratic nationalism.

Croly had nothing but praise for Roosevelt's actions as President. He felt, however, that Roosevelt had to a large extent failed to recognize the meaning of his own policies. He found particularly objectionable the figure of the "Square Deal" by which Roosevelt had dramatized his Administration. To Croly the slogan was merely a popular restatement of the pernicious Jeffersonian doctrine of "special privileges for none, equal opportunities for all." The Square Deal pictured the government as merely an impartial moderator between contending forces in the economy. What was needed instead, insisted Croly, was a government willing to intervene frankly and pervasively in the interests of those already economically underprivileged.

Croly unquestionably addressed himself to the Roosevelt wing of the Republican Party, and to observers of the time and many chroniclers since the book appeared to have met an almost miraculous response. Within eight months of its publication Roosevelt was touring the hustings of America proclaiming his New Nationalism, a political doctrine that seemed to repeat chapter and verse the ideas Croly had advanced. On the recommendation of his friend Henry Cabot Lodge, Roosevelt had read the book during his tour of Europe in the spring of 1910. From abroad he wrote to Croly enthusiastically commending it. By October, 1910, the boisterous Colonel and the diffident political philosopher were having lunch together in New York. In January, 1911, Roosevelt publicly proclaimed *The Promise of American Life* to be "the most profound and illuminating study of our national conditions which has appeared for many years."

From such facts biographers of Roosevelt and historians of the progressive movement have ascribed to Croly a major role in creating the more radical Roosevelt that came back from Europe in 1910, a Roosevelt who, enthralled by a new political doctrine, went on to fight the heroic but futile Bull Moose campaign of 1912. The truth is, however, that Croly probably had only a minor influence on Roosevelt if he had any at all. Roosevelt launched his New Nationalism for reasons directly connected with the split in the Republican Party at the time. Though Croly is often credited with having suggested the phrase "New Nationalism" to Roosevelt, actually the publicist used it but once in the course of a lengthy book and then only casually as an alternative to the "New Federalism" of the *Outlook,* a magazine Roosevelt served as contributing editor. For years in his private correspondence Roosevelt had been ringing the changes on Hamiltonianism and Jeffersonianism that Croly made the theme of his book, though, as an astute politician, Roosevelt had not pressed his views on the public.

Roosevelt's 1910 attack on trust-busting has also frequently been attributed to Croly's influence, yet Roosevelt himself in a special message to Congress in 1908 had confessed the failure of trust-busting and advocated a program of regulation. Furthermore, the *Outlook* and other sources close to Roosevelt had been condemning the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and recommending government control for at least a year before *The Promise of American Life* was published. And finally, the program of trust regulation Roosevelt presented in the New Nationalism differed vitally from Croly's own ideas. Roosevelt, for instance, believed that regulation by commissions would be the most effective device, whereas

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Croly in his book had attacked commission control almost as strongly as the Sherman Act.

Croly's effect on Roosevelt and the Roosevelt progressives, therefore, was not so much to change the ideas of the leader and his followers as to bind together in a coherent philosophy things they already believed. At best Croly made the idea of democratic nationalism intellectually respectable and thus perhaps made it easier for the Colonel publicly to avow nationalism as his creed. On the other hand, Croly's reputation as the intellectual genie behind Roosevelt became the making of the mild-mannered philosopher. Roosevelt's public praise of Croly's book, the obvious parallels between *The Promise of American Life* and the New Nationalism gave Croly a stature among progressives that had little relation to his influence on the politician. In 1912, the muckrakers of the *American Magazine* merely expressed common opinion when they hailed Croly as "the man from whom Colonel Roosevelt got his New Nationalism."

After 1910, partly because of his connection with Roosevelt, partly because of the widely acknowledged excellence of his book, Croly's career became one of expanding influence. Since eight years of lonely and agonizing work had gone into *The Promise of American Life*, Croly's transition from obscure architectural critic to prominent publicist was a reward amply deserved. Asked fairly frequently by magazines for political articles, commissioned by the Hanna family to do a biography of Mark Hanna, Croly moved increasingly in the world of public affairs.

Most rewarding of all, perhaps, was his relation to Roosevelt, a relation that while never intimate still brought Croly close to a man he admired above most others. As Croly visited the Colonel and corresponded with him in the clangorous years between 1910 and 1912, he had the rare experience for a philosopher of being near the seats of power. With Roosevelt stumping the country for the New Nationalism, with the progressive spirit apparently rising everywhere, it must have seemed to Croly that the rejuvenated democracy he had prayed for was close at hand. While he was too candid and modest a man to have suffered illusions about his influence on Roosevelt, Croly must have felt during those years, as few thinkers can, the swift transformation of his ideas from theory to practice. Croly could not have known it in 1912, but he had come as close to his dream of a nationalized America as he ever would.

THOUGH the Bull Moose crusade ended in defeat, the *New Republic* was born of the lingering optimism that followed the campaign. Even with the Jeffersonian Wilson in the White House, Croly was convinced that the struggle for the New Nationalism was not over. The rise of Roosevelt's fortunes again in 1916 seemed as certain as the morning sun.

Croly reaffirmed his nationalistic creed in his *Progressive Democracy* of 1914, though with important shifts of emphasis. His faith in the masses, for instance, had increased considerably since the dreary days of 1909, when progressivism had not yet become a nationwide movement. Influenced strongly by John Dewey's ideas on democratic participation and also by the staunch democratic bias of Walter Weyl's *The New Democracy*, Croly put much less emphasis than formerly upon leadership, constructive individualism, and an administrative élite. Croly, too, had completely lost his earlier confidence in the Republican Party and, thus disillusioned, launched a thoroughgoing attack on the entire two-party system. Believing the two major parties hopelessly divided between conservative and liberal factions, Croly was sure that neither party was capable of a really progressive program. Skeptical by 1914 even of the future of the Progressive Party, Croly believed instead that non-partisan organizations of the progressive elements within America might replace the traditional party system.

NOTHING reflected so much the optimism the progressive movement had aroused in Croly as his belief in non-partisan government, but even as he labored through the pages of *Progressive Democracy* after 1912 forces were at work that in time destroyed all his hopes for middle-class progressivism. The first shock came before *Progressive Democracy* was finished. The radical syndicalists of the IWW descended on the East during 1912 and 1913 in the Lawrence and Paterson strikes and stirred in the minds of men like Croly the fear that the progressive reforms liberals had been pleading for might come too late. Even the appeal of nationalism might not be able to assuage such revolutionary violence from within. Successful, however, as the IWW tactics were, the crisis passed. Its major impact on Croly was to drive his thinking on labor left-ward.

It was World War I, however, that finally destroyed Croly's hopes both for middle-class progressivism and for nationalism as a creative force. The *New Republic* had hardly been in business two months when the magazine's editorial criticism of one of Roosevelt's vicious attacks on Wilson's foreign policy broke the editors' friendship with the militant Colonel forever. Embittered by the political defeat of 1912, excited by the issues of the European war, Roosevelt was no longer rational where Woodrow Wilson was concerned. From then until his death in 1919 the ex-President had nothing but spluttering expletives for his former friends and supporters on the *New Republic*.

Failing to see the madness patriotism had wrought even in his own hero, Roosevelt, Croly and the *New Republic* with him went on for several years after 1915 unshaken by the terror and destruction rival nationalisms had brought to Europe. Nationalism, the editors insisted, still remained "an infinitely dynamic urge." The power for evil it had shown in Europe merely demonstrated how strong a force it might be for good. Croly

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in editorial after editorial argued that nationalism in no respect contradicted the internationalism the *New Republic* so ardently espoused. Echoing his *The Promise of American Life,* Croly continued to believe power the only effective instrument in world politics. Only a nationalized democracy, furthermore, could wield power both effectively and responsibly. The menace of the European war to American interests, Croly contended, merely made more pressing the need for "national reconstruction." Croly began to argue that America's true destiny was to use its national power for promotion of world democracy.

When Croly, in 1916, overcame his long-held antipathy for the Democratic Party and supported Woodrow Wilson, he did so on the ground that despite all expectations to the contrary the President had succeeded in making his party "the embodiment of a genuinely national democracy." Equally Croly, along with Weyl and Lippmann, had come to approve Wilson's foreign policy. Impressed by Wilson's strong and effective stand against the German submarine warfare, pleased by the President's drive for preparedness before the Presidential campaign, the editors after the election became even more enthusiastic about Wilson's efforts to make peace in Europe. Almost as close now to Colonel House and Wilson as they had been to Roosevelt in earlier days, the editors themselves supplied in an editorial the phrase 'peace without victory" that became the slogan of Wilson's program. Thoroughly and ardently a Wilsonian internationalist, Croly confessed to House in January, 1917, that Wilson's famous peace address to the Senate had been "the greatest event of his life."

THUS in the end Croly's nationalism was transfigured into internationalism, into a vision of the manifest destiny of the United States to bring peace and democracy to the world. Croly's support of Wilson, however, rested on shifting sands, for the *New Republic's* editor never abandoned his conviction that the intelligent use of power, not the power of idealistic words, was the way to peace. From the first onset of crisis with Germany through the peace negotiations after the war, the *New Republic* consistently called on Wilson to back his policies with appropriate economic or military force. During the war itself, Croly and his magazine gradually drifted away from support of Wilson. The Administration's ferociousness in suppressing wartime dissent, the hatred and hysteria that overcame Americans at war badly undermined Croly's faith both in liberal leadership and in the American people. Wilson's apparent failure at Versailles was the final disillusionment, and with it went most of Croly's faith in American nationalism. When, in 1920, Croly explained the collapse of the *New Republic's* war policies, he confessed his own chief mistake had been "a false anticipation of what the psychology of the American people would be under the strain of war." In America as in Europe nationalism had had its evil day. *November, 1954*

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Editing for 'The Superior Few'

HENRY LADD SMITH

A PHENOMENON of American history is that each of our great wars has been preceded by a period of bold experimentation commonly identified with liberalism; and that every such conflict has been followed by an equal and opposite reaction. A comparison of the Wilson and Harding Administration will serve as an example.

The press has reflected this violent shift in attitudes. Personification of this journalistic changeover was Charles A. Dana, a utopian when he was Greeley's right hand man on the *Tribune*; and a cynic when he took over the *Sun* after the Civil War. The contrast between E. W. Scripps and Roy Howard, who succeeded to the Scripps newspaper empire, further exemplifies this curious trend.

Herbert Croly emerged as a journalist just at the close of one of these prewar periods of intellectual, social, and political ferment. Undoubtedly the times had something to do with his journalistic experiment. In a way, the *New Republic* was the culmination of a process that began while "H.C." was still a child. Croly grew up in a period of cynicism, low public morality, and political corruption sometimes lumped together under the label of "Grantism"; just as the label describing the attitude at the end of World War II has come to be known as "McCarthyism." In Croly's youth the press was being exploited by a band of journalistic buccaneers every bit as ruthless in their ways as the "Robber Barons" of the time described by Matthew Josephson. In their zeal to build up coveted circulation dominance by tapping a new, semi-literate reading public, they often resorted to an extreme of emotional appeal than has come to be identified as sensationalism. A favorite device of these promoters was "jingoism," or excessive nationalism, which found fullest expression in the period of yellow journalism before and during the Spanish-American War.

By the turn of the century the press and the public were ready for the next step in the process. As our comic opera war with Spain faded into the background and the clouds of World War I began to loom over the horizon, America experienced the usual prewar wave of reform. This was the period of the trust buster, the progressive movement, the "new nationalism" of Theodore Roosevelt, and the "new freedom," preached so persuasively by Woodrow Wilson. In its early stages this movement was sometimes violent, over-dramatic, and superficial, but even so, it was a welcome relief from the previous period, when the framework of the American system appeared to be deteriorating from dry rot.

The press again reflects this attitude. The ostentation and superficial preoccupation in do-goodism is paralleled in the mass communication of the first decade of the century. The same technique of sensationalism that had lured new readers to the yellow journals during the circulation wars of the 1890's was practiced by a group of shrewd promoters, but the end result was different. Instead of crime, scandal and super patriotism, these press promoters used material just as emotional in appeal, but providing a channel for the constructive forces generated by the reformers of the new century. Thus, a description of ghastly slum conditions by Jacob Riis, or an exposé of municipal corruption by Lincoln Steffens, or the unmasking of corporative greed, as told by Ida Tarbell, Upton Sinclair, or Thomas Lawson could be offered just as successfully to eager readers as tales of sordid crime, the revelations of the patrioteers, or the promotion of juicy immorality in the public prints. The only difference was that now the reactions of the public could be put to constructive use in helping to relieve the situation. The change was not so much in motivation as in response. This was the period of the "muckraker"—a word Theodore Roosevelt used in contempt, but which the editors accepted with pride.

MANY newspaper writers sold their skills as muckrakers, or public agitators, to the magazines, which could continue the process of sensational reform by appealing to more specific publics. Violent righteousness could be made to pay off handsomely. *Everybody's* magazine, for example, waxed fat on this diet of red meat, climbing from a circulation of less than 200,000 to more than 750,000 during the time Thomas Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" was appearing serially in its pages. One must not under-value such contributions. There was more good than harm in the muckraking period, but the sale price of articles offered to the public conscience was often all too obvious.

The heydey of the muckraker was about 1906. Perhaps he prepared the way for a less synthetic product of the journalistic reformer. The primitive muckraker appeared to be less concerned with self-appraisal, essential to any lasting reform, than in dramatic exposure of ills that would lure larger followings. Self-examination and public soul-searching characterized the new breed of reform writer. This was a much deeper and continuous force than was manifest previous to 1906. If it lacked

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popular appeal, it compensated by reaching more effective readership over a long period of time, as the career of one of its earliest practitioners, Walter Lippmann, indicates.

Croly helped to take reform from the level of emotion to the plane of thoughtfulness, where it belongs, when he began editing the *New Republic* in 1914. Unfortunately, social and political crusading were doomed by the outbreak of the war that year, and Croly had only a short time to establish his journalistic creed.

Actually, "H.C." had little formal training as a journalist. He became an editor by accident, and he achieved that position not as a writer for the masses, but as the author of a profound book on political philosophy described elsewhere in this issue. His background is interesting as a preparation for his journalistic career, however.

Croly's father was a famous New York newspaperman. David Goodman Croly was the American exponent of August Comte, the French philosopher who expounded "positivism," or the triumph of scientific thinking over theology and metaphysics. The man was not so much an iconoclast as he was an independent thinker. He gave up a lucrative editorial position on the pioneer picture tabloid (the first *Daily Graphic*) in 1878, rather than compromise with his principles. The son inherited many of these qualities. It is perhaps significant that the father also tried his hand at a magazine for the thinking public. His *Modern Thinker* was short-lived, possibly because of its weird makeup, and showed that the journalistic reformer was too far ahead of his time, but there was the germ of an idea that may have produced results in 1914.

CROLY'S mother may have been an even greater influence in his life. An intelligent and effective rebel against outworn tradition, Jane Cunningham Croly was one of the most remarkable women of her century. She was one of the first newspaper reporters of her sex. She was also one of the first to syndicate articles; and the first woman to serve as correspondent for big out-of-town newspapers. One of the earliest fashion editors, and publisher for a time of Godey's Ladies Book, she also was a leader in the feminist movement. Her independent spirit and sense of justice prompted her to organize Sorosis, the oldest woman's club in America, and she used the club movement to stimulate women into the final push for political equality. A devoted "home body" (her cook book was long a best seller), "Jenny June" Croly refused to let motherhood and family interfere with a career of more than 40 years. Much of her interest in reform is reflected in Herbert Croly, although in somewhat softer focus.

"H.C." carried on the parental tradition of independent inquiry and intellectual exploration. *The Promise of American Life,* written in 1909, established him as a thoughtful political and social analyst. It is not easy reading. Croly wrote for "the superior few," as he did later in his *New Republic* articles. The magazine, like the book, had as its aim the liberation of the American personality from its provincialism, its narrowness, its self-satisfaction, and its refusal to understand that the democratic process is one of continued evolution. Horace Greeley had sensed this in the middle of the previous century, when he allowed his *New York Tribune* to be used by all sorts of idea-smiths, on the theory that democracy can only be dynamic—that is, adjustable to all times and conditions—by the free flow of intelligent ideas. To say otherwise was to admit that society must remain a pigsty, with the largest hogs getting all the swill. Unfortunately, Greeley played mostly by ear. He had no experience in the literary and philosophical teachers who might have helped to direct his energies. Croly had some of these ideas, but without the crackpot overtones that make Greeley's journalism so bewildering.

APPARENTLY Croly had in mind a disciplined freedom whereby reckless abuse of liberty at the expense of the weak would be curbed by administrative restrictions imposed not by an elite group, but by the people themselves. His regard for centralized government was Hamiltonian in concept, but was dependent upon greater public consent than his Federalist hero would have believed necessary. Domestically, at least, the "New Deal" was partial fulfillment of Croly's *Promise.* On the international plane, however, he would have parted company, supposedly. He would have no truck with nations bent on reaching goals by force, which in his view took in most of Europe and Asia. He sounds more like an isolationist of the Western Hemisphere "gibralter" rather than of the America-Firster, type. He would not even tolerate the Versailles Treaty, and showed great courage when he risked the very life of his journalistic offspring rather than remain silent on the subject. He is therefore an enigma to those who must have their journalists bounded by the "policy" that is the regimental flag of most publications. Actually, all this is of no great consequence, since ideas—even those diametrically opposed to his own—were welcome in the *New Republic,* provided only that they were reasonable, challenging or enlightening. This was the practical application of what Max Otto, the philosopher, has called "creative bargaining," which is a means of bringing the elements of controversy into prominence by presenting each side forcefully while insisting that all sides be heard. From such exchange must come sound policy, if the bargainers are more concerned with what is best than in winning an argument. Such a group is necessarily small, and it is all the more important that they have a forum, since there is no outlet where such ideas can be converted into profitable readership. This is what the *New Republic* proposed to do.

It is ridiculous to think of the magazine as a "radical" journal, to use an epithet of the 1920's. Its list of edi-

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tors and contributors would have looked impressive in a university bulletin. And after all, the magazine was the first editorial voice raised in favor of Herbert Hoover as Presidential timber. There was none of the stridency of the *New Masses*. Even the rival *Nation*, then sailing on stormy seas with Oswald Garrison Villard on the quarterdeck, was looked upon as a bit rowdy by the *New Republic* staff, discussing policy at meetings in the hushed tones "H.C." encouraged. But if the atmosphere around the editorial offices was thoughtful and restrained, it nevertheless produced a type of journalism noted for its advanced policies.

In his book Croly had suggested that reform usually paid the penalty of all success. After it had run itself out of breath it usually dropped out of the contest or else became complacent about the tortoise, Reaction, plodding up from the rear. Croly saw the need of constant journalistic agitation to keep reform fit, willing and able. The *New Republic* of 1914 was the journalistic interpretation of *The Promise of American Life*. It was to be a tool for those accepting responsibility for fulfilling the promise. Its objective was less to inform or entertain readers than "to start little insurrections in the realm of convictions." It was to provide, in short, an antidote for American complacency.

Is there a place for such a publication today? There has never been a greater need. More pertinent is the question of whether or not such periodicals can survive in the Age of Conformity. In 1914, most of the keepers of the press still accepted the dogma, even if they did not all believe it, that in the conflict of ideas, truth would win out. The idea was old even when John Milton stated it in 1644 in his *Areopagitica*: "Let [Truth] and falsehood grapple; whoever knew truth put to the worse, in free and open encounter?" Since almost no one could define "truth," "fact" tended to be substituted for the word.

TODAY this concept has shown visible signs of wear. The demagog who arouses followers by excusing repudiation of old principles in the name of expedience denies the superiority of truth. Others deny the theory on the ground that truth seldom has the "free and open encounter" which even Milton imposed as a condition for its success. Croly still believed in the Miltonian concept in 1914. Would he have changed by today? Probably not, for there is another aspect of free expression just as important as the emergence of truth. The success of our system has been the result of making the best brains of the age available in forming the public opinion essential in meeting problems as they arise. Often ideas that later prove most valuable are first greeted with public scorn. That is the reason their proponents must be protected under the first amendment. There can be no progress under our system of government unless small groups and minorities have the right to try budging the enormous inertia of the majority by forcing it constantly to make the selections resulting in the decisions called public opinions. Croly saw expressed ideas as the currency by which citizens of a free country exchange spiritual values. The spirit is the most important force in maintaining the momentum of our freedoms.

But what is the opportunity for the free exchange of ideas today? Does the press still supply a market place for thought, even when it is not good business? When de Tocqueville visited America a hundred years ago he was impressed by the close relationship of the public to the press. In his time, every American city of any consequence supported a number of newspapers, all strident in upholding their own views and in shouting down rival opinion. These "journals of dissent" represented not only rival political parties, but factions within parties.

Today, virtually all the small cities, and many of the metropolitan centers are served by one newspaper publisher. Even at the time of Croly's death in 1930, about 70 percent of the daily newspaper cities and 85 percent of the country communities were monopoly newspaper publics. Since they cannot appeal to all the factions represented in their reading publics, the modern paper finds its customers no longer in assent, but in such violent dissent that criticism of our press has become a universal parlor game.

THAT is not to say we need revert to the journalistic methods of deTocqueville's day. The most disreputable tabloid of the modern era presents news more accurately and objectively than the most reputable newspaper of a hundred years ago. Competition does not guarantee reliable presentation of information. For example, Boston is one of the most competitive newspaper cities in the United States, but no Boston paper ever appears on any list of "10 best newspapers," except for the *Christian Science Monitor* which is not a Boston newspaper, but a national daily magazine. On the other hand, the citizens of Providence, a much smaller community to the South, are served far more adequately by a monopoly newspaper. Some of the best newspapers in the United States are monopolies, including those in Louisville, Kansas City, Des Moines, Richmond, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Toledo and Madison. The great argument over the "one-party press" is fruitless, since it is a natural consequence of our competitive system. As long as information by which people form opinions is allowed to flow freely, the press may be technically considered as free.

But what medium is to present the ideas that we depend upon to keep our brand of democracy dynamic? Not the radio or TV, it is safe to say. Nor the Movies, still in a *Laocoon* struggle with censors, pressure groups and inquisitors. Ideas that might upset the equilibrium of the monopoly newspaper public are acceptable only to a few editors. The newspapers have become not so much the press of conformity, as the press of uniformity.

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Most of the newspapers are incapable of providing the subtleties of conflicting thought, unrestricted by their own "policy." Most of the magazines have discovered that unless they keep the reader and the advertiser pleasantly related, they soon become the victims of the competition that puts the lowest value on ideas.

The journals of opinion are about the last ditch for the individualist, and for the editor with a message. With such publications the fight for the presentation of ideas is much more than academic. It is the issue of survival that concerns the liberal today. The public is still there, but there are too many media distracting its attention.

They are the thin line, staving off the forces of reaction until the tension of emergency eases and the country relaxes into its habitual tolerance of free expression. Somehow they must find means of surviving. They are too individualistic to merge their editorial programs, but they might very well share some of their more material production costs. They can never compete with the commercial, or popular, press, but they can learn from the pamphleteers that the most inexpensive dress often clothes the stoutest heart. Just as the businessman depends on his Kiplinger Letters and confidential reports, so may the fighting liberal look to the news letter for the inspiration and unification he must have. As long as Americans insist on being individuals—some of them, at least—there will be a market for ideas. Perhaps such persons could band together as a kind of co-operative agency, with every subscriber a participating owner of his favorite organ of opinion.

Could the *New Republic* be started today? One could answer by saying the publication could not have been started in 1914, when the climate was much more congenial for such enterprise, had it not been for the loyal support of Willard and Dorothy Whitney Straight. Imbued with a sense of social responsibility, they had the financial resources to make such a journalistic experiment possible. They might not have succeeded 40 years later, as evidenced by the unhappy experience of Marshall Field III in the field of liberal journalism.

THE tragedy of journalism is that the public will never pay the price of the information and ideas it must have to operate efficiently politically. That is the reason the existence of the opinion periodicals is so precarious. But one way or another, the American will receive this service, if he values his independence. He may get it from the subsidized publications of the intellectuals (don't ever be misled by the drab cover of the *AAUP Bulletin*); from the endowed confidences of those who care, such as the members of the Foreign Policy Association or the Nieman Fellows; or from partisan agitators, as in the labor press or *Democratic Digest*. But if it is the more aseptic idealism of the social philosopher you crave, now is the time to hold the fort on the liberal front until the tide of battle turns.

November, 1954

The Homebody

THERE STILL are kindly things for me to know
Who am afraid to dream, afraid to feel—
This little chair of scrubbed and sturdy deal,
This easy book, this fire, sedate and slow.
And I shall stay with them, nor cry my woe
Of wounds across my breast that do not heal,
Nor wish that Beauty drew a duller steel
Since I am sworn to meet her as a foe.

It may be, when the devil's own time is done,
That I shall hear the dropping of the rain
At midnight, and lie quiet in my bed;
Or stretch and straighten to the yellow sun,
Or face the turning tree, and have no pain:
So shall I learn at last my heart is dead.

August 3, 1927 DOROTHY PARKER

Servant of the People

THE WORST SERVANT of a democracy is the man who obeys the people because he fears them. In his deference to the opinion of others he surrenders his own, and if his example were followed by everyone, the opinion of a democracy would degenerate into little more than timid conventionality. The true democrat does not obey the people; he regards himself as one of the people, with the democratic privilege of having a mind of his own. He never pretends that the majority is necessarily right; he knows that courageous minorities are the very soul of a democracy.

This is why there has arisen the curious paradox that many of the best leaders of democracies have had to fight the majority all their lives. Had they not done so, they would have been little more than sheep, and a flock of sheep is not the symbol of a free people. It is the man who stands against the dead uniformity of opinion and breaks it up with some fresh current of ideas, who really creates a situation in which real opinion is possible. A mob cannot think; a nation of one mind may well be a nation of no mind at all, as the terrible intellectual inertia of Europe shows. This is why discerning people place so high a value on courage like that of Governor Slaton's of Georgia. They recognize in it the virtue on which democracies rest—the ability to think independently, the willingness to defy the weight of fixed beliefs, and a loyalty to ideals that cannot be deflected by the anger of a crowd. A democracy is damned when its leaders are slaves; it is safe when its leaders are not afraid to be free.

June 26, 1915 EDITORIAL

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Canine Primary

ROBERT LITTELL

OF COURSE I wanted my dog to have all the advantages of modern psychological pedagogy, so I entered him at the John Dewey Day Dog School, an institution said to be conducted under the auspices of Teachers' College. To be sure, he would meet the sons of more famous dogs at one of those church boarding schools, but I want my dog to be non-sectarian. Also, he is a mongrel, and the patrician dogs might make fun of him. I call him Nero after the well-known violinist. I am sure he is gifted in some direction, and it might as well be music.

"This is Nero," I said to the principal of Day Dog, "and I should like him to learn how to beg, give his paw, play dead, fetch a ball, point a bird, walk on his hind legs, carry a newspaper in his mouth, and lie down when I say *couche-toi.* And when I say *couche-toi* I mean *couche-toi.* I love my dog, but I want him to be versatile, and obedient."

"Progressive canine pedagogics," answered the principal, twiddling the Phi Beta Kappa key on his watch chain, "have arrived at the conclusion that there is no place in the curriculum for modern languages until close to the age of adolescence, let us say 18 months. And as for your other requests," he added, smiling with indulgent pity, "we cynologists of the new school believe in the fundamental approach. We do not teach formal subjects, such as begging and carrying newspapers, for some time. We begin by studying the dog's reactions until we understand his personality. We try to rehabilitate the dog's emotional attitudes, which are nearly always warped by faulty home environment. We attempt to bring out the suppressed traits of his character. A dog, if left alone with a number of objects, will choose that which most appeals to him. . . . "

"Chew?" I interrupted timidly.

"No, choose. Our tests have selected a list of eleven hundred objects which appeal to one side or another of dog nature. Our teachers show the dogs how to play with those objects. For correct play habits are the foundation of character. Upon that foundation the normal dog builds with amazing rapidity. He learns to adapt himself to unusual situations and to the society of other dogs. He learns to abandon moping, day dreaming and isolationist or anti-social conduct. And he graduates, if we have been successful and if the dog's owner co-operates, a complete, well-rounded, psychically integrated and physically homogeneous dog."

"What does he know?" I asked.

The principal looked at me scornfully. "Knowledge is secondary," he said, "the main thing is to unfold the tiny buds of dog personality."

Then he showed me through the school. In one room a group of puppies were tearing shoes apart with their teeth. In another, full of older dogs, I saw a teacher crawling on all fours, holding a ball in her mouth and growling.

"At first," explained the principal, "the teachers have to talk to the dogs in very simple language." In a third room some of the dogs were chasing each other around, others were gnawing bones, scratching themselves and barking.

"Recess?" I questioned.

"Not at all," said the principal, rather acidly, "these dogs are learning to integrate their personalities."

SO I left Nero, who whined pitifully as I went, at the Day Dog School. He came back wagging his tail, so I supposed everything was going splendidly. A few days later I received a letter from the school. "Little Nero," it said, "is an introvert. We have had a faculty meeting about him, and it seems best that his vitality should be built up by drinking extra milk in the middle of the morning." Enclosed was a bill for $10 for the milk, which I paid. Some weeks went by, weeks during which I was absorbed by the affairs of the world of men. Nero seemed quite as happy and lively as ever, but otherwise I could not notice any change in his play habits or personality, and he destroyed slippers, barked at strangers, slept on brocade sofas, just as before. Although I was very busy I called up the principal. "Nero," he said, "is becoming gradually externalized. His teacher considers him much less self-centered. The dogs in his class are now studying dog biscuit. The classroom is full of samples of the materials that go into dog biscuit, the walls are hung with maps showing where dog biscuit is made. By observing familiar objects and tracing them back to their component sources do we lead the plastic canine mind out of Narcissism into the wonders of the objective universe."

The next day Nero refused to eat any dog biscuit and was caught munching a first edition of the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay. The influence of the school had begun to tell. Already Nero was beginning to decide things for himself, or, in the words of a pamphlet on primary canine mentality lent me by the principal, to "opt."

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Nero's first monthly report, while not brilliant, was satisfactory. "Nero," it said, "is adapting himself rapidly to the group, and is barking with the greater self-confidence, but lacks co-operative spirit and is more than normally destructive of materials." Enclosed was a bill for 13 pairs of shoes, which I thought rather high, but a footnote explained that Nero vastly preferred new shoes to old, and that the zest of novelty was a highly important educative factor. I was tempted to write back that Nero had just finished a home-study course in hook rugs, and enclose a bill for the rugs, but I hate arguing with people who know so much about psychology and so many long words. And anyhow Nero seemed very happy.

I HAVE never received so many letters as I did from that Day Dog School since the time when in a moment of ghoulish curiosity I answered an advertisement for the Cliffview Mausoleum. First it was Owner's Week. "Next week is Owner's Week," wrote Nero's teacher, "and every owner will give his dog something for the dog to take back to school and present to the School Museum. It is suggested that the gift should be either fruit, flowers or something illustrating the Industrial Revolution in America." Then it was Woodchuck Week. "Your dog," said the mimeographed letter, "has been digging on his own initiative, along with other primary dogs, a deep hole in the Nature Study Yard. He will soon get to the bottom which is concrete. He expects to find something at the bottom when he gets there. If he doesn't find anything he will be disappointed and disillusioned, a hole-complex may form in his mind and he will tend to indulge in fantasies rather than action. The teachers and the older dogs think that it is imperative that every dog should find a woodchuck at the bottom of his hole. Unfortunately our woodchuck fund is exhausted. Won't you please send a live woodchuck to reach the school not later than Thursday?"

Then there was a bill for bus fare for taking all the pre-primary dogs on an expedition to the George Washington Bridge. Then another monthly report. "Nero is much more social-minded than when he came to Day Dog, and co-ordinates well for his age. He is already becoming an independent little mechanism. However, he is a highly sensitive dog, and cannot bear reproof. Perhaps this is because he is not admonished sufficiently at home. May we ask his owner to co-operate with us. Do not whip or slap Nero, but when he misbehaves show him what he has done and explain why it was a mistake. Reason with him as much as possible. . . . Scratching: excellent; Music: only fair."

Well, he can't be perfect. I would be the last person to wish for a regimented, under-individualized dog. And he is certainly making progress. The class has just been studying primitive wolf life. The wolf was the ancestor of the dog, and many dogs have wolf-like traits. It seems quite logical for them to study, through lantern slides and samples in little bowls, how wolves lived and what wolves ate. And wolf folkways are as good an approach as any to an understanding of our complicated civilization. One should study wolves imaginatively, from the inside. All the dogs are asked to pretend that they are wolves. If some of them develop howls or take to biting visitors, that's only the seamy side of a very beautiful and understanding educational carpet. On the whole I am satisfied with Day Dog. Nero lacks concentration, but is full of self-expression and curiosity. And curiosity, they say, is the mother of wisdom.

And yet somehow I am sorry that Nero has not learned how to give his paw, or stand on his hind legs, or balance a piece of sugar on his nose. He can't do any of the normal useful dog tricks. He jumps all over people, his voice is shrill, and he talks all the time. When I say *"couche-toi"* to him he barks and runs around the room. Yet of course I would not want to have these things driven into him at the expense of a budding, blossoming, vital personality.

The principal of Day Dog says that the basic methodology of canine education could probably quite successfully be applied to children (though unfortunately no one has thought of doing so), but not to lizards. Lizards, it appears, have no personalities or emotional content worth integrating. *December 7, 1932*

Greetings to the New Republic on its 40th anniversary of publication

THROUGH THE YEARS, the *New Republic* has championed the cause of social justice, equality of economic opportunities for all Americans regardless of race, color, creed and origin, the sanctity of the Bill of Rights and Constitutional liberties as well as a fair and square deal for labor in a great industrial democracy—the United States of America.
Appreciating all the fine qualities of the *New Republic*, we are, with all good wishes,

INTERNATIONAL HANDBAG, LUGGAGE, BELT AND NOVELTY WORKERS' UNION, AFL

OSSIP WALINSKY
International President

NORMAN ZUKOWSKY
General Secretary-Treasurer

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Romance and Mr. Babbitt

GERALD W. JOHNSON

It is blood-curdling even to imagine the rage of Sinclair Lewis if anyone had intimated to him that his basic philosophy was drawn from *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Yet in the opening chapter of *Babbitt*, describing early morning in Zenith when Mr. Babbitt rose, showered, shaved, dressed, breakfasted and drove to his office, taking a childish and innocent pride in the deftness with which he parked his Buick in a narrow space, there is a passage describing what else had happened in Zenith during the night just past—birth, death, triumph, calamity, high tragedy, and crashing melodrama when a drab, full of cocaine, drew a pistol from her handbag and casually shot her lover across the table. All this was unknown to Mr. Babbitt and would not have interested him much if it had been known. What interested him was the skill with which he parked his car.

Mr. Babbitt was, on the whole, an unhappy man and the insertion of this passage is an intimation of why he was unhappy. He was bored, and he was bored because he didn't know what was going on right under his nose. Without benefit of rhyme, Lewis was reasserting:

> The world is so full of a number of things,
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Probably he would never have said "happy," but he would have said "interested," which is as close an approach to happiness as a realist is likely to make. Lewis was a crusader against dullness and an assault upon dullness is the significance of Stevenson's couplet.

Lewis turned out 21 books—sufficient evidence that he wrote a lot of bilge. A man who wrote 21 masterpieces would be four or five ahead of William Shakespeare. But *Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith, Elmer Gantry* and *Dodsworth* were social documents with a definite effect upon public opinion at the time; and they are likely to remain a permanent part of the social history of the United States. A man who has produced five novels that really meant something to his own generation is an extraordinary man indeed, one sure to be remembered for a long time.

The craftmanship of these books is a matter of interest mainly to professors of English literature and to aspiring novelists. Lewis observed exactly, reported accurately, and checked, rechecked, compared and verified with the diligence of the dreariest German pedant who ever pursued a subjunctive through nine centuries and 900 volumes. But this was part of the mechanics of his trade. He worked hard. He worked harder than most of us can even conceive of working. But it wasn't industry that won him the Nobel prize. It wasn't industry that made him master of the American imagination for a decade or so.

The magic was an eloquence that arose from a source deeper than syntax and the rules of prosody. Because everyone recognized his own thoughts and his own words in the pages of Sinclair Lewis he was dubbed a realist, and some quirk of the literary mind holds that to be the antithesis of romanticist. But the terms are not exclusive. *Tom Sawyer* was realism. *David Harum* was realism. *Main Street* reported the idiosyncrasies of Gopher Prairie no more faithfully than those two books recorded the quirks and oddities of Missouri and upstate New York. But because they are placid and good-humored we list them in a different category.

Lewis was unhappy, and was indignant because he was unhappy. His indignation betrays his essential romanticism. If he had been a realist of the stripe of, say, Montaigne, he might have been just as unhappy, but he would not have been indignant about it, because he would have realized that happiness is impossible anyhow. But this admission is a psychological impossibility to a 100-percent American like Lewis. In the oldest state document issued by us as a nation we committed ourselves to "the pursuit of happiness," and pursue it we must.

Lewis proclaimed—and piled up mountains of evidence to prove—that Americans are unhappy largely by their own fault. Their stupidity renders them incapable of seeing in which direction true happiness lies. Their cowardice renders them incapable of grasping happiness when it is within their reach. Their blind greed sends them chasing after some will-o'-the-wisp that leads them into the mire. All this the average American must admit is very true. There was nothing in the assertion that came into collision with his most profound conviction, so he accepted Lewis as a prophet—of the order of Jeremiah, no doubt, but a prophet.

For he never fell into the heresy of denying that happiness exists *in posse*. On the contrary, in *Arrowsmith* he portrayed its attainment. Young Dr. Arrowsmith went after it the hard way, to be sure, and the happiness of discovering what makes a man's liver do what it does is a stern, austere form of happiness that does not appeal to many of us. Nevertheless, it is conceivable; and even a Babbitt will readily grant that the happiness of a scientific mind is not necessarily that of a realtor. The point is that by the exercise of indomitable will power Arrowsmith pursued happiness and eventually overtook it. In

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the assumption that this is possible the book is American to the core.

This was the essence of the literary revolt of the twenties, of which Sinclair Lewis was one of the great chiefs. The whole crew denounced Americans furiously, and the public loved it, to the amazement of those who overlooked the fact that Americans were being denounced, but not the American ideal. We were, in fact, unhappy, and to be told that it was our own fault was quite bearable; what would have been unbearable was to be told that there is no happiness, and that pursuit of it is utterly vain. If we are unhappy because we are stupid and blind, then to develop intelligence and vision is a way out—difficult, indeed, and a faint hope, but nevertheless possible and a hope.

In that they did not proclaim the impossibility and deny the hope the writers of the twenties remained well within the line of American literary tradition. Their thunderous assaults upon the frauds and imbecilities, the hypocrisies and quackeries of their time were reformist, not revolutionary; and the mood of America has been reformist most of the time since its beginning.

Where Sinclair Lewis will eventually stand in the hierarchy of American letters is not for this generation to decide, but there is no doubt that *Main Street, Babbitt,* and, I think, *Arrowsmith* will survive, if only as *genre* pictures. It is my own belief that future generations will find in them a good deal more, but that may be a prejudiced view because I believe that the American philosophy of life is going to have a long run. We are not ready for quietism. We still believe that when something is wrong, something can be done about it; and a raucous voice bawling out the wrong is not yet to us mere sound and fury, but a trumpet blast summoning the mighty men of valor to stand to their arms.

January 29, 1951

Mrs. Windsor's Toast Is Burning

THOMAS WHITESIDE

THE basic concept of the society column is an admirably democratic one: to strengthen the bonds of affection between the people and their leaders. It is designed to demonstrate that the élite is wealthy, handsome, clever and happy in its work. Appropriately, Austine Cassini's column in the *Washington Times-Herald* is titled "These Charming People" and the column by Igor Cassini, her husband, in Hearst's *New York Journal-American* is headed "The Smart Set." These, together with Evelyn Peyton Gordon, whose section of the Scripps-Howard *Washington Daily News* is headed simply "Evelyn Peyton Gordon," are true society columnists, as distinct from pseudo-society writers like Elsa Maxwell, the well-known political economist, or Walter Winchell, now advanced to the rank of semi-official, if gratuitous, adviser to the heads of the great powers.

With the exception of certain foreigners, Miss Gordon finds all members of Society uniformly attractive. Sir Carl Berendsen is "the delightful envoy who looks like Jimmy Durante"; Henry F. Grady is "huge, genial" or, again, "towering, brilliant"; his wife is "diminutive, Spanish-born" and his daughter Patricia "engaging." Mrs. Joseph E. Davies is "beautiful," Nora Martins "beauteous," and Mrs. Paul Porter "youthful." Miss Gordon places Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in the supreme omnibus category of "top-drawer society, handsome and very attractive." Senator Bill Jenner is "a charmer" and Mrs. John W. Bricker "a dead-ringer for Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.—Of course," Miss Peyton adds, "the Grace Coolidge of her White House days." And Mrs. J. Borden Harriman is "tall and exceedingly handsome despite her 80 years."

A people solicitious of its leaders' welfare wants to know they do not suffer from financial insecurity. On this point, Evelyn Peyton Gordon is constantly reassuring. "Both have charm as well as the wherewithal," she will say of a diplomatic couple. Or she may remark casually that Mme. Nina Ricci wore "a fortune in emeralds." Often, the mere mention of corporate affiliations will suffice, as in the case of Mrs. Joseph E. Davies: "The General Foods heiress has not been her customary hale self," or Mrs. Edward Alexander: "I see no prospect of the daughter of the late Mint Director Raymond T. Baker and Mrs. Margaret (Bromo Seltzer) Emerson departing the town any time soon unless it be for a sojourn at Palm Beach."

A democratic people considers it important that its leaders have enough to eat. Miss Gordon brings reassurance on this score almost daily. "Maurice Chapuis confides," she confides in turn, "that prima donna Lily Pon's favorite dish is *coq au vin à la Bourguignon*—a rich bit which calls for the bleeding of a fat young rooster 24 hours before cooking and the use of the fresh blood in the preparation of the succulent sauce."

A by-product of the leadership qualities common to our élite is a tendency to eccentricity. Such eccentricities, however, generally show an elegance of taste, a fastidiousness not found elsewhere. Thus Marshall Exnicios,

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master of the hounds of the Potomac Hunt, "used to send his laundry to England."

Society is capable of roughing it when necessary: "Canadian Ambassador Hume Wrong . . . has no house in which to live . . . so is 'camping out' at the Wardman Park Hotel." Above all, leaders of Society are kind, considerate and democratic to the extreme: "Scouts tell me," says Miss Gordon, "that one of the most touching scenes [at Warm Springs] is the sight of multi-millionairess Marjorie Davies, clad in ermine, gently and solicitously pushing multi-millionairess Grace Vanderbilt's wheelchair around the path of the Homestead."

FEW sociologists give more careful attention to the dynamics of social change than Evelyn Peyton Gordon. Indeed, she frequently remarks that "it's hard to believe how times have changed." The full impact of the social mobility of the élite struck her rather sharply when she recently attended a reception at the Yugoslav Embassy. "I could not help but notice," she wrote afterwards, "that it was definitely not the same people who had attended the brilliant party given a few years ago for former King Peter. . . . Marshall Tito cannot boast followers of the social caliber as those who traditionally surround a monarch. . . . They may have been the right people for the Yugoslav way of life. But they weren't the people who make up Washington society. . . . I liked Peter's party better."

Austine "Bootsie" Cassini, daily authoress of "These Charming People" and herself a regular charmer, arrived in the writing game through what is probably the society columnist's love story of all time. *She* was the daughter of the socially prominent Major Austin McDonald, who lived in a fine old house in Warrenton, Virginia. *He* was Igor Cassini, a society writer for the *Washington Times-Herald*. Fate had just decreed, at 2:30 a.m. on June 25, 1939, that certain members of the Warrenton horsey set should, in a fit of pique, tar and feather Cassini for untoward writings concerning their families. Dripping with pitch, Cassini flew to the house of Major McDonald to telephone to his city editor a report of the outrage. (Upon receipt of this news, the city editor is reported to have cried out in anguish, "They've gilded the lily!") The editor's loss was Cassini's gain. For he came face to face with Austine, daughter of the house, and the sympathy with which she picked feathers from him quickly blossomed into love. They were married shortly afterward; Cassini was drafted and Austine took his place at the typewriter in the *Times-Herald* offices.

"Bootsie" does write, it is true.

"Ginger [Rogers] is grand! She likes gold jewelry, ice-cream sodas and President Truman!"

"Best-dressed woman at the Army-Navy game was a good-looking Queen in a polo coat of mink."

"If dancers had their skirts sprayed with perfume, ballet would stimulate every sense!"

For her *Times-Herald* column, Mrs. Cassini is photographed every day in a new hat, 300 of which she keeps on hand.

As "Cholly Knickerbocker" in the New York *Journal-American*, Igor Cassini, Austine's husband, is much too busy to write of details in dress, although he occasionally styles himself a "modern *arbiter elegantiarum*." It was he who reported, almost before the smoke had reached the sensitive nostrils of a Waldorf-Astoria waiter, that the Duchess of Windsor's toast was burning in its rack. It was he, too, who ascertained for Hearst readers at home and abroad that the names of the Duke of Windsor's two little dogs were Pookie and Prissie and that in the evening the dogs wore "elegant red coats."

Cassini is more of a crusader than his wife. He recently complained that Society people at the première of *The Razor's Edge* were ignored in favor of movie stars. "We see no reason," he wrote indignantly next day, "why people with genteel backgrounds should be pushed around to make room for some former elevator girl or soda jerker who happens to have achieved a rapid success in a make-believe world." Cassini's umbrage at movie stars continues, and every so often he will insert such paragraphs as "Every Hollywood producer who makes more than $1,000 a week attended the Poland Bankses' cocktail party at the Ritz Towers. But you know what you can expect at a cocktail party these days."

In conformity with his employer, William Randolph Hearst, Cassini displays a certain coolness toward Russia, the New Deal, and pre-Franco Spain. "Molotov had a special gangplank built for his own use for his departure on the *Queen Mary*," he noted recently, when the Soviet Foreign Minister went up the same old gangplank to board the *Queen Elizabeth*.

CASSINI occasionally branches out into economic discussions, in which he is probably the most interesting theorist since Marie Antoinette. "The marks of the New Deal are still to be seen everywhere," he wrote. "Newport, Long Island, New York, all show signs of the times—great palaces, once glittering with lights, abandoned to the termites. And next to these wander hundreds of jobless men and women who consider it beneath their dignity to work for the rich folk." This situation he saw as responsible for the collapse of America's fundamental greatness—a greatness attributable to the fact that "its simplest and poorest citizen could always hope that he might one day be as rich as Rockefeller and drink tea with Mrs. Vanderbilt."

The whole business, said Cassini, gave him seriously to think. Did Society still exist?

Cassini still has hope. "After more than a year on the job," he writes, "we think we can give you our answer. . . . A new Society has emerged—a composite of new and old, of new wealth and old names, of stage and social register, of Europe and America. Elegance and good manners still reign. Society is still here."

January 6, 1947

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The Legendary John Reed

WALTER LIPPMANN

THOUGH he is only in his middle twenties and but five years out of Harvard, there is a legend of John Reed. It began, as I remember, when he proved himself to be the most inspired song and cheer leader that the football crowd had had for many days. At first there was nothing to recommend him but his cheek. That was supreme. He would stand up alone before a few thousand undergraduates and demonstrate without a quiver of self-consciousness just how a cheer should be given. If he didn't like the way his instructions were followed he cursed at the crowd, he bullied it, sneered at it. But he always captured it. It was a sensational triumph, for Jack Reed wasn't altogether good form at college. He came from Oregon, showed his feelings in public, and said what he thought to the club men who didn't like to hear it. Even as an undergraduate he betrayed what many people believe to be the central passion of his life, an inordinate desire to be arrested. He spent a brief vacation in Europe and experimented with the jails of England, France and Spain. In one Spanish village he was locked up on general principles, because the King happened to be passing through town that day. The next incident took place during the Paterson strike. Reed was in town less than 24 hours before the police had him in custody. He capped his arrest by staging the Paterson strike pageant in Madison Square Garden, and then left for Europe to live in a Florentine villa, where he was said to be hobnobbing with the illegitimate son of Oscar Wilde, and to be catching glimpses of Gordon Craig. He made speeches to Italian syndicalists and appointed himself to carry the greetings of the American labor movement to their foreign comrades. He bathed in a fountain designed by Michelangelo and became violently ill. He tried high romance in Provence. One, night, so he says, he wrestled with a ghost in a haunted house, and was thrown out of bed.

He lived in those days by editing and writing for the *American Magazine*. But that allegiance couldn't last. Reed wasn't meant for sedate family life, and he broke away to join the staff of the *Masses*. They advertised him as their jail editor, but as a matter of fact he was the managing editor, which even on the *Masses* carries with it a prosaic routine. For a few weeks Reed tried to take the *Masses'* view of life. He assumed that all capitalists were fat, bald, and unctuous, that reformers were cowardly or scheming, that all newspapers are corrupt, that Victor Berger and the Socialist Party and Samuel Gompers and the trade unions are a fraud on labor. He made an effort to believe that the working class is not composed of miners, plumbers and working men generally, but is a fine, statuesque giant who stands on a high hill facing the sun. He wrote stories about the night court and plays about ladies in kimonos. He talked with intelligent tolerance about dynamite, and thought he saw an intimate connection between the cubists and the I. W. W. He even read a few pages of Bergson.

But it was only a flirtation. Reed's real chance came when the *Metropolitan Magazine* sent him to Mexico. All his second-rate theory and propaganda seemed to fall away, and the public discovered that whatever John Reed could touch or see or smell he could convey. The variety of his impressions, the resources and color of his language seemed inexhaustible. The articles which he sent back from the border were as hot as the Mexican desert, and Villa's revolution, till then reported only as a nuisance, began to unfold itself into throngs of moving people in a gorgeous panorama of earth and sky. Reed loved the Mexicans he met, loved them as they were, marched with them, raided with them, danced with them, drank with them, risked his life with them. He had none of the condescension of the foreigner, no white man's superiority. He was not too dainty, nor too wise, nor too lazy. Mexicans were real people to him with whom he liked to be. He shared their hatred of the *cientificos*, he felt as they did about the church, and he wrote back to us that if the United States intervened to stop the revolution he would fight on Villa's side.

He did not judge, he identified himself with the struggle, and gradually what he saw mingled with what he hoped. Wherever his sympathies marched with the facts, Reed was superb. His interview with Carranza almost a year ago was so sensationally accurate in its estimate of the feeling between Carranza and Villa that he suppressed it at the time out of loyalty to the success of the revolution. But where his feeling conflicted with the facts, his vision flickered. He seems totally to have misjudged the power of Villa.

REED has no detachment, and is proud of it, I think. By temperament he is not a professional writer nor reporter. He is a person who enjoys himself. Revolution, literature, poetry, they are only things which hold him at times, incidents merely of his living. Now and then he finds adventure by imagining it, oftener he transforms his own experience. He is one of those people who treat as serious possibilities such stock fantasies as

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shipping before the mast, rescuing women, hunting lions, or trying to fly around the world in an airplane. He is the only fellow I know who gets himself pursued by men with revolvers, who is always once more just about to ruin himself.

I can't think of a form of disaster which John Reed hasn't tried and enjoyed. He has half-spilled himself into commercialism, had his head turned by flattery, tried to act like a cynical war correspondent, posed as a figure out of Ibsen. But always thus far the laughter in him has turned the scale, his sheer exuberance has carried him to better loves. He is many men at once, and those who have tried to bank on some phase of him, to regard him as a writer, a correspondent, a poet, a revolutionist, or a lover, lose him. There is no line between the play of his fancy and his responsibility to fact; he is for the time the person he imagines himself to be.

Reed is one of the intractables, to whom the organized monotony and virtue of our civilization are unbearable. You would have to destroy him to make him fit. At times when he seemed to be rushing himself and others into trouble, when his ideas were especially befuddled, I have tried to argue with him. But all laborious elucidation he greets with pained boredom. He knows how to dismiss in a splendid flourish the creature

"Who wants to make the human race and me
March to a geometric Q. E. D."

I don't know what to do about this. In common with a whole regiment of his friends I have been brooding over his soul for years, and often I feel like saying to him what one of them said when Reed was explaining Utopia, "If I were establishing it, I'd hang you first, my dear Jack." But it would be a lonely Utopia.

December 26, 1914

Almost Thirty

JOHN REED

I AM twenty-nine years old, and I know that this is the end of a part of my life, the end of youth. Sometimes it seems to me the end of the world's youth too; certainly the Great War has done something to us all. But it is also the beginning of a new phase of life, and the world we live in is so full of swift change and color and meaning that I can hardly keep from imagining the splendid and terrible possibilities of the time to come. The last 10 years I've gone up and down the earth drinking in experience, fighting and loving, seeing and hearing and testing things. I've traveled all over Europe, and to the borders of the East, and down in Mexico, having adventures; seeing men killed and broken, victorious and laughing, men with visions and men with a sense of humor. I've watched civilization change and broaden and sweeten in my lifetime; and I've watched it wither and crumble in the red blast of war. And war I have seen, too, in the trenches, with the armies. I'm not quite sick of seeing yet, but soon I will be—I know that. My future life will not be what it has been. And so I want to stop a minute, and look back, and get my bearings.

A great deal of my boyhood was illness and physical weakness, and I was never really well until my sixteenth year. The beginning of my remembered life was a turmoil of imaginings—formless perceptions of beauty, which broke forth in voluminous verses, sensations of fear, of tenderness of pain. Then came a period of intense emotion, in which I endowed certain girls with the attributes of Guinevere, and had a vision of Galahad and the Sangraal in the sky over the school football field; a furious energy drove me to all kinds of bodily and mental exercise, without any particular direction—except that I felt sure I was going to be a great poet and novelist. After that I was increasingly active and restless, more ambitious of place and power, less exalted, scattering myself in a hundred different directions; life became a beloved moving picture, thought about only in brilliant flashes, conceived as emotion and sensation. And now, almost 30, some of that old superabundant vitality is gone, and with it the all-sufficient joy of mere living. A good many of my beliefs have got twisted by the Great War. I am weakened by a serious operation. Some things I think I have settled, but in other ways I am back where I started—a turmoil of imaginings.

I must find myself again. Some men seem to get their direction early, to grow naturally and with little change to the thing they are to be. I have no idea what I shall be or do one month from now. Whenever I have tried to become some one thing, I have failed; it is only by drifting with the wind that I have found myself, and plunged joyously into a new role. I have discovered that I am only happy when I'm working hard at something I like. I never stuck long at anything I didn't like, and now I couldn't if I wanted to; on the other hand, there are very few things I don't get some fun out of, if only the novelty of experience. I love people, except the well-fed smug, and am interested in all new things and all the beautiful old things they do. I love beauty and chance and change, but less now in the external world and more in my mind. I suppose I'll always be a Romanticist.

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From the very beginning my excitable imagination fed on fantasy. I still remember my grandfather's house, where I was born—a lordly gray mansion modeled on a French chateau, with its immense park, its formal gardens, lawns, stables, greenhouses and glass grape-arbor, the tame deer among the trees. All that remains to me of my grandfather is his majestic height, his long slim fingers and the polished courtesy of his manners. He had come around the Horn in a sailing ship when the West Coast was the wild frontier, made his pile and lived with Russian lavishness. Portland was less than 30 years old, a little town carved out of the Oregon forests, with streets deep in mud and the wilderness coming down close around it. Through this my grandfather drove his blooded horses to his smart carriages, imported from the East—and from Europe—with liveried coachmen and footmen on the box. The lawn terrace below the house was surrounded on three sides by great fir trees, up whose sides ran gas-pipes grown over tieh bark; on summer evenings canvas was laid on the turf, and people danced, illuminated by flaming jets which seemed to spout from the trees. There was something fantastic in all that.

THEN we were poor, living in a little house down in the town, with a crowd of gay young people around my gay young father and mother. My head was full of fairy stories and tales of giants, witches and dragons, and I invented a monster called Hormuz, who lived in the woods behind the town and devoured little children —with which I terrified the small boys and girls of the neighborhood and incidentally myself. Almost all the servants in those days were Chinese, who stayed for years, at last getting to be almost members of the family. They brought ghosts and superstitions into the house, and the tang of bloody feuds among themselves, idols and foods and drinks, strange customs and ceremonies; half-affectionate, half-contemptuous, wholly independent, and withal outlandish, they have left me a memory of pig-tails and gongs and fluttering red paper. And there was my uncle, a romantic figure who played at coffee-planting in Central America, mixed in revolutions, and sometimes blew in, tanned and bearded and speaking "spigotty" like a *mestizo*. Once the tale ran that he had helped to lead a revolution that captured Guatemala for a few brief days, and was made Secretary of State; the first thing he did was to appropriate the funds of the National Treasury to give a grand state ball, and then he declared war on the German Empire—because he had flunked his German course in college. Later he went out to the Philippines as a volunteer in the Spanish War, and the tale of how he was made King of Guam is still told with shouts of mirth by the veterans of the Second Oregon.

My mother, who has always encouraged me in the things I wanted to do, taught me to read. I don't know when that was, but I remember the orgy of books I plunged into. History was my passion, kings strutting about and the armored ranks of men-at-arms clashing forward in close ranks against a hail of cloth-yard shafts; but I was equally enamored of Mark Twain, and Bill Nye, and Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and *The Arabian Nights*, and the *Tales of the Round Table*. What I didn't understand, my imagination interpreted. At the age of nine I began to write a Comic History of the United States—after Bill Nye—and I think it was then I made up my mind to be a writer.

About that time we moved to an apartment hotel, and I went to school. Those first few years of school stimulated my ambition to learn; but since then the curricula of schools and colleges have meant little to me. I've always been an indifferent student, to say the least, except when some subject like elementary chemistry, or English poetry, or composition caught my imagination—or the personality of some great teacher, like Professor Copeland of Harvard. Why should I have been interested in the stupid education of our time? We take young soaring imaginations, consumed with curiosity about the life they see all around, and feed them with dead technique; the flawless purity of Washington, Lincoln's humdrum chivalry, our dull and virtuous history and England's honest glory; Addison's graceful style as an essayist, Goldsmith celebrating the rural clergy of the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnson at his most vapid, and George Eliot's *Silas Marner:* Macaulay. and the sonorous oratings of Edmund Burke; and in Latin, Caesar's Gallic guide-book, and Cicero's mouthings about Roman politics. And the teachers! Men and women—usually women—whose chief qualification is that they can plough steadily through a dull round of dates, acts, half-truths and rules for style, without questioning, without interpreting and without seeing how ridiculously unlike the world their teachings are. I have forgotten most of it, forced on me before I was ready; what I do know came mostly from books I had the curiosity to read outside school hours. And many fine things I have had to force myself to explore again, because school once spoiled them for me.

BUT IN going to school I first entered the world of my fellows, and the social experience meant more and more to me until it almost crowded out the study side altogether. I can still see the school playground full of running and shouting and clamoring boys, and feel as I felt then when they stopped here and there to look at me, a new boy, with curious and insolent eyes, I was small though, and not very well, and at the beginning I didn't mix much with them. . . . But after school was out there were great doings, which were too exciting to keep out of. The town was divided into districts, ruled over by gangs of boys in a constant state of fierce warfare. I belonged to the Fourteenth Street gang, whose chief was a tall, curly-headed Irish boy who lived across

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the street—he is now a policeman. My best friend could make sounds like a bugle, and he was trumpeter. Standing in the middle of the street he would blow, and in a minute boys would come swarming to him, tearing up lawns and making mudballs as they came. Then we'd go running and shouting up the hill to give battle to the Montgomery Street gang, or beat off their attack. . . . And there were the wooded hills behind the town, where Indians and bears and outlaws might be lurking to be trailed by our scouts and Robin Hoods.

BOTH MY mother's parents and my father came from upper New York State, and when I was 10 years old my mother and my brother and I went East to visit them. We spent a summer month at Plymouth, Massachusetts, visited New York (I still remember the awful summer heat, the vermin in our boarding houses and the steam-engines on the Elevated), and were in Washington when the *Maine* blew up and the first volunteers left for the Spanish War.

Then I was back in Portland, in a new house, settling into the life of school and play. We had a theatre in our attic, where we acted over our plays, and we built scenic railways in the yard, and log cabins in the woods back of town. I had a number of highly colored schemes for getting adventure and wealth at the same time. For instance, I once began to dig a tunnel from our house to school, about a mile away; we were going to steal two sheep and hide them in the tunnel, and these two sheep were going to have children, and so on, until a large flock had gathered—then we'd sell them. My brother and I had a pony, and we went on camping trips back in the woods, and sailing and swimming and camping up the Willamette River. I began to write poetry, too, and read voraciously everything I could get hold of, from Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* and Marie Corelli, to Scott and Stevenson and Sir Thomas Malory.

But with all this I wasn't entirely happy. I was often ill. Outside of a few friends, I wasn't a success with the boys. I hadn't strength or fight enough to be good at athletics—except swimming, which I have always loved; and I was a good deal of a physical coward. I would sneak out over the back fence to avoid boys who were "laying" for me, or who I thought were "laying" for me. Sometimes I fought, when I couldn't help myself, and sometimes even won; but I preferred to be called a coward than fight. I hated pain. My imagination conjured up horrible things that would happen to me, and I simply ran away. One time, when I was on the editorial board of the school paper, a boy I was afraid of warned me not to publish a joking paragraph I had written about him—and I didn't. . . . My way to school lay through a sort of slum district, called Goose Hollow, peopled with brutal Irish boys, many of whom grew up to be prizefighters and baseball stars. I was literally frightened out of my sense when I went through Goose Hollow. Once a Goose Hollowite made me promise to give him a nickel if he didn't hit me, and walked up to my house with me while I got it for him. . . . The strange thing was that when I was cornered, and fought, even a licking wasn't a hundredth as bad as I thought it would be; but I never learned anything from that—the next time I ran away just the same, and suffered the most ghastly pangs of fear.

I wasn't much good at the things other boys were, and their codes of honor and conduct didn't hold me. They felt it, too, and had a sort of good-natured contempt for me. I was neither one thing nor the other, neither altogether coward nor brave, neither manly nor sissified, neither ashamed nor unashamed. I think that is why my impression of my boyhood is an unhappy one, and why I have so few close friends in Portland, and why I don't want ever again to live there.

It must have disappointed my father that I was like that, though he never said much about it. He was a great fighter, one of the first of the little bank of political insurgents who were afterwards, as the Progressive Party, to give expression to the new social conscience of the American middle class. His terrible slashing wit, his fine scorn of stupidity and cowardice and littleness, made him many enemies, who never dared attack him to his face, but fought him secretly, and were glad when he died. As United States Marshal under Roosevelt, it was he who, with Francis J. Heney and Lincoln Steffens, smashed the Oregon Land Fraud Ring; which was a brave thing to do in Oregon then. I remember him and Heney in the Marshal's office guying William J. Burns, the detective on the case, for his Hawkshaw make-up and his ridiculous melodramatics. In 1910 a man came around to browbeat my father into contributing to the Republican campaign fund, and he kicked the collector down the courthouse stairs—and was removed from the marshalship by President Taft. Afterward he ran for Congress, but lost out by a slim margin, mainly because he came East to see me graduate from college instead of stumping the state.

WHEN I was 16, I went East to a New Jersey boarding school, and then to Harvard College, and afterward to Europe for a year's travel; and my brother followed me through college. We never knew until later how much our mother and father denied themselves that we might go, and how he poured out his life that we might live like rich men's sons. He and mother always gave us more than we asked, in freedom and understanding as well as material things. And on the day my brother graduated from college, he broke under the terrible effort, and died a few weeks later. It has always seemed to me bitter irony that he couldn't have lived to see my little success. He was always more like a wise, kind friend than a father.

Boarding school, I think, meant more to me than anything in my boyhood. Among these strange boys I

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came as a stranger, and I soon found out that they were willing to accept me at my own value. I was in fine health. The ordered life of the community interested me; I was impressed by its traditional customs and dignities, school patriotism, and the sense of a long settled and established civilization, so different from the raw, pretentious West. My stories and verses were published in the school paper; I played football, and ran the quarter-mile, with very good average success; I had a fight or two, and stuck it out. There were perilous adventures, too, when a few of us stole down the fire escapes at night and went to country dances, slipping back to bed in the dormitory at dawn. With the school social butterflies, I "fussed" girls in the town, and was not laughed at. Busy, happy, with lots of friends, I expanded into self-confidence. So without trying I found myself; and since then I have never been very much afraid of men.

In 1906 I went up to Harvard almost alone, knowing hardly a soul in the University. My college class entered more than 700 strong and for the first three months it seemed to me, going around to lectures and meetings, as if every one of the 700 had friends but me. I was thrilled with the immensity of Harvard, its infinite opportunities, its august history and traditions—but desperately lonely. I didn't know which way to turn, how to meet people. Fellows passed me in the Yard, shouting gayly to one another; I saw parties off to Boston Saturday night, whooping and yelling on the back platform of the streetcar, and they passed hilariously singing under my window in the early dawn. Athletes and musicians and writers and statesmen were emerging from the ranks of the class. The freshman clubs were forming.

And I was out of it all. I "went out" for the college papers, and tried to make the freshman crew, even staying in Cambridge vacations to go down to the empty boat-house and plug away at the machines—and was the last man kicked off the squad before they went to New London. I got to know many fellows to nod to, and a very few intimately; but most of my friends were whirled off and up into prominence, and came to see me no more. One of them said he'd room with me sophomore year—but he was tipped off that I wasn't "the right sort" and openly drew away from me. And I, too, hurt a boy who was my friend. He was a Jew, a shy, rather melancholy person. We were always together, we two outsiders. I became irritated and morbid about it—it seemed I would never be part of the rich splendor of college life with him around—so I drew away from him. . . . It hurt him very much, and it taught me better. Since then he has forgiven it, and done wonderful things for me, and we are friends.

My second year was better. I was elected an editor of two of the papers, and knew more fellows. The fortunate and splendid youths, the aristocrats who filled the clubs and dominated college society, didn't seem so attractive. In two open contests, the trial for editor of the college daily paper and that for assistant manager of the varsity crew, I qualified easily for election; but the aristocrats blackballed me. However, that mattered less. During my freshman year I used to *pray* to be liked, to have friends, to be popular with the crowd. Now I had friends, plenty of them; and I have found that when I am working hard at something I love, friends come without my trying, and stay; and fear goes, and that sense of being lost which is so horrible.

From that time on I never felt out of it; I was never popular with the aristocrats; I was never elected to any clubs but one, and that one largely because of a dearth of members who could write lyrics for the annual show. But I was on the papers, was elected president of the Cosmopolitan Club, where 43 nationalities met, became manager of the Musical Clubs, captain of the water-polo team, and an officer in many undergraduate activities. As song leader of the cheering section, I had the supreme blissful sensation of swaying two thousand voices in great crashing choruses during the big football games. The more I met the college aristocrats, the more their cold, cruel stupidity repelled me. I began to pity them

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for their lack of imagination, and the narrowness of their glittering lives—clubs, athletics, society. College is like the world; outside there is the same class of people, dull and sated and blind.

Harvard University under President Eliot was unique. Individualism was carried to the point where a man who came for a good time could get through and graduate without having learned anything; but on the other hand, anyone could find there anything he wanted from all the world's store of learning. The undergraduates were practically free from control; they could live pretty much where they pleased, and do as they pleased—so long as they attended lectures. There was no attempt made by the authorities to weld the student body together, or to enforce any kind of uniformity. Some men came with allowances of $15,000 a year pocket money, with automobiles and servants, living in gorgeous suites in palatial apartment houses; others in the same class starved in attic bedrooms.

ALL SORTS of strange characters, of every race and mind, poets, philosophers, cranks of every twist, were in our class. The very hugeness of it prevented any one man from knowing more than a few of his classmates, though I managed to make the acquaintance of about 500 of them. The aristocrats controlled the places of pride and power, except when a democratic revolution, such as occurred in my senior year, swept them off their feet; but they were so exclusive that most of the real life went on outside their ranks—and all the intellectual life of the student body. So many fine men were outside the charmed circle that, unlike most colleges, there was no disgrace in not being a "club man." What is known as "college spirit" was not very powerful; no odium attached to those who didn't go to football games and cheer. There was talk of the world, and daring thought, and intellectual insurgency; heresy has always been a Harvard and a New England tradition. Students themselves criticized the faculty for not educating them, attacked the sacred institution of intercollegiate athletics, sneered at undergraduate clubs so holy that no one dared mention their names. No matter what you were or what you did—at Harvard you could find your kind. It wasn't a breeder for masses of mediocrely educated young men equipped with "business" psychology; out of each class came a few creative minds, a few scholars, a few "gentlemen" with insolent manners, and a ruck of nobodies. . . . Things have changed now. I liked Harvard better then.

Toward the end of my college course two influences came into my life, which had a good deal to do with shaping me. One was contact with Professor Copeland, who, under the pretense of teaching English composition, has stimulated generations of men to find color and strength and beauty in books and in the world, and to express it again. The other was what I call, for lack of a better name, the manifestation of the modern spirit. Some men, notably Walter Lippmann, had been reading and thinking and talking about politics and economics, not as dry theoretical studies, but as live forces acting on the world, on the University even. They formed the Socialist Club, to study and discuss all modern social and economic theories, and began to experiment with the community in which they lived.

Under their stimulus the college political clubs, which had formerly been quadrennial mushroom growths for the purpose of drinking beer, parading and burning red fire, took on a new significance. The Club drew up a platform for the Socialist Party in the city elections. It had social legislation introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature. Its members wrote articles in the college papers challenging undergraduate ideals, and muckraked the University for not paying its servants living wages, and so forth. Out of the agitation sprang the Harvard Men's League for Women's Suffrage, the Single Tax Club, an Anarchist group. The faculty was petitioned for a course in socialism. Prominent radicals were invited to Cambridge to lecture. An open forum was started, to debate college matters and the issues of the day. The result of this movement upon the undergraduate world was potent. All over the place radicals sprang up, in music, painting, poetry, the theatre. The more serious college papers took a socialistic, or at least progressive tinge. Of course all this made no ostensible difference in the look of Harvard society, and probably the clubmen and the athletes, who represented us to the world, never even heard of it. But it made me, and many others, realize that there was something going on in the dull outside world more thrilling than college activities, and turned our attention to the writings of men like H. G. Wells and Graham Wallas, wrenching us away from the Oscar Wildean dilettantism that had possessed undergraduate littérateurs for generations.

AFTER college Waldo Peirce and I went abroad as "bull-pushers" on a cattle-boat, for a year's happy-go-lucky wandering. Waldo rebelled at the smells and the ship's company, and jumped overboard off Boston Light, swimming back to shore and later taking the *Lusitania* to Liverpool; meanwhile, I was arrested for his murder, clapped in irons and brought before an Admiralty court at Manchester, where Waldo turned up in the nick of time. I tramped down across England alone, working on farms and sleeping in haymows, meeting Peirce in London again. Then we hoofed it to Dover and tried to stow away on a Channel steamer for France—and got arrested in Calais, of course. Separating, we went through northern France on foot, to Rouen and Paris, and started on a wild automobile trip through Touraine to the Spanish border, and across; and I proceeded into Spain alone, having adventures. I spent the winter in Paris, with excursions around the country, letting it soak in. Then I came home to America to settle down and make my living.

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Lincoln Steffens recommended me for a job on *The American Magazine*, where I stayed three years, reading manuscripts and writing stories and verses. More than any other man Lincoln Steffens has influenced my mind. I met him first while I was at Harvard, where he came loving youth, full of understanding, with the breadth of the world clinging to him. I was afraid of him then—afraid of his wisdom, his seriousness, and we didn't talk. But when I came back from France I told him what I had seen and done, and he asked me what I wanted to do. I said I didn't know, except that I wanted to write. Steffens looked at me with that lovely smile: "You can do anything you want to," he said; and I believed him. Since then I have gone to him with my difficulties and troubles, and he has always listened while I solved them myself in the warmth of his understanding. Being with Steffens is to me like flashes of clear light; it is as if I see him, and myself, and the world, with new eyes. I tell him what I see and think, and it comes back to me beautiful, full of meaning. He does not judge or advise—he simply makes everything clear. There are two men who give me confidence in myself, who make me want to work, and to do nothing unworthy—Copeland and Steffens.

NEW YORK was an enchanted city to me. It was on an infinitely grander scale than Harvard. Everything was to be found there—it satisfied me utterly. I wandered about the streets, from the soaring imperial towers of down-town, along the East River docks, smelling of spices and the clipper ships of the past, through the swarming East Side—alien towns within towns—where the smoky flare of miles of clamorous pushcarts made a splendor of shabby streets; coming upon sudden shrill markets, dripping blood and fish-scales in the light of torches, the big Jewish women bawling their wares under the roaring great bridges; thrilling to the ebb and flow of human tides sweeping to work and back, west and east, south and north. I knew Chinatown, and Little Italy, and the quarter of the Syrians; the marionette theatre, Sharkey's and McSorley's saloons, the Bowery lodging houses and the places where the tramps gathered in winter; the Haymarket, the German Village, and all the dives of the Tenderloin. I spent all one summer night on top of a pier of the Williamsburg Bridge; I slept another night in a basket of squid in the Fulton Market, where the red and green and gold sea things glisten in the blue light of the sputtering arcs. The girls that walk the streets were friends of mine, and the drunken sailors off ships newcome from the world's end, and the Spanish longshoremen down on West Street.

I found wonderful obscure restaurants, where the foods of the whole world could be found. I knew how to get dope; where to go to hire a man to kill an enemy; what to do to get into gambling rooms, and secret dance halls. I knew well the parks, and the streets of palaces, the theatres and hotels; the ugly growth of the city spreading like a disease, the decrepit places whence life was ebbing, and the squares and streets where an old, beautiful leisurely existence was drowned in the mounting roar of the slums. I knew Washington Square, and the artists and writers, the near-Bohemians, the radicals. I went to gangsters' balls at Tammany Hall, on excursions of the Tim Sullivan Association, to Coney Island on hot summer nights. . . . Within a block of my house was all the adventure of the world; within a mile was every foreign country.

In New York I first loved, and I first wrote of the things I saw, with a fierce joy of creation—and knew at last that I could write. There I got my first perceptions of the life of my time. The city and its people were an open book to me; everything had its story, dramatic, full of ironic tragedy and terrible humor. There I first saw that reality transcended all the fine poetic inventions of fastidiousness and medievalism. I was not happy or well long away from New York. . . . I am not now, for that matter; but I cannot live continually in its heart any more. In the city I have no time for much but sensation and experience; but now I want some time of quiet, and leisure for thought, so I can extract from the richness of my life something beautiful and strong. I am living now in the country, within an hour of town, so I can go down occasionally and plunge into the sea of people, the roaring and the lights—and then come back here to write of it, in the quiet hills, in sunshine and clean wind.

During this time I read a good deal of radical literature, attended meetings of all sorts, met socialists, anarchists, single-taxers, labor-leaders, and besides, all the hair-splitting Utopians and petty doctrine-mongers who cling to skirts of Change. They interested me, so many different human types; and the livingness of theories which could dominate men and women captivated my imagination. On the whole, ideas alone didn't mean much to me. I had to see. In my rambles about the city I couldn't help but observe the ugliness of poverty and all its train of evil, the cruel inequality between rich people who had too many motor cars and poor people who didn't have enough to eat. It didn't come to me from books that the workers produced all the wealth of the world, which went to those who did not earn it.

THE Lawrence strike of the textile workers had just ended, and the I.W.W. dominated the social and industrial horizon like a portent of the rising of the oppressed. That strike brought home to me hard the knowledge that the manufacturers get all they can out of labor, pay as little as they must, and permit the existence of great masses of the miserably unemployed in order to keep wages down; that the forces of the State are on the side of property against the propertyless. Our Socialist Party seemed to me duller than religion, and almost as little in touch with labor. The Paterson strike broke out. I met Bill Haywood, Gurley Flynn, Tresca and the other

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leaders; they attracted me. I liked their understanding of the workers, their revolutionary thought, the boldness of their dream, the way immense crowds of people took fire and came alive under their leadership. Here was drama, change, democracy on the march made visible—a war of the people. I went to Paterson to watch it, was mistaken for a striker while walking the public street, beaten by the police and jailed without any charge. In the jail I talked with exultant men who had blithely defied the lawless brutality of the city government and gone to prison laughing and singing. There were horrors in that jail too; men and boys shut up for months without trial, men going mad and dying, bestial cruelty and disease and filth—and all for the poor. When I came out I helped to organize the Pageant of the Paterson Strike, in Madison Square Garden, New York, drilling a thousand men and women in Paterson and bringing them across New Jersey to act out, before an immensely moved audience of 20,000 people, the wretchedness of their lives and the glory of their revolt.

SINCE then I have seen and reported many strikes, most of them desperate struggles for the bare necessities of life; and all I have witnessed only confirms my first idea of the class struggle and its inevitability. I wish with all my heart that the proletariat would rise and take their rights—I don't see how else they will get them. Political relief is so slow to come, and year by year the opportunities of peaceful protest and lawful action are curtailed. But I am not sure any more that the working class is capable of revolution, peaceful or otherwise; the workers are so divided and bitterly hostile to each other, so badly led, so blind to their class interest. The War has been a terrible shatterer of faith in economic and political idealism. And yet I cannot give up the idea that out of democracy will be born the new world—richer, braver, freer, more beautiful. As for me, I don't know what I can do to help—I don't know yet. All I know is that my happiness is built on the misery of other people, so that I eat because others go hungry, that I am clothed when other people go almost naked through the frozen cities in winter; and that fact poisons me, disturbs my serenity, makes me write propaganda when I would rather play—though not so much as it once did.

I quit my job to work on the Pageant, and when it was all over I went to pieces nervously, and friends took me abroad for the summer. The strike was starved and lost, the men went back to work dispirited and disillusioned, and the leaders, too, broke down under the long strain of the fight. The I.W.W. itself seemed smashed—indeed it has never recovered its old prestige. I got diphtheria in Italy, and came back to New York weak and despondent. For six months I did almost nothing. And then, through the interest of Lincoln Steffens, *The Metropolitan Magazine* asked me to go to Mexico as war correspondent, and I knew that I must do it.

Villa had just captured Chihuahua when I got to the border, and was getting ready to move on Torreon. I made straight for Chihuahua, and there got a chance to accompany an American mining man down into the mountains of Durango. Hearing that an old half-bandit, half-general was moving to the front, I cut loose and joined him, riding with a wild troop of Mexican cavalry two weeks across the desert, seeing battle at close range, in which my companions were defeated and killed, and fleeing for my life across the desert. I joined Villa then in his march on Torreon, and was in at the fall of that stronghold.

Altogether I was four months with the Constitutionalist armies in Mexico. When I first crossed the border deadliest fear gripped me. I was afraid of death, of mutilation, of a strange land and strange people whose speech and thought I did not know. But a terrible curiosity urged me on; I felt *I had to know* how I would act under fire, how I would get along with these primitive folks at war. And I discovered that bullets are not very terrifying, that the fear of death is not such a great thing, and that the Mexicans are wonderfully congenial. That four months of riding hundreds of miles across the blazing plains, sleeping on the ground with the *hombres*, dancing and carousing in looted haciendas all night after an all-day ride, being with them intimately in play, in battle, was perhaps the most satisfactory period of my life. I made good with these wild fighting men, and with myself. I love them and I loved the life. I found myself again. I wrote better than I have ever written.

Then came the European war, to which I went as correspondent, spending a year and a half traveling in all the belligerent countries and on the front of five nations in battle. In Europe I found none of the spontaneity, none of the idealism of the Mexican revolution. It was a war of the workshops, and the trenches were factories turning out ruin—ruin of the spirit as well as of the body, the real and only death. Everything had halted but the engines of hate and destruction. European life, that flashed so many vital facets, ran in one channel, and runs in it now. There seems to me little to choose between the sides; both are horrible to me. The whole Great War is to me just a stoppage of the life and ferment of human evolution. I am waiting, waiting for it all to end, for life to resume so I can find my work.

IN THINKING it over, I find little in my 30 years that I can hold to. I haven't any God and don't want one; faith is only another word for finding oneself. In my life as in most lives, I guess, love plays a tremendous part. I've had love affairs, passionate happiness, wretched maladjustments; hurt deeply and been deeply hurt. But at last I have found my friend and lover, thrilling and satisfying, closer to me than anyone has ever been. And now I don't care what comes.

April 15 and 29, 1936

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A Gnat Would Be An Elephant

EVERYONE knows about the frog that tried to become an ox. This is another fable—about the gnat that aspired to be an elephant. By deep intakes of air and a persistent outthrusting of its anatomy, both above and below the waistline, the gnat is trying to make itself believe that even if it has not yet achieved the desired size, it is well on its way. This ambitious performer is Patrick McCarran of Nevada, boss of the United States Senate by grace of a 30,595-to-21,816 victory over his opponent in his last election; by grace also of his seniority, which levels down and not up; by grace also of a default in Senate leadership.

At the moment, our rotund Nevadan, apparently ignoring the dictum that "nobody loves a fat man," is junketing in Europe at public expense. He has taken the risk of leaving the Senate while it is still in session and might conceivably pluck up courage enough in his absence to function as a free and democratic body. His decision to play hookey for three weeks can only have been because he believed that he had the Senate so completely cowed that it would not dare to think for itself.

In any event, the Senate's one and only (fortunately) Pat has injected himself into a new job in addition to the one he has been performing with such unfortunate results to the country. Whether he knows it or not, he has crudely encroached upon strictly executive powers. Another man might have been satisfied with requiring the United States Senate to eat out of his hand. But not Pat. He must go to Europe to investigate the morals, manners and facial characteristics of those victims of Hitler's deviltries known as Displaced Persons who have been eating out their souls in concentration camps, waiting for the day when the United States at last would show a reasonable amount of the good will, brotherly love and Christian grace about which Pat can spout as well as another on the Fourth of July.

It is safe to predict that when Pat returns to his personally-policed temporary Senate Chamber, he will again graciously permit his fellow Senators to function, after their own strange fashion, except on issues in which he has a personal or political interest. These cover a wide range, from Indian lands and the nation's oil to Nevada silver and the public grasslands.

Before legislative-executive Pat decided to run the risk of seasickness on the luxury *Queen Mary*, he proclaimed in New York that in addition to examining the tonsils of unfortunate DP's, he would go to Spain to talk with malignant little Franco about the resumption of diplomatic relations. He would also discuss with Franco, in language that both would understand, such a loan as Pat unsuccessfully tried to sneak through the Senate recently. Dictator Pat ought to feel perfectly at home with Dictator Franco. The latter, in addition to exiling and murdering better Spaniards than himself, is another gnat that has been trying to become an elephant.

I wonder whether Senator Pat assumed the role of "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Large" with the consent of the State Department. If not, why has State not disclaimed him and announced that he has no right or authority to discuss any diplomatic question with Franco or with anyone else? Isn't there enough spunk in the Department to resent such an arrogant blow at its prestige, such contemptuous invasion of its authority?

October 3, 1949 HAROLD L. ICKES

Bad Dream

OUT OF the stroke, the change,
The body locked in its death
Like a stream locked in the ice,
The whiteness under the cheek,
The lips forever set
In the look that is always strange
Because we remember yet
How they spoke, how the mere breath
Was enough to make them speak.

I saw the soul arise,
Naked, shaped like a blade,
Free, inhuman and bright,
And where the body was laid
I saw it hover.
It had no need for eyes.
It had not forgotten the grief
The long pain and the brief,
The daybreak, the fall of night,
The touch of water and light.
These were over.

It was free. It would not return.
I saw its brightness spurn
Like the heel of a fugitive
The body it hung above,
The body which gave it birth—
It is this I cannot forgive.
It is thus they answer our love
When they are gone from the earth.

October 30, 1929 STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

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Leonardo da Disney

DAVID LOW

ARTISTS are commonly supposed to work by inspiration rather than by the conscious use of their intelligence. It is not always profitable to refute this insulting assumption, for the subtleties of a creative process are hard to communicate; and the tendency of the ignorant to surround the arts with the dignity of mystery has its advantages. But if it were necessary to prove that occasionally artists use their brains one could always produce Leonardo da Vinci and Walt Disney. The man Leonardo was an adventurous mind, fond of wheels, an engineer. As an artist he was an innovator constantly experimenting to widen the domain of art. He was (so far as I can make out) the first to go after painting round instead of flat, so that he produced an effect, new in his time, of the figures standing out from the background. Before that artists, judging color and outline more important than light and shade, had been satisfied with figures that seemed merely to be superimposed. Leonardo added to the capacity of expression the power to give depth of atmosphere. (La Giaconda, by the way, is not a good example of the point, for it has been tinkered with too often. Perhaps the Virgin and Child in the Louvre is a better one.)

Leonardo's philosophy was that will was the energy of life. He was all for energy. Muscular movement and the dynamics of anatomy were favorite studies of his. The sketches for his famous equestrian bronze of Francisco Sforza show that he worked out that horse in a whole range of movement, galloping, rearing up, and still. Just like the drafts for what we call a "film cartoon."

Ordinary shapes bored him. He liked strange blobs and angles and burlesque outlines; he often drew allegorical sketches, moral and social satires and fables.

As to the other one. Disney, I think, has the grave disadvantage of not having been dead 500 years. His generation appreciates his works, of course, but not, I fear, in the right way. Cinema audiences can hardly be expected to perceive his true significance. They are too preoccupied with sound accompaniment and idea content. Put on one side, please, the music and noise. Throw out Donald Duck. Forget "film cartoons." Consider moving drawings.

The first moving drawings made for screen projection by that old Frenchman (whose name I forget) in 1877 (or was it 1885?) were elementary. The drawing was poor. They moved. That was as much as you could say. There followed a procession, mostly of Americans, including Winsor McKay, with his delightful but crudely moving "Trained Dinosaur, Gertie"; J. R. Bray and the magnificent "Colonel Heeza Liar"; Earl Hurd and "Bobby Bump"; Bud Fisher, who animated his newspaper comic-strip "Mutt and Jeff"; Sidney Smith; Wallace Carlson and "Dreamy Bud"; Paul Terry and "Farmer Al Falfa"; and Paul Felton and "Hodge Podge." Not all of these black-and-white comics crossed the Atlantic for British inspection.

About 15 years ago, so far as Britain was concerned, film-cartooning was topped by Max Fleischer's "Koko, the Clown" and Pat Sullivan's "Felix the Cat," both of which had regular runs in our cinemas. With Fleischer the animation was too conventional to be artistically interesting, obviously just a trick of drawing over photographs. With Sullivan, it was evident that collective fertility in original tricks of draftsmanship and novel mechanical devices had enabled the whole art-form to be advanced a couple of miles or so. The movement, improving slowly, had up till then been confined to the simplest actions from the easiest angles, in profile most-

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ly, tiresome in repetition. Sullivan's animation was not yet subtle, but it was "all-round." His figures moved from all angles, sometimes a bit painfully, and they had the beginnings of perspective and individual character. Then along comes Disney.

Pat Sullivan and his predecessors were, so to speak, penny-comic. Disney organized the experts and with specialized animators, better draftsmanship, color and multiplication of the number of drawings per foot soon pushed the art first to tuppenny comic, and then to threepenny. Now, by gosh! he has made it sixpenny, no, shilling! His last three features, *Snow White, Pinocchio,* and *Fantasia,* have been each an advance upon the last in artistry and extension of range. They reveal a growing understanding of the meaning of observed movement and therefore greatly increased powers of creating imagined movement. Compare the play of human expression in the fact of Snow White with that in the faces of the Centaurettes in *Fantasia* and mark the striking improvement. Subtlety is now possible.

Now here's the point. It was perfectly clear donkey's years ago that graphic Art (with a capital A), hit by the mechanical age, needed a new idea. Heaven knows it hasn't had one since somebody 2,000 years ago thought of painting pictures to frame and hang on the wall as a change from carpets. The improving quality of facsimile reproduction probably means sooner or later a consequent reassertion of *real* values in art as opposed to rarity and other artificial commercial values. The painting of pictures to hang on walls threatens to become an increasingly precarious profession except for the few best artists. Admire the new "schools" and "movements" as much as you like or as much as they deserve; their merits are irrelevant here. All the cubes, abstracts and surrealists' ironmongery haven't really saved the situation.

It was perfectly clear also that as the machinery for representing movement improved, some intelligent lad would drop to it that the new idea was here, that the means were present for opening a new and exciting vista of possibility in graphic Art (with a capital A). At present your conventional artist who wishes to represent the beauty and character of, say, a woman or a landscape discovers the emotional elements of shape and color in the subject, and, following principles of selection and emphasis, puts them down in clarified form. But the woman moves with charm, the trees bend in the breeze. There are also emotional elements in the movements to be discovered, selected, emphasized and represented in heightened form. Why not?

National Galleries and Historical Museums are at present stuffed with portraits of the Great Men of the Past, painted looking out of their frames frozen in moments of time. It is obvious that as records at least these portraits are sadly deficient, for true character is not displayed in a man's physical shell but in his individual *use* of it. A row of dead men don't look so very unlike one another; but Roosevelt has his characteristically restless eye sudden smile, Churchill his jutting forward of chin. We have many portraits which are great pieces of paint, so far as they go; but if, without losing their present excellent qualities, they gave us also with equal artistry in actual animation characteristic movement of the originals, a shrug of shoulder, curl of nostril, turn of head, they would be greater, both as art and as truth. Yes? No?

I do not know precisely how much Disney has to do with the making of his own films. Much of the modern technique of making animated drawings is not, of course, his creation. (Bray and Earl Hurd, I am told, had most to do with that.) I do not know whether he draws a line himself. I hear that at his studios he employs hundreds of artists to do the work. But I assume that his is the direction, the constant aiming after improvement in the new expression, the tackling of its problems in an ascending scale and seemingly with aspirations over and above mere commercial success. It is the direction of a real artist. It makes Disney, not as a draftsman but as an artist who uses his brains, the most significant figure in graphic art since Leonardo. In *Fantasia* he lifts the art of drawing movement right out of the "comic" and essays for the first time serious studies of a higher plane. Walpurgis Night (*Night on Bald Mountain*) and the prehistoric sequences (*Rites of Spring*) drive right to the foothills of the New Art of the Future.

Your stick-in-the-muds will scoff, no doubt. But I know what Leonardo would be up to if he were alive today. He would be in his back room inventing simplification of animating processes and projection devices.

January 5, 1942

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Hallelujah, Bum Again

OTIS FERGUSON

"MODERN TIMES" is about the last thing they should have called the Chaplin picture, which has had one of the most amazing build-ups of interest and advance speculation on record. Its times were modern when the movies were younger and screen motion was a little faster and more jerky than life, and sequence came in 40-foot spurts, cut off by titles (two direct quotes here are "Alone and Hungry" and "Dawn"); when no one, least of all an officer of the law, could pass a day without getting a foot in the slack of his pants, when people walked into doorjambs on every dignified exit, stubbed toes everywhere on the straightway and took most of their edibles full in the face; when tables and chairs were breakaways, comedy was whiskers and *vice versa*, and heroes maneuvered serenely for minutes on abysses that were only too visible to the audience. It is in short a silent film, with pantomine, printed dialogue, and such sound effects as were formerly supplied by the pit band and would now be done by dubbing, except for Chaplin's song at the end. And not only that: it is a feature picture made up of several one or two-reel shorts, proposed titles being *The Shop, The Jailbird, The Watchman, The Singing Waiter.*

Part of this old-time atmosphere can be credited to the sets. The factory lay-out is elaborate and stylized, but not in the modern way or with the modern vividness of light and shadow; the department store might have been Wanamaker's in its heydey; the "dance" music is a cross between Vienna and a small-town brass band, 20 years old at least; the costumes are generally previous; and as to faces and types, Chaplin has kept a lot of old friends with him, types from days when a heavy was a heavy and Chester Conklin's moustache obscured his chin (still does). Above everything, of course, is the fact that the methods of silent days built up their tradition in group management and acting—in the first, a more formal explicitness, so that crowds gather jerkily from nowhere, emphasized players move stiffly front and center, the camera does less shifting; in the second, actors tend to underline their parts heavily and with copious motion (see the irate diner, see the hoity-toity wife of the parson, see Big Bill and the rest).

Modern Times has several new angles, principally those of the factory and the occasional off-stage reports of strikes and misery (the girl's father was shot in a demonstration). But they are incidental. Even in taking René Clair's conveyor-belt idea, for example, you can almost hear Chaplin, where Clair directed a complex hubbub, saying to one of his old trusties: You drop the wrench, I kick you in the pants, you take it big, and we cut to chase, got it? It has the thread of a story. Chaplin's meeting up with the orphan girl, very wild and sweet, and their career together. For the rest it is disconnected comedy stuff: the embarrassing situation, the embroilment and chase, and the specialty number, *e.g.*, the roller skates, the completely wonderful song-and-dance hit, the Chaplin idyll of a cottage and an automatic cow, beautiful with humor and sentiment. These things and the minor business all along the way—in jails, cafeterias, with oil cans, trays, swinging doors, refractory machinery—are duplicates, they take you back.

But such matters would not call for discussion if all together they did not set up a definite mood, a disturbing sense of the quaint. Chaplin himself is not dated, never will be; he is a reservoir of humor, master of an infinite array of dodges, agile in both mind and body; he is not only a character but a complex character, with the perfect ability to make evident all the shades of his odd and charming feelings; not only a touching character, but a first-class buffoon and I guess the master of our time in dumb show. But this does not make him a first-class picture maker He may personally surmount his period, but as director-producer he can't carry his whole show with him, and I'll take bets that if he keeps on refusing to learn any more than he learned when the movies themselves were just learning, each successive picture he makes will seem, on release, to fall short of what went before. The general reaction to this one anyway is the wonder that these primitive formulas can be so genuinely comic and endearing.

THERE HAS been a furor here and there in the press about the social content of *Modern Times,* and this could be skipped easily if Chaplin himself were not somehow confused (see his introduction to the film) over its worth as corrective comment. Well, the truth is that Chaplin is a comedian; he may start off with an idea, but almost directly he is back to type again, the happy hobo and blithe unregenerate, a little sad, a little droll. Whatever happens to him happens by virtue of his own naïve bewilderment, prankishness, absurd inepitude and the constant support of very surprising coincidence. He couldn't keep a job or out of jail anywhere in the world, including the Soviet Union—that is, if he is to be true to the Chaplin character.

And Chaplin is still the same jaunty wistful figure,

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pinning his tatters about a queer dignity of person, perpetually embarked on an elaborate fraud, transparent to the world but never very much so to himself. He brings the rites and dignities of Park Avenue to the gutters of Avenue A, and he keeps it up unsmilingly until it is time to heave the pie, to kick the props out, to mock with gestures and scuttle off, more motion than headway, all shoes, hat, stick and chase. With him it is all a continuous performance, played with the gravity, innocence and wonder of childhood, but with ancient wisdom in the matters of sniping cigar butts and tripping coppers into the garbage pile. He is pathetic with the unhappiness of never, never succeeding, either in crossing a hotel lobby without at least one header into the spittoon or in eating the steaks, chops and ham and eggs that are forever in his dreams; and yet he somehow cancels this or plays it down: when the ludicrous and debasing occurs, he picks himself up with serenity and self-respect, and when it is time for heartbreaks he has only a wry face, a shrug, some indication of that fall-to-rise-again philosophy that has made hoboing and destitution such harmless fun for his own special audience, the people of America. His life on the screen is material for tragedy, ordinarily. But on the screen he is only partly a citizen of this world: he lives mostly in that unreal happy land —you see the little figure walking off down the road toward it always into the fade-out—where kicks, thumps, injustice and nowhere to sleep are no more than a teasing and a jolly dream (Oh, with a little pang perhaps, a gentle Woollcott tear) and the stuff a paying public's cherished happy endings are made of.

February 19, 1936

TO BELIEVE in mind as power even in the midst of a world which has been made what it is by thought devoted to physical matters, is said to evince an incredible naïveté. To those whose faith is failing, the work of Justice Holmes is a tonic. His ideas have usually been at least a generation ahead of the day in which they were uttered; many of his most impressive statements have been set forth in dissenting opinions. But patience as well as courage—if there be any difference between them —is a necessary mark of the liberal mind. I do not doubt that the day will come when the principles set forth by Justice Holmes, even in minority dissent, will be accepted commonplaces, and when the result of his own teachings will afford an illustration of the justice of his faith in the power of ideas. When that day comes, the spirit of Justice Holmes will be the first to remind us that life is still going on, is still an experiment, and that then, as now, to repose on any formula is to invite death.

January 11, 1928 JOHN DEWEY

The Broken Tower

THE BELL-ROPE that gathers God at dawn
Dispatches me as though I dropped down the knell
Of a spent day—to wander the cathedral lawn
From pit to crucifix, feet chill on steps from hell.

Have you not heard, have you not seen that corps
Of shadows in the town, whose shoulders sway
Antiphonal carillons launched before
The stars are caught and hived in the sun's ray?

The bells, I say, the bells break down their tower;
And swing I know not where. Their tongues engrave
Membrane through marrow, my long-scattered score
Of broken intervals. . . . And I, their sexton slave!

Oval encyclicals in canyons heaping
The impasse high with choir. Banked voices slain!
Pagodas, campaniles with reveilles outleaping—
O terraced echoes prostrate on the plain! . . .

And so it was I entered the broken world
To trace the visonary company of love, its voice
An instant in the wind (I know not whither hurled)
But not for long to hold each desperate choice.

My word I poured. But was it cognate, scored
Of that tribunal monarch of the air
Whose thigh embronzes earth, strikes crystal Word
In wounds pledged once to hope—cleft to despair?

The steep encroachments of my blood left me
No answer (could blood hold such a lofty tower
As flings the question true?)—or is it she
Whose sweet mortality stirs latent power?—

And through whose pulse I hear, counting the strokes
My veins recall and add, revived and sure
The angelus of wars my chest evokes:
What I hold healed, original now, and pure . . .

And builds, within, a tower that is not stone
(Not stone can jacket heaven)—but slip
Of pebbles—visible wings of silence sown
In azure circles, widening as they dip

The matrix of the heart, lift down the eye
That shrines the quiet lake and swells a tower . . .
The commodious, tall decorum of that sky
Unseals her earth, and lifts love in its shower.

June 8, 1932 HART CRANE

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ITALY—1927

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE ROAD of the pass was hard and smooth and not yet dusty in the early morning. Below were the hills with oak and chestnut trees, and far away below was the sea. On the other side were snowy mountains.

We came down from the pass through wooded country. There were bags of charcoal piled beside the road, and through the trees we saw charcoal burners' huts. It was Sunday and the road, rising and falling, but always dropping away from the altitude of the pass, went through the scrub woods and through villages.

Outside the villages there were fields with vines. The fields were brown and the vines coarse and thick. The houses were white and in the streets the men, in their Sunday clothes, were playing bowls. Against the walls of some of the houses there were pear trees, their branches candelabra'd against the white walls. The pear trees had been sprayed, and the walls of the houses were stained a metallic blue-green by the spray vapor. There were small clearings around the villages where the vines grew and then the woods.

In a village 20 kilometers above Spezia there was a crowd in the square, and a young man carrying a suitcase came up to the car and asked us to take him in to Spezia.

"There are only two places, and they are occupied," I said. We had an old Ford coupé.

"I will ride on the outside."

"You will be uncomfortable."

"That makes nothing. I must go to Spezia."

"Should we take him!" I asked Guy.

"He seems to be going anyway," Guy said. The young man handed in a parcel through the window.

"Look after this," he said. Two men tied his suitcase on the back of the car above our suitcases. He shook hands with everyone, explained that to a Fascist and a man as used to traveling as himself there was no discomfort, and climbed up on the running board on the left-hand side of the car, holding on inside, his right arm through the open window.

"You can start," he said. The crowd waved. He waved with his free hand.

"What did he say?" Guy asked me.

"That we could start."

"Isn't he nice," Guy said.

The road followed a river. Across the river were mountains. The sun was taking the frost out of the grass. It was bright and cold and the air came cold through the open wind-shield.

"How do you think he likes it out there?" Guy was looking up the road. His view out of his side of the car was blocked by our guest. The young man projected from the side of the car like the figurehead of a ship. He had turned his coat collar up and pulled his hat down and his nose looked cold in the wind.

"Maybe he'll get enough of it," Guy said. "That's the side our bum tire's on."

"Oh, he'd leave us if we blew out," I said. "He wouldn't get his traveling clothes dirty."

"Well, I don't mind him," Guy said. "Except the way he leans out on the turns."

The woods were gone; the road had left the river to climb; the radiator was boiling; the young man looked annoyedly and suspiciously at the steam and rusty water; the engine was grinding, with both Guy's feet on the first speed pedal, up and up, back and forth and up, and finally out level. The grinding stopped, and in the new quiet there was a great churning bubbling in the radiator. We were at the top of the last range above Spezia and the sea. The road descended with short, barely rounded turns. Our guest hung out on the turns and nearly pulled the top-heavy car over.

"You can't tell him not to," I said to Guy. "It's his sense of self-preservation."

"The great Italian sense."

"The greatest Italian sense."

We came down around curves, through deep dust, the dust powdering the olive trees. Spezia spread below along the sea. The road flattened outside the town. Our guest put his head in the window.

"I want to stop."

"Stop it," I said to Guy.

We slowed up at the side of the road. The young man got down, went to the back of the car and untied the suitcase.

"I stop here so you won't get into trouble carrying passengers," he said. "My package."

I handed him the package. He reached in his pocket.

"How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Then thanks," the young man said, not "thank you, or "thank you very much," or "thank you a thousand times," all of which you formerly said in Italy to a man when he handed you a time-table or explained about a direction. The young man uttered the lowest form of

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the word thanks and looked after us suspiciously as Guy started the car. I waved my hand at him. He was too dignified to reply. We went on into Spezia.

"That's a young man that will go a long way in Italy," I said to Guy.

"Well," said Guy, "he went twenty kilometers with us."

A Meal in Spezia

We came into Spezia looking for a place to eat. The street was wide and the house high and yellow. We followed the tram track into the center of town. On the walls of the houses were stenciled eye-bugging portraits of Mussolini, with hand-painted "vivas," the double V in black paint with drippings of paint down the wall. Side streets went down to the harbor. It was bright and the people were all out for Sunday. The stone paving had been sprinkled and there were damp stretches in the dust. We went close to the curb to avoid a tram.

"Let's eat somewhere simple," Guy said.

We stopped across the street and I was buying the papers. The two restaurants were side by side. A woman standing in the doorway of one smiled at us and we crossed the street and went in.

It was dark inside and at the back of the room three girls were sitting at a table with an old woman. Across from us at another table sat a sailor. He sat there neither eating nor drinking. Further back a young man in a blue suit was writing at a table. His hair was pomaded and shinning and he was very smartly dressed and clean-cut looking.

The light came in through the doorway, and through the window where vegetables, fruit, steaks and chops were arranged in a show case. A girl came and took our order and another girl stood in the doorway. We noticed that she wore nothing under her house dress. The girl who took our order put her arm around Guy's neck while we were looking at the menu. There were three girls in all, and they all took turns going and standing in the doorway. The old woman at the table in the back of the room spoke to them and they sat down again with her.

There was no doorway leading from the room except into the kitchen. A curtain hung over it. The girl who had taken our order came in from the kitchen with spaghetti. She put it on the table and brought a bottle of red wine and sat down at the table.

"Well," I said to Guy, "you wanted to eat some place simple."

"This isn't simple. This is complicated."

"What do you say?" asked the girl. "Are you Germans?"

"South Germans," I said, "The South Germans are a gentle, lovable people."

"Don't understand," she said.

"What's the mechanics of this place?" Guy asked. "Do I have to let her put her arm around my neck?"

"Certainly," I said. "Mussolini has abolished the brothels. This is a restaurant."

The girl wore a one-piece dress. She leaned forward against the table and put her hands on her breasts and smiled. She smiled better on one side than on the other and turned the good side toward us. The charm of the good side had been enhanced by some event which had smoothed the other side of her nose in as warm wax can be smoothed. Her nose, however, did not look like warm wax. It was very cold and firmed, only smoothed in. "You like me?" she asked Guy.

"He adores you," I said. "But he doesn't speak Italian."

"Ich sprech Deutsch," she said, and stroked Guy's hair.

"Speak to the lady in your native tongue, Guy."

"Where do you come from?" asked the lady.

"Potsdam."

"And you will stay now for a little while?"

"In this so dear Spezia?" I asked.

"Tell her we have to go," said Guy. "Tell her we are very ill, and have no money."

"My friend is a misogymist," I said. "An old German misogymist."

"Tell him I love him."

I told him.

"Will you shut your mouth and get us out of here?" Guy said. The lady had placed another arm around his neck. "Tell him he is mine," she said. I told him.

"Will you get us out of here?"

"You are quarreling," the lady said. "You do not love one another."

"We are Germans," I said proudly. "Old South Germans."

"Tell him he is a beautiful boy," the lady said. Guy is 38 and takes some pride in the fact that he is taken for a traveling salesman in France. "You are a beautiful boy," I said.

"Who says so?" Guy asked, "you or her?"

"She does. I'm just your interpreter. Isn't that what you got me in on this trip for?"

"I'm glad it's her," said Guy. "I didn't want to have to leave you here too."

"I don't know. Spezia's a lovely place."

"Spezia," the lady said. "You are talking about Spezia."

"Lovely place," I said.

"It is my country," she said. "Spezia is my home and Italy is my country."

"She says that Italy is her country."

"Tell her it looks like her country," Guy said.

"What have you for dessert?" I asked.

"Fruit," she said. "We have bananas."

"Bananas are all right," Guy said. "They've got skins on."

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"Oh, he takes bananas," the lady said. She embraced Guy.

"What does she say?" he asked, keeping his face out of the way.

"She is pleased because you take bananas."

"Tell her I don't take bananas."

"The Signor does not take bananas."

"Ah," said the lady, crestfallen, "he doesn't take bananas."

"Tell her I take a cold bath every morning," Guy said.

"The Signor takes a cold bath every morning."

"No understand," the lady said.

Across from us the property sailor had not moved. No one in the place paid any attention to him.

"We want the bill," I said.

"Oh, no. You must stay."

"Listen," the clean-cut young man said from the table where he was writing, "let them go. These two are worth nothing."

The lady took my hand. "You won't stay? You won't ask him to stay?"

"We have to go," I said. "We have to get to Pisa, or if possible, Firenze, tonight. We can amuse ourselves in those cities at the end of the day. It is now the day. In the day we must cover distance."

"To stay a little while is nice."

"To travel is necessary during the light of day."

"Listen," the clean-cut young man said. "Don't bother to talk with these two. I tell you they are worth nothing and I know."

"Bring us the bill," I said. She brought the bill from the old woman and went back and sat at the table. Another girl came in from the kitchen. She walked the length of the room and stood in the doorway.

"Don't bother with these two," the clean-cut young man said in a wearied voice. "Come and eat. They are worth nothing."

We paid the bill and stood up. All the girls, the old woman, and the clean-cut young man sat down at table together. The property sailor sat with his head in his hands. No one had spoken to him all the time we were at lunch. The girl brought us our change that the old woman counted out for her and went back to her place at the table. We left a tip on the table and went out. When we were seated in the car ready to start, the girl came out and stood in the door. We started and I waved to her. She did not wave, but stood there looking after us.

After the Rain

It was raining hard when we passed through the suburbs of Genoa and even going very slowly behind the tram-cars and the motor trucks liquid mud splashed on to the sidewalks so that people stepped into doorways as they saw us coming. In San Pier d'Arena, the industrial suburb outside of Genoa, there is a wide street with two car tracks and we drove down the center to avoid sending the mud on to the men going home from work. On our left was the Mediterranean. There was a big sea running and waves broke and the wind blew the spray against the car. A river bed, that, when we had passed going into Italy, had been wide, stony and dry, was running brown, and up to the banks. The brown water discolored the sea and as the waves thinned and cleared in breaking, the light came through the yellow water and the crests, detached by the wind, blew across the road.

A big car passed us going fast, and a sheet of muddy water rose up and over our wind-shield and radiator. The automatic wind-shield cleaner moved back and forth, spreading the film over the glass. We stopped and ate lunch at Sestri. There was no heat in the restaurant and we kept our hats and coats on. We could see the car outside through the window. It was covered with mud and was stopped beside some boats that had been pulled up beyond the waves. In the restaurant you could see your breath.

The *pasta asciuta* was good; the wine tasted of alum, and we poured water in it. Afterward the waiter brought beefsteak and fried potatoes. A man and a woman sat at the far end of the restaurant. He was middle-aged and she was young and wore black. All during the meal she would blow out her breath in the cold damp air. The man would look at it and shake his head. They ate without talking and the man held her hand under the table. She was good-looking and they seemed very sad. They had a traveling bag with them.

Three Things

"O CRUEL death give three things back,"
Sang a bone upon the shore,
"A child found all a child can lack
Whether of pleasure or of rest
Upon the abundance of my breast";
A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind.

"Three dear things that women know"
Sang a bone upon the shore,
"A man if I but held him so
When my body was alive
Found all the pleasure that life gave";
A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind.

"The third thing that I think of yet"
Sang a bone upon the shore,
"Is that morning when I met
Face to face my rightful man
And did after stretch and yawn";
A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind.

October 2, 1929 W. B. YEATS

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We had the papers and I read the account of the Shanghai fighting aloud to Guy. After the meal he left with the waiter to search for a place which did not exist in the restaurant, and I cleaned off the wind-shield, the lights and the license plates with a rag. Guy came back and we backed the car out and started. The waiter had taken him across the road and into an old house. The people in the house were suspicious and the waiter had remained with Guy to see nothing was stolen.

"Although I don't know, me not being a plumber, they expected me to steal anything," Guy said.

As we came up on a headland beyond the town the wind struck the car and nearly tipped it over.

"It's good it blows us away from the sea," Guy said.

"Well," I said, "they drowned Shelley somewhere along here."

"That was down by Viareggio," Guy said. "Do you remember what we came to this country for?"

"Yes," I said. "But we didn't get it."

"We'll be out of it tonight."

"If we can get past Ventimiglia."

"We'll see. I don't like to drive this coast at night." It was early afternoon and the sun was out. Below the sea was blue with whitecaps running toward Savona. Back, beyond the cape, the brown and blue waters joined. Out ahead of us a tramp steamer was going up the coast.

"Can you still see Genoa?" Guy asked.

"Oh, yes."

"That next big cape ought to put it out of sight."

"We'll see it a long time yet. I can still see Portofino Cape way behind it."

Finally we could not see Genoa. I looked back as we came out and there was only the sea, and below in the bay, a line of beach with fishing boats and above, on the side of the hill, a town and then capes far down the coast.

"It's gone now." I said to Guy.

"Oh, it's been gone a long time now."

"But we couldn't be sure till we get way out."

There was a sign with a picture of an S-turn and *Svolta Pericolosa.* The road curved around the headland and the wind blew through the crack in the wind-shield. Below the cape was a flat stretch beside the sea. The wind had dried the mud and the wheels were beginning to lift dust. On the flat road we passed a Fascist riding a bicycle, a heavy revolver in a holster on his back. He held the middle of the road on his bicycle and we turned out for him. He looked up at us as we passed. Ahead there was a railway crossing, and as we came toward it the gates went down.

As we waited, the Fascist came up on his bicycle. The train went by and Guy started the engine.

"Wait," the bicycle man shouted from behind the car. "Your number's dirty."

I got out with a rag. The number had been cleaned at lunch.

"You can read it," I said.

"You think so?"

"Read it."

"I cannot read it. It is dirty."

I wiped it off with the rag.

"How's that?"

"Twenty-five lire."

"What?" I said. "You could have read it. It's only dirty from the state of the roads.

"You don't like Italian roads?"

"They are dirty."

"Fifty lire." He spat in the road. "Your car is dirty and you are dirty, too."

"Good. And give me a receipt with your name."

He took out a receipt book, made in duplicate, and perforated, so one side could be given to the customer, and the other side filled in and kept as a stub. There was no carbon to record what the customer's ticket said.

"Give me 50 lire."

He wrote in indelible pencil, tore out the slip and handed it to me. I read it.

"This is for 25 lire."

"A mistake," he said, and changed the 25 to 50.

"And now the other side. Make it 50 in the part you keep."

He smiled a beautiful Italian smile and wrote something on the receipt stub, holding it so I could not see.

"Go on," he said, "before your number gets dirty again."

We drove for two hours after it was dark and slept in Mentone that night. It seemed very cheerful and clean and sane and lovely. We had driven from Ventimiglia to Pisa and Florence, across the Romogna to Rimini, back through Forli, Imola, Bologna, Parma, Piacenza and Genoa to Ventimiglia again. The whole trip had only taken ten days. Naturally, in such a short trip, we had no opportunity to see how things were with the country or the people.

May 18, 1927

Precious Moments

BRIGHT vocabularies are transient as rainbows.
Speech requires blood and air to make it.
Before the word comes off the end of the tongue,
While the diaphragms of flesh negotiate the word,
In the moment of doom when the word forms
It is born, alive, registering an imprint—
Afterward it is a mummy, a dry fact, done and gone,
The warning holds yet: Speak now or forever hold
your peace.
Ecce homo had meanings: Behold the man! Look at
him! Dying he lives and speaks!

July 25, 1928 CARL SANDBURG

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Wartime Washington and the Girls

HAROLD J. LASKI

NO MAN KNOWS what freedom means who has not analyzed the spirit of Washington, D. C. It is an unpalpable and elusive thing, rather felt in a hundred baffling experiences than easily to be expressed in the stiff framework of a definition. You come to it, perhaps, as a university professor, anxious to add a little of the stuff of fact to the simple structure of the common textbooks. Or you are a businessman, irritated by a fruitless correspondence with men who are anxious less to understand than to traverse your point of view. In either case, Washington takes you in its myriad arms and destroys you by its many-sided and labyrinthine texture.

You come at first upon the departments, housed in every sort of building, from the vast grayness of the Treasury to the crumbling plaster of the War Labor Policies Board. But each is dominated by the eager determination to assert its own personality. It will have its own rules, its own filing systems, its own special method of hierarchical control. Each will believe that it has its own information, too private to be revealed to its fellows. Each will insist that the road to anarchy lies through frankness. Each is convinced that every other department has no place within the life constructed by its traditions. You search in vain for unity of purpose; government nowhere seeks nor displays it. Somewhere in the White House sits one whose business is to weave these myriad and tangled threads into a single skein, but what is called the process of administration is the denial of the Presidential purpose. Nothing in the world is easier than to apply a policy so that its content reverses the effort toward which it moves.

You have been doubtless taught that government exists for the benefit of the governed, and, like every good citizen, you expect that every effort will be made to give you understanding of its mechanisms. You are rapidly undeceived. You go to see Captain Blank, whom you knew as a professor at Harvard, a kindly man much given to talk and dinners, but he has been captured by Military Intelligence and his soul has been transformed. You wait for an hour in a reception room until your card can reach him. A messenger brings you hope just when the engraving of the *Merrimac* in action has finally begun to lose its charm. But the Captain is not yet yours. You have only attained the second floor and a map of Europe. You think of going; but the Captain has your pass and you are his helpless victim till he thinks fit to secure your release. At last he comes; and the easy warmth you knew has given place to a stiff courtesy which only with difficulty conceals his suspicion of the motives of your visit. You want to see the department, but he explains the vital need of secrecy lest its shape and size be communicated to the enemy. He could tell you things; but the civilian's morale must be preserved, and you are left to imagine the vast torments he has endured for your sake. He asks bored questions after home. Stands Harvard where it did? Or did Joe Gerrans get his contract? Then he remembers an appointment, and his mystic name upon your pass gives you once more the freedom of the streets.

Still you have noticed things. There are many rooms and many young women there. They have three difficult tasks according to their kind. Some are making digests of material that a lawyer or an ex-businessman (temporarily turned patriot) will turn at leisure into that mystery of mysteries, a government memorandum. Others are stenographers—perhaps today the most essential factor in administration; for your official must do his thinking through a lady's delicate hands. The third type is an infinitely superior being. She is a college girl who knew the temporary patriot in his home town; and as he liked her father (perhaps also the way the sun caught the glint of her hair), she may write sub-under-memoranda, that he will presently weave into the real thing. All of them are infinitely busy, and every moment a little group will form in a corner to settle some vital policy, such as change in the position of typewriters or the need of an extra stenographer.

YOU rapidly learn the rules of this new religion. Secretaries and chief clerks have mahogany desks; to the others is relegated the humbler walnut. Secretaries alone have carpets, and they answer the telephone only after the stenographer has had speech. Each has her allotted task, nor must you suggest its diversification. A stenographer will not tie a parcel, and to her who digests the end of life is brevity. Our lady of the sub-vice-memorandum holds both in a high disdain. She knows that she plants the tiny acorn of the policy which may one day be a mighty oak.

But the highest of all—perhaps because the humblest—is the stenographer. She opens the letters of the mighty one. She keeps his check-book and tells him how much money he may spend. She tells him whom he may see and finds the telephone numbers of the friends who want to tell him the latest gossip. She hears the interviews when they who come to weep re-

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main to curse. She arches her eyebrows when he stumbles over a fact and chains him to her by rendering his brain inactive by her own energy.

There are men, of course, in Washington, but they are of minor importance. They merely organize the offices; for women in government are democratic and will not suffer the servility of subordination. The men are there only to dictate, to suggest analyses for digesting and subjects for memoranda. There are other men, sometimes on boards, sometimes in private interviews, in order that reports of their conversation may be stenographically retained. They seek information from other departments as the basis for new memoranda. They hurriedly set on foot belated investigations in order that they may borrow a score of girls from other departments for its more rapid completion. They send telegrams where they should write letters and address conferences where they should read books. Always their desk is full of newly sharpened pencils and the pens are new. At five o'clock they sign the letters they are compelled in sadness to dictate; and sadly they wander home to complain of the hard and endless day.

Some day a great psychologist will tell us the secret of officialism and why it stunts the soul. He will tell of the pain of routine and point out the roads that lie to freshness of thought. He will explain why, in every department, in some large back room, there sits a head official who has to wait until the last clerk has gone home before he can press his hands to his eyes and beg of his mind that carefree speculation that he lost on the attainment of power. He will analyze the poison of secrecy and dissolve the vast bubbles of tradition. He will teach us that truth is in the crowds and not in the filed clippings of an office. He will deny the rightness of a system which makes of girlhood a man in skirts and of the salesman an annotation upon the margins of memoranda. The technique of government should be the technique of friendship. It demands openness, receptivity, the research into the dreams of humble men. A colossal edifice of clerks and teachers will never wrest from happiness its secret. That is why, as Shelley said, the poets, in their trumpet-call to battle, have been in the end the legislators of the world. *December 28, 1918*

A Prophecy

AT THE MOMENT it seems to me that in twenty years or so most of eastern Europe and the Balkans will be part of the USSR; and much sooner if Western capitalist powers do not avoid a new world war in that period. All those countries are being pushed in that direction by economic forces and conditions which I have tried to describe. In addition, Poland, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia are pulled that way by the masses' half-mystic, half-realistic Pan-Slavism, which verges upon fanaticism.

September 13, 1933 LOUIS ADAMIC

Thoughts on Peace in an Air Raid

VIRGINIA WOOLF

THE GERMANS were over this house last night and the night before that. Here they are again. It is a queer experience, lying in the dark and listening to the zoom of a hornet which may at any moment sting you to death. It is a sound that interrupts cool and consecutive thinking about peace. Yet it is a sound—far more than prayers and anthems—that should compel one to think about peace. Unless we can think peace into existence we—not this one body in this one bed but millions of bodies yet to be born—will lie in the same darkness and hear the same death rattle overhead. Let us think what we can do to create the only efficient air-raid shelter while the guns on the hill go pop, pop, pop and the searchlights finger the clouds and now and then, sometimes close at hand, sometimes far away, a bomb drops.

Up there in the sky young Englishmen and young German men are fighting each other. The defenders are men, the attackers are men. Arms are not given to the English woman either to fight the enemy or to defend herself. She must lie weaponless tonight. Yet if she believes that the fight going on up in the sky is a fight by the English to protect freedom, by the Germans to destroy freedom, she must fight, so far as she can, on the side of the English. How far can she fight for freedom without firearms? By making arms, or clothes or food. But there is another way of fighting for freedom without arms; we can fight with the mind. We can make ideas that will help the young Englishman who is fighting up in the sky to defeat the enemy.

But to make ideas effective, we must be able to fire them off. We must put them into action. And the hornet in the sky rouses another hornet in the mind. There was one zooming in *The Times* this morning—a woman's voice saying, "Women have not a word to say in politics." There is no woman in the Cabinet; nor in any responsible post. All the idea makers who are in a position to make ideas effective are men. That is a thought that damps thinking, and encourages irresponsibility. Why not bury the head in the pillow, plug the ears, and cease this futile activity of idea making? Because there are other tables besides officers tables and conference tables. Are we not leaving the young Englishman without a weapon that might be of value to him if we give up private thinking, teatable thinking, because it seems useless? Are we not stressing our disability be-

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cause our ability exposes us perhaps to abuse, perhaps to contempt? "I will not cease from mental fight," Blake wrote. Mental fight means thinking against the current, not with it.

That current flows fast and furious. It issues in a spate of words from the loudspeakers and the politicians. Every day they tell us that we are a free people, fighting to defend freedom. That is the current that has whirled the young airman up into the sky and keeps him circling there among the clouds. Down here, with a roof to cover us and a gas mask handy, it is our business to puncture gas bags and discover seeds of truth. It is not true that we are free. We are both prisoners tonight—he boxed up in his machine with a gun handy; we lying in the dark with a gas mask handy. If we were free we should be out in the open, dancing, at the play, or sitting at the window talking together. What is it that prevents us? "Hitler!" the loudspeakers cry with one voice. Who is Hitler? What is he? Aggressiveness, tyranny, the insane love of power made manifest, they reply. Destroy that, and you will be free.

A BOMB drops. All the windows rattle. The anti-aircraft guns are getting active. Up there on the hill under a net tagged with strips of green and brown stuff to imitate the hues of autumn leaves guns are concealed. Now they all fire at once. On the nine o'clock radio we shall be told, "Forty-four enemy planes were shot down during the night, 10 of them by anti-aircraft fire." And one of the terms of peace, the loudspeakers say, is to be disarmament. There are to be no more guns, no army, no navy, no air force in the future. No more young men will be trained to fight with arms. That rouses another mind-hornet in the chambers of the brain—another quotation. "To fight against a real enemy, to earn undying honor and glory by shooting total strangers, and to come home with my breast covered with medals and decorations, that was the summit of my hope. . . . It was for this that my whole life so far had been dedicated, my education, training, everything. . . . "

Those were the words of a young Englishman who fought in the last war. In the face of them, do the current thinkers honestly believe that by writing "Disarmament" on a sheet of paper at a conference table they will have done all that is needful? Othello's occupation will be gone; but he will remain Othello. The young airman up in the sky is driven not only by the voices of loudspeakers; he is driven by voices in himself—ancient instincts, instincts fostered and cherished by education and tradition. Is he to be blamed for those instincts?

The sound of sawing overhead has increased. All the searchlights are erect. They point at a spot exactly above this roof. At any moment a bomb may fall on this very room. One, two, three, four, five, six . . . the seconds pass. The bomb did not fall. But during those seconds of suspense all thinking stopped. All feeling, save one dull dread, ceased. A nail fixed the whole being to one hard board. The emotion of fear and of hate is therefore sterile, unfertile. Directly that fear passes, the mind reaches out and instinctively revives itself by trying to create. Since the room is dark it can create only from memory. It reaches out to the memory of other Augusts—in Bayreuth, listening to Wagner; in Rome, walking over the Campagna; in London. Friends' voices come back. Scraps of poetry return. Each of these thoughts, even in memory, was far more positive, reviving, healing and creative than the dull dread made of fear and hate. Therefore if we are to compensate the young man for the loss of his glory and of his gun, we must give him access to the creative feelings. We must make happiness. We must free him from the machine. We must bring him out of his prison into the open air. But what is the use of freeing the young Englishman if the young German and the young Italian remain slaves?

The searchlights, wavering across the flat, have picked up the plane now. From this window one can see a little silver insect turning and twisting in the light. The guns go pop, pop, pop. Then they cease. Probably the raider was brought down behind the hill. One of the pilots landed safe in a field near here the other day. He said to his captors, speaking fairly good English, "How glad I am that the fight is over!" Then an Englishman gave him a cigarette, and an Englishwoman made him a cup of tea. That would seem to show that if you can free the man from the machine, the seed does not fall upon altogether stony ground. The seed may be fertile.

At last all the guns have stopped firing. All the searchlights have been extinguished. The natural darkness of a summer's night returns. An apple thuds to the ground. And some half-forgotten words of an old English writer come to mind: "The huntsmen are up in America. . . . " Let us send these fragmentary notes to the huntsmen who are up in America, to the men and women whose sleep has not yet been broken by machine-gun fire, in the belief that they will rethink them generously and charitably, perhaps shape them into something serviceable. And now, in the shadowed half of the world, to sleep. *October 21, 1940*

Winter Print

SNOW in Connecticut is thatched
With orange mist and purple weed,
Runneled by rain and rudely patched
By rocks that cannot go to seed.

WHAT cold pursuit those dreams! What suns
Tortured with winds snow-hills like these!
And dark the asphalt river runs
Under the unreflected trees.

March 4, 1936 JOHN PEALE BISHOP

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For a Declaration of War

EDITORIAL

THE NEW REPUBLIC believes that the United States should declare war on the Axis. We urge the President to ask Congress for this step. When he does so, we urge Congress to adopt immediately the necessary joint resolution.

It is plain that in this midsummer the United States has reached the opportunity for a great decision, which may never come again. In the Far East we have been sharply challenged by the Oriental member of the Axis. In Russia the opposing forces are locked in a gigantic struggle, the outcome of which may cast the world in its future form. The Battle of the Atlantic still hangs in the balance. Hitler's familiar intrigue has reached the active stage in Latin America. Our armed power—industrial and military—has grown to a magnitude where it can count heavily. The extent to which we use this power, and the manner of its use, can in all probability decide the issue of the conflict.

If we hesitate longer, the Axis may succeed in its obvious endeavor to win the war before our cumbersome bulk is aroused to action. The Soviet forces, in spite of their heroic resistance, may be defeated. Japan may establish herself impregnably in Eastern Asia and the South Seas. Both arms of the Axis would then be freed to consolidate their power against Britain and the United States. We should have to give up the prospect of defeating Hitlerism, and choose between a long defensive war and peace with the Axis—"peace" which would turn out to be a truce during which it prepared for a future assault on us. If, on the other hand, we use our full power now, we can stop Japan and detach her from the Axis altogether. We can at the same time strengthen Russia, both by freeing her from pressure in the East and by guarding Britain's rear so that she can take the offensive. We can re-energize the resistance to Hitler around the world. We can in the end produce Victory, instead of just wearing V's in our buttonholes.

To do this does not mean waiting to be attacked; it does not mean anything short of war. It means *War*.

For a long time American opinion, the President and the *New Republic* have all been assuming that we could do all that was necessary, and indeed all within our power, without a technical state of war, a "shooting war." Our chief contribution was to be economic anyway: we would become the arsenal of democracy. We could even guarantee the safe arrival of our supplies in the fighting zones with a minimum of danger that Hitler would provoke us to violence, since he would hesitate to arouse us further. Hitler's opponents had adequate naval forces and plenty of men; all they needed was equipment which we could supply. There would be no opportunity for us to land an expeditionary force in Europe anyway.

This is a good argument. It is still possible that we could win with no actual fighting, or very little of it, if the enemy declined to fight back, or had no opportunity to do so. The distinction between war and non-belligerency is shadowy anyway, and in the limbo between them we could do about as we pleased, without worrying about whether it was called war or not.

We could—but we probably won't. So far our own action has been immensely hampered by the fact that we believe we are not "at war" and have made commitments to keep out of it. The President hesitates to take economic action which, if forcibly resisted, might compel the use of the army or navy. The isolationists oppose every necessary measure on the ground that it might "lead to war," and in many cases their opposition is partially effective. Congress, because we are not "at war," hesitates to do many essential things, such as imposing adequate excess-profits taxes or controlling inflation. It has even been on the point of demobilizing the army we have by refusing to extend the term of service, and the proposal passed the House by a single vote. Industry—both management and labor—has hesitated to go all out for defense as it would do if our forces were actually in the field. The leaders wait for the people to catch up, and the people wait for the leaders to go ahead. The national conscience is confused and inhibited because the national commitment is limited.

WE OPPOSED a declaration of war because public opinion was not ready for it, and because it might lead to withholding necessary aid from Britain. This opinion was, we believe, correct at the time; but the situation has so changed as to make it incorrect. Now it is necessary to convince public opinion, and to see that we enter the war, not as an isolated agent but in complete strategical accord with the other anti-Axis belligerents. The President likewise should ask the people to release him from his campaign pledge, in the vital interest of the nation. The world situation has enormously changed since he made that pledge. No statesman should be asked to bind himself for the indefinite future, regardless of developments that the human mind cannot predict. We have no doubt whatever that the American people, if

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the facts are fully and clearly presented to them, will release the President from his promise.

We can no longer pretend that this is not our war, while we depend on others to give their lives in order that it may not become our war. That is an intolerable position for a proud and self-reliant people. If it is not our war, we should have nothing to do with it. But we have decided otherwise. If it is our war enough so that we must pour our material wealth into the scales on one side only, then it is our war to fight as well. If we are content to try to buy our safety by the use of mercenaries, then we are degenerate indeed.

We cannot achieve this moral integrity by waiting to be precipitated into the fighting by a trick or an accident. Shall our decision of so great an issue depend on whether a Japanese bomb happens to fall on, or a few yards away from, an American boat in a Chinese river? Or whether a reckless U-boat commander happens to torpedo an American ship, instead of a British one? We do not need the hot flash of rage in order to do what is necessary; the issue is too great for that. Long ago Hitler has angered us, individually, as much as decent men and women can be angered. Nothing more he could do would more deeply stir our resentment. We have a job to do, in order to give the world a chance to avoid such obscenities in the future. It is a job that the American people should undertake deliberately, by a free act of will. As a part of that people, the *New Republic* calls upon the President to take the lead, and for Congress to act in our behalf, by declaring war on the Axis.

August 25, 1941

CORRESPONDENCE

SIR: While I regard any suggestion of sending armies to Asia or attempting to blockade Asiatic ports or any other warlike action as not only politically impossible but as a futile and wrong method of procedure, I think that the past few years have already offered opportunities when things could have been done entirely without crossing the watershed of war which would (1) avoid the stultification of our national conscience following inaction; (2) permit our nationals morally to encourage and perhaps physically to help China; and (3) somewhat prevent our nationals from helping Japan.

As I have said many times and in many places, the problem of saving the future civilization of eastern Asia depends on the people of China. They have begun this belatedly and are there now fighting for freedom against great odds largely furnished by the nationals of Great Britain and ourselves. I think in the long run (and in China time is counted by decades and centuries instead of years) her people will be successful. But, with our modern interconnected and fragile civilization, that may result in a very considerable mess for us in the meanwhile.

I therefore believe that every possible effort in co-operation with other nations who think as we do and who will follow intelligent and vigorous leadership on our part should be attempted. Granted such leadership, the danger of this country being "left out on a limb" is so insignificant as well as puerile that it ought not to be weighed in the balance. Even the occurrence of five years ago—so often cited as a case of being left out on a limb by persons really ignorant of what happened—is proof of this. Persistent leadership on the part of this government and a refusal to be discouraged by Great Britain's initial rebuff of the non-recognition proposal, in a few weeks persuaded the British government to reverse its first attitude and actively lead the entire Assembly of the League of Nations to adopt a non-recognition policy, which has lasted intact until almost the present moment; resulted in a unanimous formal judgment of guilt against Japan at Geneva in 1933; and thus created for the first time in history the precedent of the formal condemnation of a great power.

This I believe will be of marked value in the future after the present period of international dislocation is ended and the world's march toward a reign of law is resumed.

December 29, 1937 HENRY L. STIMSON

SIR: Allow me to register difference with or from Mr. Littell, as he bursts on your August 10 issue. Mr. Hemingway's "The Torrents of Spring" is not soggy. I advise Mr. Littell and *all* American writers to have a look at it. It kicks the bunk out of a number of national imbecilities.

It is a great pity that Mr. H. has not been annoyed by (among other things) American public life, Congress, the bureaucracy, passports, copyright, the customs-house, etc. The really Balzacian touch in Murkn fixhun will be attained when someone of Hemingway's *verve* is sufficiently disgusted with these things to get interested in their portrayal. . . .

It is impossible for one author to deflate more than a certain amount of blah at one deflation; but when these deflations occur they should be exploited, Mr. Littell and his 300,000 fellow writers should both read and advise each other to read the scorned opusculus, "The Torrents of Spring."

October 5, 1927 EZRA POUND

SIR: The plight of the farmer in the United States is at present a very real distress to be solved, if possible, along lines of actual statesmanship. It is not to be allayed by temporary remedies or by quack prescriptions.

July 4, 1928 DAVID STARR JORDAN

SIR: Since one of your chief editors has the same initials as I, and since several of your contributors have initials susceptible of being mistaken for mine, will you permit me to state that I never sign a piece of work save with my entire name? It is not fair that the admirable productions of others should be attributed to me, and I ask you to publish this letter quite as much for Mr. Wilson's sake as for my own.

March 7, 1928 ELINOR WYLIE

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September - 1939

W. H. AUDEN

I SIT in one of the dives
On Fifty-second Street
Uncertain and afraid
As the clever hopes expire
Of a low dishonest decade:
Waves of anger and fear
Circulate over the bright
And darkened lands of the earth
Obsessing our private lives;
The unmentionable odor of death
Offends the September night.

ACCURATE scholarship can
Unearth the whole offense
From Luther until now
That has driven a culture mad,
Find what occurred at Linz
What huge imago made
A psychopathic god:
I and the public know
What all schoolchildren learn;
Those to whom evil is done
Do evil in return.

EXILED Thucydides knew
All that a speech can say
About democracy,
And what dictators do,
The elderly rubbish they talk
To an apathetic grave;
Analyzed all in his book,
The enlightenment driven away
The habit-forming pain
Mismanagement and grief:
We must suffer them all again.

INTO this neutral air
Where blind skyscrapers use
Their full height to proclaim
The strength of Collective Man,
Each language pours its vain
Competitive excuse;
But who can live for long
In an euphoric dream?
Out of the mirror they stare,
Imperialism's face
And the international wrong.

FACES along the bar
Cling to their average day:
The lights must never go out,
The music must always play
And all the conventions conspire
To make this fort assume
The furniture of home;
Lest we should see where we are,
Lost in a haunted wood,
Children afraid of the night
Who have never been happy or good.

THE windiest militant trash
Important Persons shout
Is not so crude as our wish:
What mad Nijinsky wrote
About Diaghilev
Is true of the normal heart;
The error bred in the bone
Of each woman and each man
Craves what it cannot have,
Not universal love
But to be loved alone.

ALL I have is a voice
To undo the folded lie
The romantic lie in the brain
Of the sensual Man-in-the-street
The lie of Authority
Whose buildings grope the sky:
There is no such thing as the State
And no one exists alone;
Hunger allows no choice
To the citizen or the police,
We must love one another or die.

DEFENSELESS under the night
Our world in stupor lies;
Yet, dotted everywhere,
Ironic points of light
Flash out wherever the Just
Exchange their messages:
May I, composed like them
Of Eros and of dust,
Beleaguered by the same
Negation and despair,
Show an affirming flame.

October 18, 1939

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This Is Too Hard

WE WENT on a tour once. It was a fine tour with transportation, guides, food, everything arranged by Special Services, to a famous spot in Italy. For chow we went into a fenced-in area where sandwiches, coffee and fruit were dished out to us. It was swell, wasn't it? But do you know why it was fenced in?

There were about a hundred dirty, disheveled, smeary kids and women howling on the other side, with faces and arms stretched through the boards like monkeys. In the zoo we say those animals are smart. We don't here.

You turn away. You can't eat your sandwich surrounded by all those glued eyes, begging hands and open mouths. But you know you've got to eat, too. And even if you give one of the kids something, the others set up such howling and pleading that you feel worse than before. So you eat your sandwich trying to hide it from those awful eyes and those old faces on small bodies. You turn your back to those window-eyes or find a secluded corner.

If you think that's easy, try it some time.

Try eating your meal out of a mess kit while on the other side of the barbed wire stands a barefoot, sloppy, dirty mother with her bawling, nose-running infant in her arms, watching each spoonful travel from plate to mouth, from plate to mouth, from plate to mouth, from plate to mouth.

Sure we drive them away. We have to protect ourselves. We'd rather not see it. A lot of people are like that. If they don't see it, they don't know about it. And if they don't know about it, it's not their fault, is it?

I'm in the army, I tell myself. Mine is a purely military concern. I am no social, philanthropic or relief agency. Someone else is supposed to worry about that. Anyhow, damn it, we didn't want this war. They started it. Why didn't they think of this before?

It's no use. On paper I can make plus balance minus, income equal outgo, sowing bring reaping. But I can't talk bookkeeping to old children, milkless babies, barefoot youths, hungry stomachs, a pleading people. I can't be academic with humanity, or scientific with emotions.

Let the Nazis do that.

January 8, 1945 S/SGT. IRVING FEIRSTEIN

English Writing and Total War

GEORGE ORWELL

AT A TIME when paper is scarce and the younger writers are mostly in battle-dress it is not easy to be sure what is happening, but I think one can safely say that no literary revival is likely in England in the near future. The so-called Communist writers dominated the 1930's, and they had begun to lose their unity and self-confidence long before the Russo-German pact was signed. The Spanish Civil War, with its orgies of lying and its frightening revival of the war propaganda of 1914-18, drove away the more talented of them, and no organized group has arisen to take their place. So far as I know, the only literary "school" which has appeared in England in the last few years is the Apocalyptic Group, a handful of very young writers who seem merely to be practising a variant of Surrealism and not to possess any very striking talents. There was also the small group that centered about Henry Miller, but these were mostly expatriate Americans and Europeans; they did not produce anything of much value except Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, and the war has scattered them with exceptional thoroughness.

Editors and publishers report that the output of verse has risen since the war, but one has only to glance at the magazines to see that its average quality has not. The literary standard of *New Writing*, the bi-yearly publication which used to be the rallying point of the left-wing intelligentsia, has deteriorated markedly. Novels are still being published, but they are terribly bad ones. The few of any value which have appeared within the past year have all been either American or translations of foreign books written before the war. The best English work, other than political journalism, has been of a fragmentary autobiographical kind, war diaries and letters from soldiers. No one, I believe, is sitting down to produce large-scale imaginative work, and I doubt whether any but a very insensitive person could do so at a time like this. If one discusses English literature at this moment, therefore, one has to prophesy rather than record. One has to discuss not so much what is happening as what is likely to happen when the political interregnum that we are now in is finished. But before doing so it is worth mentioning certain by-products of the situation, the physical effects, as it were, of war on literature, which had not been foreseen and which have their importance.

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One is that though fewer books are being produced, people are reading more. This is a result of the loneliness of soldiers in muddy camps, and the necessary dwindling of other amusements, especially since the air raids have prevented the movie theatres from opening at night. There have been immense sales of sixpenny reprints (the Penguin Books, Pelican Books and other similar series), and the general level of these is fairly high, far higher than would have been commercially possible 10 years ago. Simultaneously there has been a startling improvement in the tone of the popular press. For years past the English daily press has been controlled effectively by its advertisers, chiefly advertisers for consumption goods, who have had an interest in keeping the public as stupid, credulous and ill-informed as possible. That state of affairs has changed, partly because internal trade has shrunk to a minimum, partly because all but a few newspapers are now reduced to four pages and the official communiqués crowd out the rubbish that used to fill them. All of the press that matters will probably be under direct state control within a year, but for the time being the journalists have escaped from the dictatorship of the chocolate manufacturers and it is no longer impossible for an intelligent political article to appear in a daily paper. Since the Dunkirk campaign there has been a big output of political books costing about half a dollar, more definitely "left" and far more honest than the Left Book Club publications of a couple of years ago. The big public is markedly less silly than it used to be. On its lower reaches one must say that literature has not suffered from the war.

BUT ON the Bloomsbury front the situation is different. Reading American periodicals I note, even now, an air of detachment rather similar to what used to prevail in England when Hitler was merely beating up the Jews in Vienna. If one is looking through the wrong end of the telescope it is easy to see this war as simply a repetition or continuation of the last. The prevailing habit of mind is quite different from what it was in the last war, however, because no thinking person any longer takes the continuity of civilization for granted. Churchill and Hitler may stand for the same thing, as the Marxists were assuring us until a few days ago, but in practice even the Marxists haven't believed this to be so. The British intelligentsia now have at the back of their minds the knowledge that if Hitler wins it means death or exile for themselves. We are accustomed to talking about "eternal values" in connection with literature, but in fact literature as we know it is the product of liberal capitalism and may be inseparable from it; in any case a literature founded on what we now call intellectual honesty is not likely to survive the worldwide triumph of Fascism. Within a few years freedom of the press may be merely a half-forgotten phrase. Moreover, it is now widely grasped that even if Hitler is defeated, the economic status of writers and artists will alter in the process. Manifestly we are moving toward some form of state socialism or state capitalism which will not be able to afford huge armies of non-producing intellectuals.

For 20 years literature in England has been parasitic on itself. The practitioners of the arts are so numerous that they themselves form a public, and the high-brow weeklies and monthlies are essentially trade papers. The mere poverty of the postwar world will alter this. The old, easy life of the writer, living where he likes, working or not as he chooses, producing perhaps one book a year and getting several hundred pounds for it, is obviously at an end. Add to this the sense of impermanence that everyone now has, because of the consciousness that if one is fit enough to walk and not already in a safe government job one will probably before long be either in the armed forces or working in a factory. Add finally the air raids, and you can see how hard it is at present to settle to any serious work, except on a very small scale.

BUT MORE important than any of this is the absence of any feeling of purpose. Art is not the same thing as propaganda, but it is a fact that every work of art has a "message" concealed somewhere in it and every literary movement centers about a political program. Last year, after Dunkirk, there was what appeared to be the beginning of a new political movement in England, but Churchill's masterful personality and the absence of any leadership on the Left have bottled it down. The whole trend of government policy and of what one may call respectable opinion is against giving the war any meaning whatever. This does not matter if one realizes that a country's war aims are not what its governing classes imagine, but what is likely actually to happen if it is victorious. However easy it may be to demonstrate that "this is a capitalist war," in practice it will make a lot of difference who wins. The English intelligentsia recognize this, but rather tepidly. They cannot feel the same enthusiasm as they felt for the curtain-raiser, the Spanish Civil War. The defection of their one-time idol, Stalin, has left a gap which cannot be filled either by Hitler—because he intends to kill them if he can get hold of them—or by any English figure, because they have sniggered at patriotism so long that they have almost killed it within themselves. In left-wing literary circles the fashionable thing to say is that "this war is entirely meaningless." At the same time hardly anyone is in favor of stopping fighting and the volume of actively pro-Nazi feeling is negligible. After all, Hitler is the world's leading book-burner, and therefore for all writers of books the war *has* a meaning of sorts. But out of anything so negative it is difficult for a literary movement to arise.

So far as one can discover, the youngest members of the intelligentsia, the youths and girls who would now be beginning to produce printable work if the times were normal, are vaguely "anti-war." This does not mean that they will refuse to serve in the army, or fight less bravely than anyone else, but merely that they do not see before

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them any prospect about which they can feel enthusiastic. One could hardly blame the very young, those who are now 20 or thereabouts, if they took refuge in complete irresponsibility and hedonism. They have grown up into an epoch of wars which may last for decades, and they have not got behind them the peaceful integrated life which was the background of those who were young in 1914. There are signs of a return to something that one may roughly call individualism—that is, to a renewed respect for intellectual integrity. Those who are now beginning to write probably do not feel, as their forerunners did 10 years ago, that there is something noble in telling lies and degrading your esthetic standards for a political cause. The few promising bits of work by very young writers that I have seen recently were all of them purely personal, subjective, "innocent of public spirit." If a book of any value is now being written anywhere in England I should expect it to be along those lines. Even an outbreak of "escapism" would not be surprising, though there is no sign of one as yet.

The general level of intelligence in England is now higher than it has ever been, and the basis for a majority culture exists as it has not existed for centuries. But all that that insures is better popular journalism and better music-hall sketches. There seems no chance of any major literary work appearing until the future is more predictable and thinking people have less feeling of helplessness. It may be that those conditions can't be fulfilled till the war is over. But it seems certain that our present anomalous situation—a war against Fascism, waged by reactionaries—cannot continue much longer, and when the necessary political changes have taken place the sense of purpose and continuity may return, even though the bombs are still dropping. Whether that will lead to the birth of another "movement" I do not know. I do believe, that against the time when it will again be possible to write we are storing up valuable material. It is noticeable that though no one seems to disapprove very much of the English writers who have removed themselves to the USA, nobody wants to change places with them. Looking back over the strange boring nightmare of this last year in London, I have the feeling of having learned a lot from it, as I did from that other nightmare of the Spanish War. I know that this feeling is widely shared. Perhaps in the end all this will turn out to have been a blessing in disguise, though certainly it is a very deep disguise at present. But don't look for any book of consequence to be published in England in the near future, for the people who are still young enough to learn are most of them too busy or too depressed to write.

July 14, 1941

Maugham's "Of Human Bondage"

SOMETIMES in retrospect of a great book, the mind falters, confused by the multitude and yet the harmony of the detail, the strangeness of the frettings, the brooding, musing intelligence that has foreseen, loved, created, elaborated, perfected, until, in this middle ground which we call life, somewhere between nothing and nothing, hangs the perfect thing which we love and cannot understand, but which we are compelled to confess a work of art. It is at once something and nothing, a dream, a happy memory, a song, a benediction. In viewing it one finds nothing to criticize or to regret. The thing sings, it has color. It has rapture. You wonder at the loving, patient care which has evolved it.

Only recently I finished reading Mr. W. Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. It was with some such feeling as this that I laid it down.

Naturally I asked myself how such a book would be received in America, in England. In the latter country I was sure, with its traditions of the *Athenaeum* and the *Saturday Review*, it would be adequately appreciated. Imagine my surprise to find that the English reviews were almost uniformly contemptuous and critical on moral and social grounds. The hero was a weakling, not for a moment to be tolerated by sound, right-thinking men. On the other hand in America the reviewers for the most part have seen its true merits and stated them. Need I say, however, that the *New York World* finds it "the sentimental servitude of a poor fool"; or that the *Philadelphia Press* sees fit to dub it "futile Philip" or that the *Outlook* feels that "the author might have made his book true without making it so frequently distasteful"; or that the *Dial* cries, "a most depressing impression of the futility of life"? "No brilliancy of style," mourns the *Detroit Times*. "Young folks are warned off," urges the *Portland Oregonian*. (As if that young person could be induced to examine so profound and philosophic a work!) "Certainly the story cannot be said to be in any sense a wholesome one, and it would require a distinctly morbid taste for one to enjoy it thoroughly." (Note the "thoroughly.") This from the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

Despite these dissonant voices it is still a book of the utmost import, and has so been received. Compact of the experiences, the dreams, the hopes, the fears, the disillusionments, the raptures and the philosophisings of a strangely starved soul, it is a beacon light by which the wanderer may be guided.

December 25, 1915 THEODORE DREISER

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How I Became a Red

HEYWOOD BROUN

"TELL ME, Mr. Broun," said the young lady to my right, "how did you happen to become a Red?"

Assuming that her question was sincere, I proceeded to tell her in my own words which, by a fortunate coincidence, happened to be just sufficient to fill one page of the *New Republic*.

The first person to tempt me to the Left was a Vermont Republican named John Spargo who wrote mildly Marxian tracts years ago when I was very young. Had there been more violence in his views or in his presentation I might have scurried home, but he was as soft spoken as any curate and he succeeded in sneaking up on me. Later, in college, Lippmann asked me to join the Socialist Club, and as I had failed to make either Gas House or Fly I yielded to his blandishments.

But commitment was not yet complete. The way of retreat still lay open. It was Professor Carver of the Harvard faculty and Tris Speaker, center fielder of the Boston Red Sox, who closed the door and left me locked in the hall of heresy. Possibly an assist should be scored for a particularly salubrious spring which came to New England in 1908. The good bald economist gave a course which might be roughly described as "radical panaceas and their underlying fallacies." Professor Carver introduced these crack-brained notions in the fall and winter semesters and then proceeded to demolish them in the spring and early summer.

Faithful to the Harvard tradition of fair play, the Professor gave the revolutionaries an ample amount of rope. Indeed, he did not undertake to state the case himself for the various aberrant philosophies, but invited a leader of each school of thought to tell all from his particular point of view. The soap boxes were carried openly into the class room and mounted by the orators. Men with burning causes are generally more eloquent than cloistered dons and there was not a single visitor who could not talk rings around Professor Carver.

We had an anarchist, a socialist, a syndicalist, a single-taxer and a few other theorists whose special lines escape me now with the passing of the years. The single-taxer was a little on the dull side, but all the others sparkled. It may be that I was more susceptible than my fellow students, for I must report that I hit the sawdust trail at each and every lecture in the creation of a united front against the capitalist system.

In other courses it was my custom to draw starfish in my notebook and jot down reminders such as: "Be sure and get Osmond Fraenkel for the poker game tonight." But under Carver I took notes as long as the cavalcade of visiting firemen was on. Later I would peruse the book and find entries such as "Born 1839—died 1897," "unearned increase in land values," "P. J. Proudhon," "Five dollars ($5) with Horseface McCarthy Dartmouth doesn't beat us by two touchdowns." And I used to wonder what some of the notations could possibly mean. But I paid closer attention than ever until the last galoot had reached the shore and Carver went up into the pilot house.

At this point spring broke through. It had been a tough winter. Dartmouth did beat us by two touchdowns and Osmond Fraenkel, who was a mathematical shark, had just become wise to the fact that it doesn't pay to draw to inside straights. I had failed to make *The Harvard Crimson* after my third try. But gone was the winter of our discontent and now it was Professor Carver's turn to haul us back from the pie counter of the sky and put our feet again upon the good earth and the law of supply and demand.

Carver was at bat but, as luck would have it, so was Tris Speaker. Spring can come up like thunder in Massachusetts. One day all the elms of the yard may be cased in ice and the next you read that the Boston Red Sox are opening the season against the Athletics. Tris Speaker, just up from the Texas League, was the particular star of the greatest outfield trio that has ever been gathered together. Speaker and Duffy Lewis and Harry Hooper—that was a united front. For a little while I tried to give Professor Carver an even break. Naturally I missed his first blast for the cause of conservatism because that particular lecture conflicted with the opening game. Still I did ask a fellow scholar what went on and he lent me his notebook. He seemed to have boiled the discourse down to the bone because all he had written was, "Adam Smith was Scotch and died before the industrial revolution—look this up in the library. He approached economics from the side of ethics and believed in *laissez-faire*, which means 'anything goes'. 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?' "

I DECIDED that in all fairness to my parents, who were paying for my education, I should attend some of the lectures myself and so in the beginning I made it a rigorous rule to give only three afternoons a week to the Red Sox and the other three to Professor Carver. But on a certain Wednesday, which was a baseball afternoon, Tris Speaker made a home run, two triples and a double.

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In addition he went all the way back to the flagpole in center field and speared a drive with his gloved hand while still on the dead run. Two innings later he charged in for a low liner and made the catch by sliding the last 20 feet on his stomach. Professor Carver couldn't do that. I had seen him stand on his head in the class room but never did he slide on his stomach. Even at such times as he got to base it was my impression that he had profited by an error or made a lucky-handle hit. Tris Speaker was batting .348 and Carver wasn't hitting the size of his hat. At times he did dig his toes in and take his full cut at the ball, but never when I was around did he succeed in knocking socialism over the fence.

Adam Smith had died in 1790 and Professor Carver wasn't getting any younger. I got hold of *The Wealth of Nations* and learned that to Smith *laissez-faire* meant "the obvious and simple system of natural liberty." And so in the books I read no more then, and not very much later.

I just went completely *laissez-faire* and never missed any of the remaining games. The arguments for the radical theories I had heard, but I never got around to hearing the answers. Tris Speaker had thrown Carver out at the plate because the Professor forgot to slide. And I went out into the world the fervent follower of all things red, including the Boston Red Sox.

November 17, 1937

The Tower

WHAT shall I do with this absurdity—
O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,
Decrepit age that has been tied upon me
As upon a dog's tail.

Never had I more
Excited, passionate, fantastical
Imagination, nor an ear and eye
That more expected the impossible—
No, not in boyhood when with rod and fly
Or the humbler worm I climbed Ben Bulben's back
And had the livelong summer day to spend.

It seems that I must bid the Muse go pack,
Choose Plato and Plotinus for a friend
Until imagination, ear and eye
Can be content with argument and deal
In abstract things; or be derided by
A sort of battered kettle at the heel.

June 29, 1927 W. B. YEATS

Texas

I went a-riding, a-riding
Over a great long plain.
And the plain went a-sliding, a-sliding
Away from my bridle-rein.

Fields of cotton, and fields of wheat,
Thunder-blue gentians by a wire fence,
Standing cypress, red and tense,
Holding its flower rigid like a gun,
Dressed for parade by the running wheat,
By the little bouncing cotton. Terribly sweet
The cardinals sing in the live-oak trees,
And the long plain breeze,
The prairie breeze,
Blows across from swell to swell
With a ginger smell.
Just ahead, where the road curves round,
A long-eared rabbit makes a bound
Into a wheat-field, into a cotton-field,
His track glitters after him and goes still again
Over to the left of my bridle-rein.

The sky-scraper sings another way,
A tune of steel, of wheels, of gold.
And the ginger breeze blows, blows all day
Tanged with flowers and mold.
And the Texas sky whirls down, whirls down,
Taking long looks at the fussy town.
An old sky and a long plain
Beyond, beyond, my bridle-rein.

December 29, 1920 AMY LOWELL

A Sunset

A BEAM of light was shaken out of the sky
On to the brimming tide, and there it lay,
Palely tossing like a creature condemned to die
Who has loved the bright day.

Ah, who are these that wing through the shadowy air?
She cries, in agony. Are they come for me?
The big waves croon to her: Hush now! There, now, there!
There is nothing to see.

But her white arms lift to cover her shining head,
And she presses close to the wave to make herself small.
On their listless knees the beam of light lies dead,
And the birds of shadow fall.

March 5, 1930 KATHERINE MANSFIELD

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The Last Tycoon

JAMES THURBER

THE NOVEL F. Scott Fitzgerald was working on when he died in December, 1940, has been on the counters three months now. His publishers tell me that it has sold only about 3,500 copies. This indicates, I think, that it has fallen, and will continue to fall, into the right hands. In its unfinished state, *The Last Tycoon* is for the writer, the critic, the sensitive appreciator of literature. The book, I have discovered, can be found in very few Womrath stores or other lending libraries. This, one feels sure, would have pleased Scott Fitzgerald. The book would have fared badly in the minds and discussions of readers who read books simply to finish them.

Fitzgerald's work in progress was to have told the life story of a big Hollywood producer. In the form in which the author left it, it runs to six chapters, the last one unfinished. There follows a synopsis of what was to have come, and then there are twenty-eight pages of notes, comments, descriptive sentences and paragraphs, jotted down by the author, and a complete letter he wrote outlining his story idea. All these were carefully selected and arranged by Edmund Wilson (who also contributes a preface) and anyone interested in the ideas and craftsmanship of one of America's foremost fiction writers will find them exciting reading.

No book published here in a long time has created more discussion and argument among writers and lovers of writing than *The Last Tycoon*.

Had it been completed, would it have been Fitzgerald's best book? Should it, in a draft which surely represented only the middle stages of rewriting, have been published alongside the flawless final writing of *The Great Gatsby*? In the larger view, it is sentimental nonsense to argue against the book's publication. It was the last work of a first-rate novelist; it shows his development, it rounds out his all too brief career; it gives us what he had done and indicates what he was going to do on the largest canvas of his life; it is filled with a great many excellent things as it stands. It is good to be acquainted with all these things. In the smaller, the personal view, there is a valid argument, however. Writers who rewrite and rewrite until they reach the perfection they are after consider anything less than that perfection nothing at all. They would not, as a rule, show it to their wives or to their most valued friends. Fitzgerald's perfection of style and form, as in *The Great Gatsby*, has a way of making something that lies between your stomach and your heart quiver a little.

The Last Tycoon is the story of Monroe Stahr, one of the founders of Hollywood, the builder of a movie empire. We see him in his relation to the hundreds of human parts of the vast machine he has constructed, and in his relation to the woman he loves, and to a Communist Party organizer (their first contact is one of the best and most promising parts of the book). We were to have seen him on an even larger scale, ending in a tremendous upheaval and disintegration of his work and his world and a final tragedy. Fitzgerald would have brought it off brilliantly in the end. This would have been another book in the fine one-color mood of *The Great Gatsby*, with that book's sure form and sure direction. He had got away from what he calls the "deterioration novel" that he wrote in *Tender Is the Night*. He had a long way yet to go in *The Last Tycoon* and his notes show that he realized this.

In one of these notes he tells himself that his first chapter is "stilted from rewriting" and he instructs himself to rewrite it, not from the last draft, but from mood. It is good as it stands, but he knew it wasn't right. In the last of the notes, Fitzgerald had written with all the letters in capitals: "ACTION IS CHARACTER." A brilliant perfectionist in the managing of his ultimate effects, Fitzgerald knew that Stahr had been too boldly blocked out in the draft which has come to us. There was too much direct description of the great man. He fails to live up to it all. Such a passage as this would surely have been done over: "He had flown up very high to see, on strong wings, when he was young. And while he was up there he had looked on all the kingdoms, with the kind of eyes that can stare straight into the sun. Beating his wings tenaciously—finally frantically—and keeping on beating them, he had stayed up there longer than most of us, and then, remembering all he had seen from his great height of how things were, he had settled gradually to earth." There are other large, unhewn lines which would have given place to something else, such as this speech by one of his worshippers: "So I came to you, Monroe. I never saw a situation where you didn't know a way out. I said to myself: even if he advises me to kill myself, I'll ask Monroe." The Monroe Stahr we see is not yet the man this speaker is talking about. I would like to see him as he would have emerged from one or two more rewrites of what is here, excellent, sharp, witty and moving as a great deal of it is.

IT MUST inevitably seem to some of us that Fitzgerald could not have set himself a harder task than that of whipping up a real and moving interest in Hollywood and its great and little men. Although the movie empire constitutes one of the hughest and therefore one of the most important industries in the world, it is a genuine feat, at least for me, to pull this appreciation of Bel-Air and Beverly Hills from the mind down into the emotions, where, for complete and satisfying surrender to a novel and its people, it properly belongs. It is a high tribute to Scott Fitzgerald to say that he would have accomplished this. I know of no one else who could.

February 9, 1942

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Four Poems

Quid Pro Quo

I'VE HEARD the derisive phrase, jew down, jew down,
Flung at almost any innocent face
Questioning the price of things in my home town
Where saving a sou is laid to the Hebrew race.
I hear it again among these Yankee folk,
A race that gives no more than it receives,
And paying the price they stick to till I'm broke,
I'm tempted to say, Go on, yank up, you thieves.

From what I've known of higher things than prices,
From love of self to love or martydom,
The Gentiles own at least one half the vices,
And yet their virtues give them Kingdom Come.
A Jew gave up his life to give them that,
They say, and pay the Jew this tit-for-tat.

December 12, 1928 ALFRED KREYMBORG

The Hurricane

LO, LORD, Thou ridest!
Lord, Lord, Thy swifting heart
Nought stayeth, nought now bideth
But's smithereened apart!
Ay! Scripture flee'th stone!
Milk-bright, Thy chisel wind
Rescindeth flesh from bone
To quivering whittlings thinned—
Swept, whistling straw! Battered,
Lord, e'en boulders now outleap
Rock sockets, levin-lathered!
Nor, Lord, may worm outdeep
Thy drum's gambade, its plunge abscond!
Lord God, while summits crashing
Whip sea-kelp screaming on blond
Sky-seethe, dense heaven dashing—
Thou ridest to the door, Lord!
Thou bidest wall nor floor, Lord!

July 29, 1931 HART CRANE

The Story-Teller

HE TALKED, and as he talked
Wallpaper came alive;
Suddenly ghosts walked,
And four doors were five;

Calendars ran backward,
And Maps had mouths;
Ships went tackward
In a great drowse;

Trains climbed trees,
And soon dripped down
Like honey of bees
On the cold brick town.

He had wakened a worm
In the world's brain,
And nothing stood firm
Until day again.

May 15, 1929 MARK VAN DOREN

Panope

HOW LOVELY are the tombs of the dead nymphs
On the heroic shore—the glittering plinths
of jacynth . . . hyacinthine waves profound
Sigh of the beauty out of sight and sound
And many a golden foot that pressed the sand—
Panope walking like the pomp of waves
With plumaged helmet near the fountain caves
The panoply of suns on distant strand—
Is only now an arena for the worm,
Her golden flash lies in the dust's frail storm
And beauty water-bright for long is laid
Deep in the empire of eternal shade—
Only the sighing waves know now the plinth
Of those deep tombs that were of hyacinth.
But still the echoes of that helmeted bright hair
Are like the pomp of tropic suns, the blare
That from the inaccessible horizon runs—
The eternal music of heroic suns
When their strong youth comes freshened from deep seas—
And the first music heard among the trees.

February 22, 1928 EDITH SITWELL

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Can They Smoke Like Gentlemen?

FRANCES PERKINS

WHEN President Nielson of Smith College announced to his students the new rule restricting smoking to two fireproof rooms, following a number of dormitory fires due to cigarettes in waste baskets or matches flung at muslin curtains, he closed his necessary but bound-to-be-unpopular address with this amiable comment, "The trouble is, my dear young ladies, you do not smoke like gentlemen."

Apparently a good many women still feel that their right to smoke is a bit precarious, if one may so conclude from the bravado which accompanies the smoking habit, now that it is becoming the custom among groups not given to much philosophizing in regard to what constitutes suitable behavior. The right of women to smoke in restaurants and other public places has been recognized for some years, and yet there are still those who feel that they must pull forth cigarettes and puff at them determinedly from the moment of entrance to the moment of leaving a public dining-room, smoking right through soup, fish, meat, salad and dessert in a way to horrify the epicure and astonish the masculine contingent which enjoys its food. Charming, long-legged stenographers perched on stools before candy-shop soda fountains, smoking a cigarette from one hand and sipping chocolate ice-cream soda with marshmallow frosting from the other, are a sight now becoming common, but one calculated to paralyze the less hardy section of the human race. Children buying lollipops and old ladies purchasing sweets for Sunday-school festivals pause on the threshold, confused between the beribboned, belaced daintiness of the decorations and the barroom atmosphere contributed by the customers. Sometimes one of the old ladies can be heard to murmur, "Gentlemen never did such things."

Who in America remembers seeing a man smoke in a railway dining car? The railroad has thoughtfully provided another place for smoking all these years, and the male traveler has recognized the rights of the old, the young and the ill of the traveling public, to eat in the closely confined space of a dining car without the addition of tobacco smoke; but not so those girls who feel it necessary to proclaim their emancipation from any vantage point. The embarrassed stewards of dining cars, explaining to male patrons why they cannot smoke while the lady at the other end puffs her cigarette, have furnished one of the inexpensive amusements of American life to a constant traveler. The waiting-rooms of country railroad stations, usually plastered with No Smoking signs and sometimes with requests to loaf in the baggage room, where the male of the species has always been found taking his smoke, seem to be another favorite stamping ground for the small-town or even city-bred woman smoker. Although I have haunted art exhibitions and art galleries for years, I have, I think, never seen any man smoking in those chaste and neutral backgrounds. It remained for a couple of rather plain middle-aged women to muss up the floor and haze up the air, successfully obscuring the exquisite colors of Georgia O'Keefe at a recent showing.

Knowing that any social group is apt to be a bit crude and uncontrolled when taking on new and expanded customs, recognizing the validity of the inferiority complex from which bravado springs when women try to act like gentlemen without being such, and believing that in time the solid human virtue of consideration for the rights of others would prevail, I should have held my peace, had not this unfortunate habit of smoking in unsuitable places and under unsuitable circumstances recently pervaded the shops and department stores of most of our large and small cities in the East. First it was the little millinery shops in smart side streets which began putting ash trays on the table in front of the mirror. Then came the "booteries," which offered grandma matches on a wonderfully balanced ash receiver when she came in to buy a pair of felt bedroom slippers. These were merely funny; but recently the ladies have taken to smoking all over our department stores and larger mercantile establishments in such a way as to create a serious fire hazard, and I feel that people should know the danger, lest what are now merely bad manners should become a serious menace to life.

THE CODES and laws governing mercantile establishments have never included a prohibition of smoking, as do the factory laws, because in the past smoking was never the custom there. The main reliance for safety in these establishments has always been upon the prevention of fire. The most common cause of fire in all classes in the United States is cigarettes. Our carelessness with them is proverbial and, now that women are smoking, the big mercantile establishments which have heretofore been free of great disasters in this country are subject to a new hazard.

In Brooklyn, not long ago, when the stairways of the two top floors of a department store were burned out two minutes after the discovery of smoke, a serious department-store tragedy was averted only by the coolheadedness of the elevator operator, who kept running his car up and down until the people congregated in front of his fireproof elevator shaft were removed to

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safety. This was a small establishment; the hazard is multiplied many times in the larger stores.

This hazard should be stamped out now before the custom of smoking in department stores has become common. Men have never permitted themselves any such careless infringement upon the rights of others. Walk into any haberdashery or men's clothing shop and you will not see men smoking; nor do you see them smoking in hardware stores, florist shops or other places they patronize. They find it possible to try on their shoes and their hats and even to go into fitting-rooms and have their new evening clothes fitted, without smoking; but not so the women. Only a determined effort on the part of store managers, fire underwriters, and local fire departments, together with the rigid practice of a rule of social etiquette, based on consideration for the lives and comfort of others and sponsored by women who have achieved both emancipation and social position, will check this growing danger.

Department-store managers often are too ready to jump to a conclusion as to what "women want." Thus, in the case of smoking, they have practically invited the custom to establish itself in their midst. In some cities today it is next to impossible to purchase a chiffon evening frock or a bit of lingerie except from the depths of a soft chair upholstered in green glazed chintz, where the customer is surrounded by ash trays and glowing cigarettes provided by a thoughtless management. But the lady whom I saw leaning on one elbow at a lace counter the other day, puffing a cigarette while purchasing yards of tulle frills, was a symbol of what the unchastened woman can do when she has not been taught to smoke like a gentleman.

May 7, 1930

Ballad and Blues

IN THE middle of the winter,
  Snow all over the ground,
In the middle of the winter,
  Snow all over the ground—
'Twas the night before Christmas
  My good man turned me down.

Don't know's I'd mind his goin'
  But he left me when the coal was low.
Don't know's I'd mind his goin'
  But he left when the coal was low.
Now, if a man loves a woman
  That ain't no time to go.

He tole me that he loved me
  But he must a been tellin' a lie.
He tole me that he loved me
  But he must a been tellin' a lie.
But he's the only man I'll
  Love till the day I die.

I'm gonna buy me a rose bud
  And plant it at my back door.
Gonna buy me a rose bud
  And plant it at my back door,
So when I'm dead they
  Won't need no flowers from the store.

April 14, 1926

THE POT was empty,
The cupboard was bare.
I said, Papa,
What's the matter here?
I'm waitin' on Roosevelt, son,
Roosevelt, Roosevelt,
Waitin' on Roosevelt, son.

The rent was due,
And the lights was out.
I said, Tell me, Mama,
What's it all about?
We're waitin' on Roosevelt, son,
Roosevelt, Roosevelt,
Just waitin' on Roosevelt.

Sister got sick
And the doctor wouldn't come
Cause we couldn't pay him
The proper sum—
A-waitin' on Roosevelt,
Roosevelt, Roosevelt,
A-waitin' on Roosevelt.

Then one day
They put us out o' the house.
Ma and Pa was
Meek as a mouse
Still waitin' on Roosevelt,
Roosevelt, Roosevelt.

But when they felt those
Cold winds blow
And didn't have no
Place to go
Pa said, I'm tired
O' waitin' on Roosevelt,
Roosevelt, Roosevelt,
Damn tired o' waitin' on Roosevelt.

I can't git a job
And I can't git no grub.
Backbone and navel's
Doin' the belly-rub—
A-waitin' on Roosevelt,
Roosevelt, Roosevelt.

And a lot o' other folks
What's hungry and cold
Done stopped believin'
What they been told
By Roosevelt,
Roosevelt, Roosevelt—

Cause the pot's still empty,
And the cupboard's still bare,
And you can't build a bungalow
Out o' air—
Mr. Roosevelt, listen!
What's the matter here?

November 14, 1934

LANGSTON HUGHES

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Ibsen, the Romantic

E. M. FORSTER

"My book is poetry, and if it is not poetry, then it will be."—IBSEN TO BJORNSON.

IBSEN was a poet during the earlier part of his life. He began as a lyricist, and his first plays are either in verse or are inspired by an imaginative contemplation of the past. When he was about 40, a change occurred, the importance of which has been differently estimated. Certain critics, both friendly and hostile, regard it as a fundamental change. They argue that with *The League of Youth* the real or realistic Ibsen begins to emerge, the singer dies, the social castigator is born, the scene clarifies and darkens, and ideas come to the front which do not necessarily contradict previous ideas, but which are given a prominence that entirely alters the dramatic emphasis. . . . "Somewhere in the course of the battle of his life," writes Brandes, "Ibsen had a lyric Pegasus killed under him." "Novel and perilous nuisance," wrote the *London Daily Telegraph*. The critics agree in thinking that the poetry, if ever there was any, has gone.

Has it gone? Can the habits of 40 years be set aside? Of 20 years—yes; most people are romantic at 20, owing to lack of experience. As they grow older life offers various alternatives such as wordliness or philosophy or the sense of humor, and they usually accept one of these. If, in spite of more solid temptations, they still cling to poetry, it is because a deep preference has to be satisfied. Ibsen was a poet at 40 because he had that preference. He was a poet at 60 also. His continued interest in avalanches, water, trees, fire, mines, high places, traveling, was not accidental. Not only was he born a poet—he died one, and as soon as we try to understand him instead of asking him to teach us, the point becomes clearer.

He is, of course, not easy to understand. Two obstacles may be noted. In the first place he has got the deceptive air of a teacher, there is something in his method that implies a message, though the message really rested on passing irritabilities, and not on any permanent view of conduct or the universe. In the second place, he further throws us off the scent by taking a harsh or a depressing view of human relationships. As a rule, if a writer has a romantic temperament, he will find human relationships beautiful. His characters may hate one another or be unhappy together, but they will generate nobility or charm, they will never be squalid, whatever their other defects. And the crux in Ibsen is, that, though he had the romantic temperament, he found personal intercourse squalid. Sooner or later his characters draw their little knives, they rip up the present and the past, and the closer their intimacy, the better their opportunities for exchanging pain. Oswald Alving knows how to hurt his mother, Rosmer his mistress, and married couples are even more favorably placed. The Helmers, the Tesmans, the Wangels, Solnesses, Allmers, Borkmans, Rubeks—what a procession, equally incapable of comradeship and ecstasy. If they were heroic or happy once, it was before the curtain rose, and only survives as decay. And if they attain reconciliation, like the Rentheim sisters, the curtain has to fall. Their intercourse is worse than unfriendly, it is petty; moral ugliness trespasses into the esthetic. And when a play is full of such characters and evolves round their fortunes, how can it possibly be a romantic play? Poetry might perhaps be achieved if Ibsen's indignation was of the straight hitting sort, like Dante's. But for all its sincerity there is something automatic about it, he reminds us too often of father at the breakfast table after a bad night, sensitive to the defects of society as revealed by a chance glance at the newspaper, and apt to blame all parties for them indiscriminately. Now it is the position of women that upsets father, now the lies people tell, now their inability to lie, now the drains, now the newspaper itself, which he crumples up, but his helpers and servers have to retrieve it, for bad as are all political parties he must really see who got in at Rosmersholm. Seldom can a great genius have had so large a dose of domestic irritability. He was cross with his enemies and friends, with theater managers, professors, and students, and so cross with his countrymen for not volunteering to help the Danes in 1863 that he had to go to Italy to say so. He might have volunteered in person—he was in the prime of life at the time—but this never occurred to him, he preferred instead to write a scathing little satire about a Norwegian mother whose son was safe at the front. And it is (if one may adopt the phrase) precisely the volunteer spirit that is absent from his conception of human relationships. He put everything into them except the strength of his arm.

"NOT A great writer . . . almost great, but marred by this lack of generosity." How readily the phrases rise to the lips!" How false they are! For this nagging quality, this habitual bitterness—they are essential in his greatness, because they beckon to the poetry in him, and carry it with them under the ground. Underground. Into the depths of the sea. Had he been of heroic build and turned to the light and the sun, his gifts

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would have evaporated. But he was—thank heaven—subterranean, he loved narrow passages and darkness, and his later plays have a romantic intensity which not only rivals the romantic expansion of their predecessors, but is absolutely unique in literature. The trees in old Ekdal's aviary are as numerous as a forest because they are countless, the water in the chickens' trough includes all the waves on which the Vikings could sail. To his impassioned vision dead and damaged things, however contemptible socially, dwell for ever in the land of romance, and this is the secret of his so-called symbolism; a connection is found between objects that lead different types of existence; they reinforce one another and each lives more intensely than before. Consequently his stage throbs with a mysteriousness for which no obvious preparation has been made, with beckonings, tremblings, sudden compressions of the air, and his characters as they wrangle among the oval tables and potplants are not by any means alone, because an unseen power is watching them or slipping between their words.

The source of Ibsen's poetry is indefinable; presumably it comes from the same place as his view of human nature, otherwise they would not harmonize as they do in his art. The vehicle in which poetry reached him—that can easily be defined; it was, of course, the scenery of western and southwestern Norway. At some date previous to his Italian journey he must have had experiences of passionate intensity among the mountains, comparable to the early experiences of Wordsworth in the English lakes. All his life they kept returning to him, clothed in streams, trees, precipices, and hallowing his characters while they recriminated. In *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* they filled the stage; subsequently they shrank and concentrated; in the two last plays they again fill the stage and hasten the catastrophe by a shroud of snow. To compare Ibsen with Wordsworth is to scandalize the faithful in either camp; yet they had one important point in common, they were both of them haunted until the end of their lives by the romantic possibilities of scenery. Wordsworth fell into the residential fallacy; he continued to look at his gods direct, and to pin with decreasing success his precepts to the flanks of Helvellyn. Ibsen, wiser and greater, sank and smashed the Dovrëfjeld in the depths of the sea. He knew that he should find it again. Neither his satire nor his character drawing dwelt as deep; neither the problems he found in human conduct nor the tentative solutions he propounded lay at the roots of his extraordinary heart. There, in that strange gnarled region, a primeval romanticism lurked, frozen or twisted or exuding slime, there was the nest of the Great Boyg. The Great Boyg did not strive, did not die, lay beneath good and evil, did not say one thing more than another:

> Forward or back, and it's just as far;
> Out or in, and it's just as strait.

What do the words mean, and, apart from their meaning, are they meant to be right? And if right, are the prayers of Solveig, which silence them for a moment, wrong? It is proper that we should ask such questions as these when focusing on the moral and social aspect of his work, and they have been excellently asked and answered by Bernard Shaw. But as soon as we shift the focus the questions go dim, the reformer becomes a dramatist, we shift again and the dramatist becomes a lyric poet, listening from first to last for the movements of the trolls. Ibsen is at bottom Peer Gynt. Side-whiskers and all, he is a boy bewitched:

> The boy has been sitting on his mother's lap,
> They two have been playing all the life-day long.

And though the brow that bends over him can scarcely be described as maternal, it will assuredly preserve him from the melting ladle as long as books are read or plays seen.

March 28, 1928

Two Sonnets in Memory

AS MEN have loved their lovers in times past
And sung their wit, their virtue and their grace,
So have we loved sweet Justice to the last,
That now lies here in an unseemly place.
The child will quit the cradle and grow wise
And stare on beauty till his senses drown;
Yet shall be seen no more by mortal eyes
Such beauty as here walked and here went down.
Like birds that hear the winter crying plain
Her courtiers leave to seek the clement South;
Many have praised her, we alone remain
To break a fist against the lying mouth
Of any man who says this was not so;
Though she be dead now, as indeed we know.

WHERE CAN the heart be hidden in the ground
And be at peace, and be at peace forever,
Under the world, untroubled by the sound
Of mortal tears that cease from pouring never!
Well for the heart, by stern compassion harried,
If death be deeper than the churchmen say, —
Gone from this world indeed what's graveward carried,
And laid to rest indeed what's laid away.
Anguish enough while yet the indignant breather
Have blood to spurt upon the oppressor's hand!
Who would eternal be and hang in ether
A stuffless ghost above his struggling land,
Retching in vain to render up the groan
That is not there, being aching dust's alone?

August 27, 1930 EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

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Our League For Improving the Rich

CLARENCE DAY

IN APPEALING to the public for aid in improving the lives of the rich we have met certain prejudices, even among benevolent people. They grant that many rich people are unhappy and lead miserable lives, but nevertheless they make these assertions:

1. When people are distressingly rich it must be their own fault.
2. Nobody has to stay rich if he'll just make an effort.
3. If he won't make an effort, he is probably a very bad lot.

We believe these assertions are mistaken in every particular. The rich are not really a bad lot, taking them all in all. If it weren't for their money they would be indistinguishable from the rest of us. Money brings out their weaknesses. Can we blame them? Would it not bring out ours? A moderate addiction to money may not always be hurtful. But taken in excess it's notoriously bad for the health, it limits one's chance of indulging in nice simple pleasures, and in many cases it lowers the whole moral tone. The rich admit this—of each other; but what can they do? Once any victim has begun to accumulate money, he's dependent on having it. He actually gets in a state where he wants more and more. Do not sneer at the man; you would probably do the same in his place. You see, it affects him the way drugs and drink do the poor. It benumbs him with similar joys. He cannot give it up. When you urge him to pull himself together, to summon his manhood and try, only *try,* for a while to depend on himself, and rely for his needs year by year on his yearly exertions, he tells you he'd like to, perhaps, but he hasn't the strength. He can't take life that way. He can't face the world even a month without money in the bank.

Even so, you may ask, why don't the rich come to us for our advice, if they're troubled? Ah, they have their pride. Their unfortunate weakness for money may blacken their lives, but they suffer in silence. They try to conceal it all from us. We might never know to what straits many rich folk have come, were it not for the newspapers and their kindly society columns. Bless their noble insistence on showing us the lives of the rich, their portraying with such loving care each detail of their ways

Now, it's no easy matter to reform these rich people offhand. Just to call at their houses and advise them, when you aren't too busy—that would be a kindness, of course, but quite far from a cure. The trouble is this: they show small disposition to profit by casual visits. They deem them intrusions. A good-hearted reformer nearly always endangers his comfort, and he may risk his life, trying to get in past rich people's butlers. Don't go in those districts at all, that is this League's advice. The drinking, the suspicion, the quarrels and shooting affrays, armed watchmen, fast motors—all these make those streets quite unsuited for decent folks' use.

WHAT, then, shall we do? We can't just walk selfishly off and go mind our own business. The rich are our brothers. How can the rest of us let ourselves be truly happy when our brothers are suffering?

That's where this League steps forward. This League provides ways in which any reformer can help.

1. It establishes neighborhood houses in all the rich centers, where those who can stand it can go and live just like the rich. This enables a few of us to mingle with them, day by day, and gradually brighten their outlook and alter their standards.

2. It sends trained welfare workers to inspect the most desperate cases and gently reform one by one their conditions of living.

3. It instructs volunteers in the best methods of rich relief work, especially methods of relieving the rich of their wealth.

The most common type we treat is the man who is making great efforts to keep other people from getting his money away from him. Men have died from this strain. To invest securely any money is a strain in itself!; but, besides all the worries a man has to face doing this, he is also exposed to innumerable pressing appeals to devote what he has to some new educational uses, or to lend it to friends in great straits, or give aid to the sick. These appeals being endless and infinite, he must learn to refuse them, and this means an unceasing struggle to harden his heart. Then there are the attacks that the Socialists make on all property; he sees these in the papers and they rouse his fears, and his anger, and shatter his nerves. All in all, it's a terrible load.

It means much to a man when our League takes this weight off his mind. Women, too, need our aid. Let us cite a few cases we have helped in the past:

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Case 102

Case 102 was a wealthy and ignorant girl who was found one cold morning exhibiting toy dogs at a show. The dogs had been eating heartily, but the poor girl was living on raw carrots, for her complexion. She had a hardened disposition, dull outlook, and deficient physique. Her home was like a furniture warehouse, especially her bedroom, a huge, over-decorated chamber, where she slept all alone. After a friendly study had been made of her case, her money was quietly taken away by degrees, this being accomplished with the aid of an old family lawyer, who became genuinely interested in helping her out in this way; and when she had thus reached a healthfully destitute state, a husband was found for her in the janitor of a Hoboken flat. This man is often kind to her when she does well in her work. She has now for the first time become really interested in life. When we last saw this case, she was occupying a dark but cosy little basement, where she was sleeping three in a bed and had six children, though only four are now living with her, the others having run away; and her days were filled to the brim with wholesome toil.

Case 176

Case 176 was an elderly clubman who had for many years quite brutally terrorized his small family, his outbreaks being attributed by him to the coffee. He said and believed if his coffee were carefully made he would be content. Investigation showed this wasn't the root of the trouble. It was his money. By nature a fighter, what he really needed was plenty of personal conflicts, but his money prevented. He had so much of it that in spite of this League's warm encouragement, it took two of the highest-priced nerve specialists nearly a month to relieve him of his property. When this was done, however, employment was secured for the old gentleman on the police force, where his peculiar gift of ferocity could find more room for use. The coffee in the station house was very fortunately execrable, and this stirred him to a pitch which soon made him the ablest patrolman in this ward.

He was then sent to clean up the three toughest districts in town, which he did with the utmost rigor in less than four days, completely overawing, single-handed, their turbulent gangs. At the police parade, recently, we saw him getting a medal for his work, the gift of a citizens' committee of his former fellow clubmen. At the head of this committee, it may be added, was his former pastor, who had often reproached him in the old days for his profanity and violence. It is these very qualities that are now winning him a warm place in the community's heart. Meantime, constant letters of gratitude come from his family, who have been removed to a quiet industrial farm, and whose thankfulness is touching for the peace that has come into their lives.

Case 190

Case 190 was a baffling one in some ways. It was that of a dyspeptic society woman who spent her evenings at functions. She suffered greatly from colds, yet felt obliged to wear large, chilly collars of diamonds, and to sit in an opera box unprotected from drafts. Although fretful and unhappy, she objected so strongly, nevertheless, to going without money that two district visitors were asked to devise other methods, one of these visitors being a trained dietician. They removed several disease-breeding cats from the home, had the French chef deported, and taught the poor woman to live on a few simple dishes that would nourish her properly. These alleviatory arrangements resulted in some slight improvement. Like all half-way measures, however, they left her cure incomplete.

Then, almost by accident, a dealer in investment securities lost most of her fortune, and the balance was taken by some cheery university presidents, who made her build infirmaries for them in spite of rebuffs. Soon after she had thus been thrown on her resources a place was found for her to do ironing in a nice warm steam laundry, one of the high-grade ones where they put in the chemicals by hand. The light exercise this work gives her has cured her dyspepsia. She now gets through at nine-thirty evenings, instead of sitting up till midnight; and as she can wear a red-flannel undersuit, she has no more colds.

Other cases must be summarized instead of presented in detail. Anaemic young belles who were kept in ill-ventilated rooms, eating 12-course dinners, have been removed to those open piers on the river where they can dance with strong, manly grocers, or aldermen even, and where the pure, healthful air soon brings back the color to their cheeks. Gentlemen suffering from obesity have been taken to an old-fashioned woodyard, or, if entirely unskilled, given jobs in the subway. Hundreds of desperate children have been rescued from the tyranny of nurse girls—who punished the poor little things each time they romped or shouted, and who shackled them daily in stiff and thick bundles of clothing—and have been turned loose, one and all, on the lively East Side, where they can join in the vigorous games of the slums. Most rewarding of all are the young men of means who have been saved from lives of indescribable folly.

We cannot say more of the League's work in this brief report. We will simply remind you that though we have done all we could, the distress that still exists in the homes of the rich is very great. Even chronic cases are still obliged to shift for themselves. Families continue to engage in poisonous quarrels, idleness and chronic unemployment remain unabated, and unsound hygienic ideas persist in depriving their unfortunate victims of true mental vigor and sleep. But surely the nation will not let this go on forever. The hearts of our people are kind. They just haven't thought. *August 28, 1915*

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LINCOLN

HERBERT CROLY

In listening to John Drinkwater's legendary drama of Abraham Lincoln, I found obtruding upon my mind an irrelevant and disconcerting observation. I was watching the performance of a play about the life of the man whom the American people have canonized as half hero and half saint. He had earned their gratitude by helping them to steer a true course into and out of a civil war, which, had they gone astray, would have shattered the moral and political continuity of American national life. A new generation of his fellow-countrymen had just emerged as one of the victors in another war—one of the most bloody and costly which history has to record. Yet this play contained passages in which their national hero rebuked an attitude of mind toward the war of his day which no actor could have repeated with safety on the stage in any large American city during the war of our day. He said to Mrs. Blow, "You come to me talking of revenge and destruction and malice and enduring hate. These gentle people [the pacifists] are mistaken, but they are mistaken cleanly and in a great name. It is you that dishonor the cause for which we stand." No actor would have dared, we repeat, to speak these words on an American stage during the war. The prevailing opinion in America had yielded utterly to the obsession of fear, destruction and hatred which Lincoln rebuked in the person of Mrs. Blow. It treated the pacifists whom Lincoln defended as morally contemptible criminals. It foamed with abuse for those Americans who were trying to keep alive during the new war, as Lincoln did during the old, the spirit of "just and merciful dealing and the hope of love and charity on earth." The discrepancy between the moral attitude of contemporary America toward its war and the moral attitude of the greatest American national hero toward the war of his generation was flagrant and complete.

The contrast illustrates a characteristic of Lincoln's which his biographers have never sufficiently emphasized. His mind was capable of harboring and reconciling purposes, convictions and emotions so different from one another that to the majority of his fellow countrymen they would in anybody else have seemed incompatible. He could hesitate patiently without allowing hesitation to become infirmity of will. He could insist without allowing insistence to become an excuse for thoughtless obstinacy. He could fight without quarreling. He could believe intensely in a war and in the necessity of seeing it through without falling a victim to its fanaticism and without permitting violence and hatred to usurp the place which faith in human nature and love of truth ordinarily occupied in his mind. When, for instance, the crisis came, and the South treated his election as a sufficient excuse for secession, he did not flinch as did Seward and other Republican leaders. He would not bribe the South to abandon secession by compromising the results of Republican victory. Neither would he, if she seceded, agree to treat secession as anything but rebellion. But although he insisted, if necessary, on fighting, he was far more considerate of the convictions and the permanent interests of the South than were the Republican leaders, who for the sake of peace were ready to yield to her demands. In the same spirit he insisted during the war on continuing the fight until the South was ready to return to the Union without conditions and to free the slaves. But his determination to fight until the Northern army had overcome the obstacles to the vindication of the political objects of the war did not interfere in his mind, as it did in the minds of so many bitter-enders, with " the hope of love and charity on earth and the spirit of just and merciful dealing."

It is not only, however, that he harbored purposes, convictions and feelings which were incompatible one with another in the minds of other people. He expressed and acted on these usually incompatible motives and ideas with such rare propriety and amenity that their union in his behavior and spirit passes not only without criticism but almost without comment. His fellow-countrymen, who like to consider him a magnified ver-

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The Mother

SO THAT mysterious mother, faint with sleep
And given into her arms her new-born son
And felt upon her bosom the cherished one
Breathe, and stiffen his tiny limbs and weep.
Her arms became as wings folding him over
Into that lovely pleasance, and her heart
Beat like a tiny bell: "He is my lover,
He is my son, and we shall never part—
Never, never, never, never—But why?"
And she suddenly bowed her head and began to cry.

September 9, 1925 KATHERINE MANSFIELD

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sion of the ordinary American and to disguise flattery of themselves under the form of reverence for him, appear not to suspect how different he is from them. He seems to them a simple man whose feelings, motives and words are composed of familiar and homely material and whose values they can sum up in a few simple formulas. He is a simple man in the sense that power, responsibility and intensity of personal experience never divided him from his own people who had none of these things. More than any other statesman in history he is entitled to their trust and veneration. But he was not a simple man as simplicity is ordinarily understood. He was an extremely complicated and sophisticated product of a kind of moral and mental discipline which sharply distinguishes him from his fellow citizens both of his own day and today. His simplicity was not a gift. It was the expression of an integrity of feeling, mind and character which he himself elaborately achieved, and which he naturalized so completely that it wears the appearance of being simple and inevitable.

THE ORDINARY characterization of Lincoln as "a man of the people," who rose by his own efforts from the humblest to the most eminent position in American life interprets him as a consummate type of the kind of success which all Americans crave and many achieve. The superficial facts of Lincoln's life verify his interpretation, but it is none the less profoundly untrue. He did, of course, rise from the occupation of a rail-splitter to that of President of the American Republic. He could not have won the confidence of his fellow-countrymen unless he had appropriated all that was wholesome and fruitful in their life and behavior. He shared their kindliness and good nature, their tenacity of purpose, their good faith and, above all, their innocence. His services to his country and the achieved integrity of his personal life depended on his being good natured, resolute, faithful and innocent. But these comparatively common traits were supplemented in his case by others of a very different complexion. By some miraculous flight of the will he had formed himself into an intellectually candid, concentrated and disinterested man and into a morally humane, humble and magnanimous man. These qualities, which were the very flow of his personal life, neither the average nor the exceptional American of his day or our day can claim to possess. Not only does the American fail to possess these qualities but he either ignores, misunderstands or disparages them. His deepest convictions stamp the average man with more energy and the ordinary aggressive successful climber, as the admirable national type. Lincoln was not at all like that. Yet his fellow countrymen praise and reverence him just as if he was what they take him to be.

While Americans do not understand how complicated, many-sided and distinctively individual Lincoln is, his influence on them is the child as much of his many-sidedness as it is of his deceptive simplicity. They find in his words or in his actions, just as they do in the words and actions of Jesus, persuasive precedents for very different kinds of behavior. During the war, for instance, those who wished to fight on to the finish, those who considered it essential to keep political discussion alive and subordinate military action to political purposes, and those in whom war did not extinguish the spirit of fair play and good will—people who represented all these divergent points of view found consolation and support in Lincoln's deeds and phrases. In our own day he serves almost equally well as the prophet both of conservatism and radicalism. The National Industrial Conference Board has issued a leaflet, intended obviously for circulation among wage earners, in which Lincoln figures chiefly as the spiritual forerunner of Calvin Coolidge. They quote him as the advocate of hard work, thrift, the indefeasible right of private property and law and order, and the quotations are, of course, unimpeachably authentic. But the Labor Party of New York carries on its letterhead an emphatic affirmation by Lincoln of the prior claim of labor as compared to capital on the produce of industry; and the *New York World* reproduces a passage from the First Inaugural about the right of deportation and which, if uttered by an alien, would be condemned as seditious by the proposed Congressional legislation.

THE INTERESTS, the sects and the parties all labor to exploit for the benefit of their own propaganda the name of Lincoln, but although they can usually find sentences and acts which they construe for their own benefit, the man himself as a spiritual force always breaks out of the breastworks of any particular cause. He never purveyed one particular political, moral or social specialty. His generation was particularly given to spiritual sectarianism and social crotchets. He himself was extremely accessible to generous emotions and humane ideas. But he was too complete a man to allow his mind to pass into the possession of any cause. And just as he freed himself from the obsession of the reformer, so he was also too much of a man to yield to the weakness of a tolerant and balanced intelligence and take refuge in intellectual eclecticism. He was first of all himself. With the tact of moral genius he appropriated all that he needed from his surroundings and dismissed apparently without hesitation or struggle all that was superfluous and distracting. Whatever he appropriated he completely domesticated in his own life. The memory of Bismarck belongs chiefly to the German national imperialists; the memory of Gladstone belongs chiefly to *laissez-faire* liberalism; even the memory of Washington belongs more than anything else to the successors of the Federalists. But the memory of Lincoln belongs to all his fellow-countrymen who can guess what magnanimity is. Alone among modern statesmen he is master of every cause and every controversy which entered into his life. He did not flourish principles which he had not

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assimilated. He never relaxed his grip upon truth which he had once thoroughly achieved. The action of his mind was always formative. Instead of being enervated and cheapened by its own exercise, as it was in the case of so many of his contemporaries and successors, it waxed steadily in flexibility, in concentration, in imaginative insight and in patient self-possession.

Hence it is that Lincoln is at once the most individual and the most universal of statesmen. In externals he fairly reeks of Middle-western life during the pioneer period. No man could reflect more vividly the manners and the habits of his day and generation. He is inconceivable in any other surroundings. But with all his essentially and intensely Middle-western aspect, he achieved for himself a personality which speaks to human beings irrespective of time and country. Already he is being more carefully studied and more discriminately appreciated in England than in America, and the interest of Englishmen is prophetic of that of other peoples. Wherever throughout the world Democrats look for a hero or a seer whose life and sayings embody the spiritual promise of democracy, they will turn to Lincoln. They will turn to him because, essentially American as he was, and subject as he was to all the ambitions and distractions of a democratic political leader, he embodies none the less the permanent type of consummate personal nobility. He had attained the ultimate object of personal culture. He had married a firm will to a luminous intelligence. His judgments were charged with momentum and his actions were instinct with sympathy and understanding. And because he had charged himself high for his own life he qualified himself to place a high value on the life of other people. He envisaged them all, rich and poor, black and white, rebel and loyalist as human beings, whose chance of being something better than they were depended chiefly on his own personal willingness and ability to help them in taking advantage of it.

Finally Lincoln obtained the mastery of his own life not merely or chiefly as the result of tenacity of purpose and strength of will. When the Divine Comedy of the modern worlds comes to be written, we shall find all the houses in one of the suburbs of Purgatory occupied by people who were esteemed during life chiefly for strength of character. It was his intelligence and insight which humanized his will. Not only were his peculiar services to his fellow countrymen before and during the Civil War born of his ability to see more clearly and think harder than the other political leaders, but the structure of his personal life and the poignancy of his personal influence depend most of all on the quality of his mind. It was his insight which enabled him to keep alive during the Civil War the spirit of just and merciful dealing and the hope of love and charity on earth. He knew that without just and merciful dealing human nature could not be redeemed in this or in any other worlds, and because he knew this the goblins of war could not lead him astray. Both the integrity and the magnanimity of his life were born of this humane knowledge. Others willed when he did not and much good their willing did. But he knew when others did not know and he knew the value of knowledge. In a neglected passage of one of his last speeches he recommends to his fellow countrymen the study of "the incidents" of the Civil War "as philosophy to learn wisdom from and none of them as wrongs to be revenged." That sentence furnishes the key to the interpretation of Abraham Lincoln. He studied the incidents of his own life, of the lives of other people and the life of his country not as an excuse for revenge or for any kind of moral pugnacity or compensation, but as a philosophy to learn wisdom from. His fellow countrymen revere his memory but in studying the incidents of their own war they are far from either accepting his advice or following his example.

February 8, 1920

America, Listen To Your Own

LET AMERICANS turn to America, and to that very America which has been rejected and almost annihilated. Do they want to draw sustenance for the future? They will never draw it from the lovely monuments of our European past. These have an almost fatal narcotic, dream-luxurious effect upon the soul, America must turn again to catch the spirit of her own dark, aboriginal continent. That which was abhorrent to the Pilgrim Fathers and to the Spaniards, that which was called the Devil, the black Demon of savage America, this great aboriginal spirit the Americans must recognize again, recognize and embrace. The devil and anathema of our forefathers hides the Godhead which we seek.

As Venice wedded the Adriatic, let America embrace the great dusky continent of the Red Man. It is a mysterious, delicate process, no theme for tub-thumping and shouts of Expositions. And yet it is a theme upon which American writers have touched and touched again, uncannily, unconsciously, blindfold as it were. Whitman was almost conscious; only the political democracy issue confused him. Now is the day when Americans must become fully self-reliantly conscious of their own inner responsibility. They must be ready for a new act, a new extension of life. They must pass the bounds.

To your tents, O America. Listen to your own, don't listen to Europe.

December 15, 1920 D. H. LAWRENCE

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It's Terrible! It's Ghastly! It Stinks!

EDMUND WILSON

I HAVE LAUGHED a great deal in reading this book. I like to hear about how Sam Goldwyn, when told that a script was "too caustic," said: "To hell with the cost! We'll make it anyway." And I like even better to hear about how Goldwyn had brought Maeterlinck to Hollywood in a private car and then, after seeing his first script, rushed from the room screaming: "My God, the hero is a bee!" Alva Johnston, who is an adept at this kind of personal sketch, has handled his subject with deftness. He has turned out a good piece of light reading, in which the Goldwyn gags are sprinkled in such a way as to give the whole story a certain comic sparkle.

And yet this book has made me slightly sick. It has the slave brand of Hollywood upon it. Instead of being able simply to present Sam Goldwyn as the rich humorous character he undoubtedly is with whatever credit for energy and enterprise he deserves, Mr. Johnston seems to feel forced to flatter him. Mr. Johnston does not, to be sure, offer up his homage to Goldwyn with quite the piety of a denizen of the studios. He is used to writing "profiles" for *The New Yorker*, and he makes an attempt to turn his paeans off with quick winks and light changes of tone. But the flattery is there just the same. One gets very definitely the impression that Mr. Johnston has written his sketch in such a way that Mr. Goldwyn will be able to read it or to have certain selected passages read to him and imagine that he has been apotheosized by Mr. Johnston, while at the same time Mr. Johnston will be let out with his friends in New York by the delicate irony which he has aimed in their direction but which may not be perceptible to Mr. Goldwyn. Or perhaps it is all a special kind of publicity designed to give more serious weight to Mr. Goldwyn by scaling down his colossal vanity and ignorance, and what sounds from Mr. Johnston's account like a lack of ordinary sportsmanship and decency, to the proportions of amusing foibles which only endear him the more to his friends.

I will quote only two examples—the whole book is written in the same way. "It has been said," says Mr. Johnston, "that if Shakespeare were alive today, Goldwyn would have him. It is an interesting motion; some of the bad plays, like *Cymbeline, Troilus and Cressida* and *Pericles*, might have been tightened up into great dramas if the playwright had had a producer over him to tell him, 'It stinks, Wagspeare. It's lousy. It's terrible. It's ghastly. You're ruining me, Wagstaff'." Very funny about Goldwyn talking to Shakespeare; but what is Mr. Johnston's object in asserting that the defective plays of Shakespeare could have been converted by Mr. Goldwyn into "great dramas"? Mr. Johnston must know as well as anybody that Mr. Goldwyn would not be able to do anything for the least of Shakespeare's plays except turn it into something different and worse. And here is the conclusion of *The Great Goldwyn*:

> Last year was Sam's twenty-third in the movie business; his press department at that time spotted him two years and celebrated the completion of his quarter-century in the business. Next year is Sam's real silver jubilee. It is something for everybody to feel patriotic about. The USA leads the world by a wider margin in pictures than anything else, and one of the chief reasons is the Great Goldwyn.

Well, I for one will be damned if I will feel patriotic about Sam Goldwyn's silver jubilee, which his agents have already celebrated two years before it was due. In what sense does the United States lead the world in moving pictures? We make more of them and are more proficient mechanically, but have we ever had anything that was comparable artistically to the best Russian and German films? I can think of nothing except Charlie Chaplin, who is his own producer and produces simply himself. Our films seemed to be improving for a while, at least up to 1930. There were new actors brought in from Europe and from the speaking stage in New York; there was mechanical experimentation and an esthetic attention to photography; intelligent directors were given their chance.

THEN, with the retrenchments imposed by the depression the whole movie business seemed to harden into something immovably banal. The big producers nailed down their favorite formulas in all their obviousness, falsity and vulgarity, and almost entirely abandoned the attempt to make the old stock situations seem lifelike or to point them up with scenic distinction. The actors who were brought to Hollywood were handled with extreme stupidity, and invariably, if they stayed there, ruined. A lot of talent has been fed into the studios, and what have our pictures got to show for it? How shall we ever know now whether John Barrymore would ever have amounted to anything? How shall we know whether Katharine Hepburn—or, for that matter, Greta Garbo—ever really had anything to her? They set the talented Emil Jannings to performing over and over

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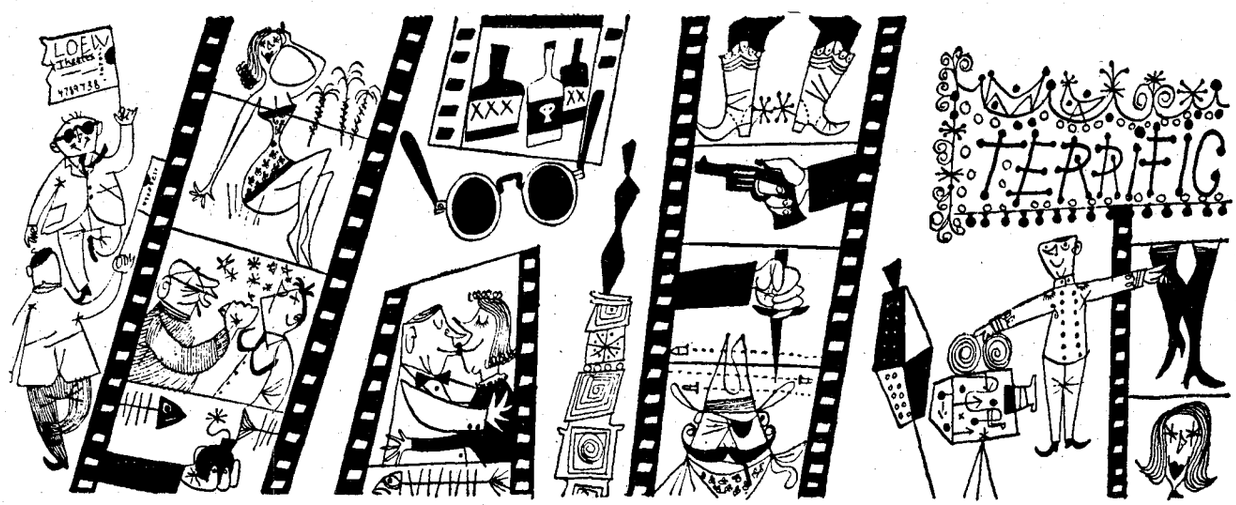
again wretched parodies of his German masterpieces with everything that had given them reality and made them moving, bleached out by the insipid Hollywood sun, until he could stand it no longer and escaped. Charles Laughton has also escaped and has returned to England and the Old Vic. Marlene Dietrich, who must have some ability, because she makes marvelous phonograph records in German, has been turned into something in the nature of one of those loose-jointed dolls which you see propped up against the pillows in ladies' boudoirs, and made to appear in pictures so foolish, so unsightly and of such horrible taste that the most beautiful woman in the world could not survive them. The only mirrors in which the film actors may see themselves are apparently the movie magazines, edited for adolescent schoolgirls.

Anna Sten, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn seemed unable to use at all; and I see that she has now come back to make "Gorgeous," "Love Me Again" and "Orchid Girl" for Grand National. Mae West, whose great attraction was that she made up her own stuff and created a fairy-tale world of her own, now has savorless imitations of her personal vein written for her by Hollywood hacks, who have quickly converted it into ordinary Hollywood. The vultures of the Coast get them all. A director like King Vidor who has serious aspirations ends by producing the worst kind of monstrosity; the bad serious picture. The polish Lubitsch ends as thin veneer on the awful old formulas. It has actually got to a point where films like *Tarzan* and *Charlie Chan* are really the most satisfactory things one can go to. They are absurd, they are fairy tales; but they have a certain independent existence.

The other day, after long abstinence from the movies, the result of having seen nothing but bad films for a year, I went to one for the first time in months. I had assumed that the Marx brothers were indestructible. True, I had been reading the publicity stories about their new picture *A Day at the Races*; about how it had first been taken all over the country in the form of a stage entertainment and had had eliminated from it every gag which was found to be not immediately susceptible of being appreciated by an audience in every town of more than two or three thousand in the Union. (George Kaufman, who wrote *Once in a Lifetime* as a satire on Hollywood after his first experience there but who afterwards went back for more, apparently lent himself to this.) But I hadn't grasped the inevitable consequence: that all vitality, all spontaneity, would by this process be eliminated from the Marx brothers. As if even popular comic art were not more a matter of putting over something of one's own on one's audience's imagination (as Charlie Chaplin and Walt Disney have) than of finding formulas to provoke its sure reactions! The idea of establishing and exploiting the lowest common denominator of audiences has finally killed the movies. They are absolutely sterile and static. And even the Marx brothers are no longer the Marx brothers. Their corporate élan has been deadened by unnatural selection of their dullest gags, especially written down for the hicks by Mr. Kaufman; and now they fall asunder helpless. It would be a joke if *A Day at the Races*, after all the trouble taken to ensure its popularity, should turn out to be a total flop.

And the writers. Before the vultures have cleaned up the carcass, the big white worms of the studios have grown fat on it. And the vultures get the worms, too. Have we not all had dear friends who have gone West with a smile on their lips and who have never returned again?—from whom we have ceased to hear and whose names we never mention, whom we remember a little wonderingly sometimes as young people of promise we once knew and in connection with whom it never occurs to us that they may have been the authors of the dreadful stuff which we hear the smooth-faced phantoms croak between kisses and pistol-shots when we are unwise enough to go to a film? Yes, as Alva Johnston tells us, Mr. Goldwyn always wants the best writers.



DRAWING BY JEROME SNYDER

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And there they are cooped up in their little cells, like school children doing exercises for teacher. Teacher is the supervisor, and the great aim is to be a favorite of teacher's. There they are blowing in their money on goofy Los Angeles houses and on gigantic cocktail parties where they talk about their salaries and their options and always speak of their superiors with respect. There they submit to be spied on by their employers and to have their letters opened and read. There the few who have not surrendered themselves entirely believe themselves to be uncompromising leftists—get together to give three cheers for Stalin and to shed a tear for Spain. But when the Screen Writers' Guild was organized, it took only one woof from Schulberg to send them running like prairie-dogs to their holes, leaving the job to the technicians and the actors. And now the black-listed leaders are creeping back, so long habituated to degradation at high salaries that, however radical their professions may be, they don't know how to get on without it.

The only indictment of the big movie producers which has ever seemed to me strong enough was written years ago in the old *Smart Set* by George Jean Nathan. He had the rich and reckless language for it, and I am sorry that my own powers are relatively feeble. It is quite plain that the producers of today, including the Great Goldwyn and the late lamented Irving Thalberg, are the same megalomaniac skates they always were. You have only to look at their pictures. You have only to look at their slaves. From the servant you may know the master. Mr. Johnston can have had only a brief submergence, but look at the book he has produced!

July 21, 1937

Correspondence

SIR: In Edmund Wilson's long indictment of Hollywood and its writers I am the only Hollywood writer who gets named, barring a passing reference to Maeterlinck. In my entire life I have spent something like three months working for the movies; I did not write *A Day at the Races,* with which Mr. Wilson so gleefully credits me, and it is untrue that I "went back for more" after *Once in a Lifetime,* because up to that time I had never even seen the place, and neither had Moss Hart. And I see no reason why I should blandly remain silent because Mr. Wilson is too lazy or too indifferent to look up his facts.

August 4, 1937 GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Live Respectably

FRANCIS HACKETT

ONE EVENING at Simpson's on the Strand I sat at an empty table so starved for human society that neither beef nor mutton could still me.

And after a while a young man slid into the chair opposite. He was just a young man. His hair was polished. He wore a good suit. He was obviously human.

He never lifted his eyes, of course. With a surreptitious glance at my order, he repeated it to the waiter in an undertone, and then slid into his paper the way he had slid into his chair.

It was the time England, too, was doing a slide of its own, off the gold standard. I had been reading the same edition of the same paper, and I could see him going over the same surfaces with his eye like a lawnmower. But occasionally he tipped a little glance at me. He was pretending to me that I wasn't there, three feet away just as I was pretending to him that he wasn't there, even though we were sharing the same table, the same food, the same news.

For a while I stood it, but at length, suffering from repression, I opened my mouth. I addressed the Englishman. There was one impersonal topic that I knew to be common to us, namely, the gold standard, so, awkwardly enough, I ventured to blurt out, "And how do you feel about the gold standard?"

He heard me, and then an awful thing happened. He blushed. I believe he blushed from the waist up. I could not see the blood mount all that way, but it certainly rose in a flood to the roots of his hair. I blushed, too. We sat there, face to face, blushing arduously, with that blunt question between us. I was so afraid that some other guest might suddenly glance up and catch us that I suffered acutely. I didn't know where to look or what to do. With his blush still surging, he tried some answer. I hardly heard it. I never really knew what he thought of the gold standard, but I guessed what he thought of me. He thought I was an Australian.

Now this intuition, that he thought I was an Australian, or at any rate a Colonial, has thrown a great light on the English mind for me. It was clear I had spilled a bean, or two beans. In the first place I had broken silence, bad enough, and then I had laid my Colonial hand on the Ark of the Covenant, which at the moment was housing the gold standard. The second act was the more repulsive.

It then dawned on me that a whole nation that is trained not to spill the beans has, in a certain sense, achieved a national culture.

The English ruling class understands this, and its technique will be studied by nations yet unborn.

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The easiest way to keep a nation from spilling the aforesaid beans is to deprive them of beans. How completely Mrs. Simpson was kept out of the English news has, I am sure, escaped no one's lively attention. It was no small feat, in this day of pitiless publicity, to keep the lid on for about eight months. To have been the first to take the lid off would not, I conceive, have been very healthy, because the English do know what to do with anyone who takes the lid off. Even if they have to put the culprit into the House of Lords, sooner or later they teach him the technique of the lid.

But more remarkable is the handling of the beans, once they are spilled. It shows how a whole nation can be rallied.

The task of the English ruling class is not to be respectable itself. It is to keep its public respectable. To do this it must be prepared to make, and to offer up, sacrifices. If its great public became disillusioned, either with its history, or its Church, or its Royal Academy, or its Royal Family, or its apple dumplings, the game would have to be played in a different way. To keep the heart of the public sound, on the basis of the moral and Biblical superiority of the English people, is the absolute essence of the game. And this game must be played by the universities, by the law, by the Church, by the historians, by the press and by the British Medical Association. Critics may bob up, fellows like Lytton Strachey, but they are adders to be warned against and in the end to be stamped on.

Given time and privacy, almost anything may be smuggled into the Ark of the Covenant. You already find birth control there. You find the Deceased Wife's Sister. You find the remarriage of divorced Americans, not as a Church law but as a legal obligation laid, if not on a particular clergyman, then on his church building. In this Ark of the Covenant you used to find the gold standard, and now you find the off-gold standard. You used to find dominions, and now you find commonwealths. But the smuggling can't be done if you make the Englishman blush, and that is what the conservatives understand so perfectly.

As between the Archbishop of Canterbury (Glasgow and Balliol) and Mr. Baldwin (Harrow and Cambridge), I give the palm to Mr. Baldwin. The Archbishop is no paltry rival. His brother is an actor, and he is worthy of his brother. I thought it was a blemish in his famous broadcast (about Edward VI and Mrs. Simpson) to use the great occasion for drumming up business. The "craving for personal happiness" should always be decried, and it is permissible to extol the "Christian principles of marriage." But there are Cavaliers as well as Roundheads. Adultery is not unknown in England, since the army is so gallant and the air force so flighty and Jack's the lad when girls are sad to kiss those tears away. The uppercut about the ex-King's social circle "whose standards and ways of life are alien" seemed to me not according to the Marquess of Queensberry's rules, if one may recall the lamented Marquess.

No, there were blemishes, but how superb the performance. What a voice. What a diction, with good pure sentiments in good pure vowel sounds. What a cadence. It was as if the Ark itself were in soliloquy.

And only when Mr. Baldwin gilded the lily in speaking of a "great" gentleman did I feel he was less than perfect. The untutored public can be the meanest alligator in the world, and he got into the warm tank of royal intimacies with his entire public, embraced it, confided in its horny ear and lulled it to rest. One king was taken from its clasp, another put in its place, and only a sigh could be noted. The shyness of the whole people, their mixture of strength and tenderness, their ability to blush—he understands it.

The last time I was in Florida I missed seeing the brave man who puts alligators to sleep by stroking them on the belly. I hope he is still to the good, but if anything has happened to him, I'd like to nominate his successor.

February 3, 1937

The Times Table

MORE than half way up the pass
Was a spring and a broken drinking glass.
And whether the farmer drank or not
His mare was sure to observe the spot
By cramping the wheel on a water-bar
Turning her forehead with a star
And straining her ribs for a monster sigh.
To which the farmer would make reply:
"A sigh for every so many breath
And for every so many sigh a death.
That's what I always tell my wife
Is the multiplication table of life."
The saying may be ever so true,
But it's not the kind of thing that you,
Or I, or anyone else may say,
Unless our purpose is doing harm,
And then I know of no better way
To close a road, abandon a farm,
Reduce the births of the human race,
And bring back nature in peoples' place.

February 9, 1927 ROBERT FROST

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What Is Exploitation?

RANDOLPH BOURNE

MY WESTERN friend who runs a prosperous stove-factory has been finding fault with my insistent use of the word "exploitation." My outlook on life is not sufficiently cheerful, and I am inclined to see malevolence where everything is, as they say at college, healthy, hearty and happy. Our quarrel rose over the Mesaba strike, and my acceptance of an I. W. W. pamphlet as a plausible account of what was going on there. The accounts of the insecurity of pay, the petty robberies, the reeking houses, the bigoted opposition to labor organization, seemed to me to smell of truth, because I had read the maddening tales of Colorado and West Virginia, and seen with my own eyes in Scranton and Gary and Pittsburgh the way workers live, not in crises of industrial war but in brimming times of peace.

My friend, however, is more robust. He would make no such hasty impassioned judgments. He would judge nothing without "going to the mines, working in them for a year or two, being one of the men, getting their free confidence, then working for a couple of years as confidential auditor for the company." Such Olympian judiciality fills me with envy and dismay. I feel that his serenity is the normal mood of healthy activity, facing the modern world. Could he find anything but scorn for those of us who go around with the vestiges of what it is now priggish to call a "social conscience"? To him an industrial strike is like an exciting political contest or the recriminations between "two kid baseball teams." Both sides, he says, "squawk a good deal about the raw stuff the other side is trying to pull off," but deep down, his experience convinces him, "they are very uniformly a pretty human bunch." He hasn't been to Mesaba, but his friend the Duluth bread-dealer assures him that agitators were the cause of all the trouble. They always are. Trouble, to my friend, is a personal matter. He sees individuals, laboring as happily as they can expect to labor on this far from perfumed earth. He sees their contentment disturbed by "outsiders," individuals, bitter envious mischievous men who make a business of setting workmen against their employers. He sees the "outsiders" deluding, persuading, intimidating honest workers into stopping work and engaging in careers of lawlessness. He sees the individual employer in natural self-defense fighting for his rights, defending his property, ousting the agitators, carrying the war into his laborers' camp. From the busy office of his stove-factory, it all looks like a personal quarrel between free and equal individuals. When the state interferes with its militia and its injunctions, it is not flouting individuality, but merely doing its business of maintaining order and defending private property.

What then do I mean by exploitation? And I have to remind my friend that my very first industrial experience was one of those rudimentary patterns of life which (if they are imprinted on your mind early enough) remain to fix the terms in which you interpret the world. The experience was leaving school to work for a musician who had an ingenious little machine on which he cut perforated music-rolls for the players which were just then becoming popular. His control of the means of production consisted in having the machine in his house, to which I went every morning at eight and stayed till five. He provided the paper and the music and the electric power; I worked as a wage-earner, serving his skill and enterprise. I was on piece-work, and everything suggested to my youthful self that it depended only upon my skill and industry how prosperous I should become. But what startled me was my employer's lack of care to conceal from me the fact that for every foot of paper which I made he received 15 cents from the manufacturer with whom he had his contract. He paid me five, and while I worked, spent his time composing symphonies in the next room. As long as I was learning the craft, I had no more feeling about our relation than that there was a vague injustice in the air. But when I began to be dangerously clever and my weekly earnings mounted beyond the sum proper for a young person of 18 who was living at home, I felt the hand of economic power. My piece-rate was reduced to four and a half cents. My innocence blazed forth in rebellion. If I was worth five cents a foot while I was learning, I was worth more, not less, after I had learned. My master folded his arms. I could stay or go. I was perfectly free. And then fear smote me. This was my only skill, and my timorous inexperience filled the outside world with horrors. I returned cravenly to my bench, and when my employer, flushed with his capitalistic ardor, built another machine and looked about for a young musician to work it, I weakly suggested to an old playmate of mine that he apply for the position.

ENLARGE my musician into the employing class of owners and managers and shareholders of factory and railroad, and myself into the class of wage-earners in all these enterprises, and you have the picture of the industrial system which the I. W. W. agitator has

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in mind when he writes the Mesaba pamphlet to which my friend took such exception. With my five cents making that huge differential of profit from my employer, and with my four and a half cents giving his enterprise a productiveness which, if he had incorporated himself, he could have turned into additional capitalization, I was a crude symbol of the industrial system as my mind gradually took in the fact that there was an industrial system. This was my first experience in "exploitation." If there had been fewer musicians available I should probably have had even less. But there would always have been a surplus, and I should have always felt the power of my employer to skim it, to pull it toward himself. As long as I continued at work, nothing could have removed my sense of helplessness. Any struggle I might have made would have been only toward weakening his pull, and lessening the amount he was able to skim. He was not robbing me, and no person of sense would have said he was, but our very relation was an exploitation. There was no medium way between exploitation and philanthropy.

My stove-factory friend, however, will have none of this theory. If it is a question of power, he says, then Mike Solomon exploits the stove company when he is able to get $3 a day, on account of the present demand for labor, when $2 was wealth to him a year ago. Then I admit that local groups of workers are able—either through lack of competition or clever politics or display of force—to exercise temporarily a decisive pull on the surplus and divert most of it to themselves. It is all a question of power. But as long, I tell him, as the employer is entrenched in property rights with the armed state behind him, the power will be his, and the class that does the diverting will not be labor. My friend, however, does not like these Nietzschean terms. He is sure that his workmen have just as much power to exploit him as he has of exploiting them. This is where we differ, and this is why thought will buzz in an angry murky haze over eight-hour bills and individual contracts and collective bargaining as long as millions agree with him. He trusts rights, I trust power. He recognizes only individuals, I recognize classes.

That is why I can never make him understand what I mean by "exploitation." He thinks of it as something personally brutal. He does not see it inherent in a system, for which no one is "specifically to blame" only because all are equally guilty of short vision and flimsy analysis. And yet as I read his letters and clippings, I wonder if he is not the realist and I the mystic. He punctures my phrases of power and class with a coarse satisfied Hunky to whom work and disease and riot are all in the day's work and who would despise the philosophy which I am so anxiously weaving for him. It seems a long way from my dainty music-bench to the iron range, or the stove-factory. One has to feel exploitation perhaps before one understands it. I console myself with the thought that power is itself mystic, and that my friend will have to get hit with some invisible threat of class-force, as some of his frightened friends are now getting hit, before he will analyze any deeper that industrial system of which he is so efficient and loyal an officer.

November 4, 1916

G. B. S. on Democracy

I HOLD, with Adolf Hitler, that our political democracy is a lie. Its "waning" means presumably its being found out. The faster it "wanes" in this sense the better I shall be pleased.

There is no antithesis between authoritarian government and democracy. All government is authoritarian; and the more democratic a government is the more authoritative it is; for with the people behind it it can push its authority farther than any Tsar or foreign despot dare do.

The practical form of freedom is leisure. Farmers who have to work 16 hours a day to pay rent and interest on mortgages in addition to buying necessities for their families are not free: they are abject slaves. They have neither freedom nor security. All ordinary proletarians are necessarily in the same position under capitalism: they have neither freedom nor security; but they have votes, and are taught that the possession of a vote makes them free, and that a crowd of voters constitutes a democracy. That is what Adolf Hitler calls a lie. It is the exposure of that lie that Benito Mussolini described as the putrefaction of the corpse of liberty.

Genuine democracy can exist only when the necessary slavery to Nature—that is, the task of productive work without which we should all perish, is equally shared, and the leisure left when it is done equally shared in consequence. This will produce an enormous extension of freedom; but it is impossible without a corresponding extension of public activity and interference and a careful liquidation of people who want to be free all the time. The motion, still prevalent in America, that government is a tyranny to be minimized at all costs in the name of Liberty, will have to be eradicated by genuine scientific education of the children. American adults are hopeless; but they mean well; and it would be a pity to shoot them.

Security is by itself a meaningless word. Security from what? The proletarian wants security from unemployment, the business man security from bankruptcy, the professional man security from invasion and conquest. The terms must be defined before discussion can come to anything.

April 14, 1937 GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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RING

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

FOR A YEAR and a half, the writer of this appreciation was Ring Lardner's most familiar companion; after that geography made separations and our contacts were rare. When my wife and I last saw him in 1931 he looked already like a man on his deathbed—it was terribly sad to see that six feet three inches of kindness stretched out ineffectual in the hospital room. His fingers trembled with a match, the tight skin on his handsome skull was marked as a mask of misery and nervous pain.

He gave a very different impression when we first saw him in 1921—he seemed to have an abundance of quiet vitality that would enable him to outlast anyone, to take himself for long spurts of work or play that would ruin an ordinary constitution. He had recently convulsed the country with the famous kitten-and-coat saga (it had to do with a World Series bet and with the impending conversion of some kittens into fur), and the evidence of the betting, a beautiful sable, was worn by his wife at the time. In those days he was interested in people, sports, bridge, music, the stage, the newspapers, the magazines, the books. But though I did not know it, the change in him had already begun—the impenetrable despair that dogged him for a dozen years to his death.

He had practically given up sleeping, save on short vacations deliberately consecrated to simple pleasures, most frequently golf with his friends, Grantland Rice or John Wheeler. Many a night we talked over a case of Canadian ale until bright dawn when Ring would rise and yawn:

"Well, I guess the children have left for school by this time—I might as well go home."

The woes of many people haunted him—for example the doctor's death sentence pronounced upon Tad, the cartoonist (who, in fact, nearly outlived Ring)—it was as if he believed he could and ought to do something about such things. And as he struggled to fulfill his contracts, one of which, a comic strip based on the character of "the busher," was a terror indeed, it was obvious that he felt his work to be directionless, merely "copy." So he was inclined to turn his cosmic sense of responsibility into the channel of solving other people's problems—finding someone an introduction to a theatrical manager, placing a friend in a job, maneuvering a man into a golf club. The effort made was often out of proportion to the situation; the truth back of it was that Ring was getting off—he was a faithful and conscientious workman to the end, but he had stopped finding any fun in his work 10 years before he died.

About that time (1922) a publisher undertook to reissue his old books and collect his recent stories and this gave him a sense of existing in the literary world as well as with the public, and he got some satisfaction from the reiterated statements of Mencken and F.P.A. as to his true stature as a writer. But I don't think he cared then—it is hard to understand but I don't think he really gave a damn about anything except his personal relations with a few people. A case in point was his attitude to those imitators who lifted everything except the shirt off his back—only Hemingway has been so thoroughly frisked—it worried the imitators more than it worried Ring. His attitude was that if they got stuck in the process he'd help them over any tough place.

Throughout this period of huge earnings and increasingly solid reputation on top and beneath, there were two ambitions more important to Ring than the work by which he will be remembered: he wanted to be a musician—sometimes he dramatized himself ironically as a thwarted composer—and he wanted to write shows. His dealings with managers would make a whole story: they were always commissioning him to do work which they promptly forgot they had ordered, and accepting librettos that they never produced. (Ring left a short ironic record of Ziegfeld.) Only with the aid of the practical George Kaufman did he achieve his ambition, and by then he was too far gone in illness to get a proper satisfaction from it.

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The point of these paragraphs is that whatever Ring's achievement was it fell short of the achievement he was capable of, and this because of a cynical attitude toward his work. How far back did that attitude go—back to his youth in a Michigan village? Certainly back to his days with the Cubs. During those years, when most men of promise achieve an adult education, if only in the school of war, Ring moved in the company of a few dozen illiterates playing a boy's game. A boy's game, with no more possibilities in it than a boy could master, a game bounded by walls which kept out novelty or danger, change or adventure. This material, the observation of it under such circumstances, was the text of Ring's schooling during the most formative period of the mind. A writer can spin on about his adventures after 30, after 40, after 50, but the criteria by which these adventures are weighed and valued are irrevocably settled at the age of 25. However deeply Ring might cut into it, his cake had exactly the diameter of Frank Chance's diamond.

HERE WAS his artistic problem, and it promised future trouble. So long as he wrote within that inclosure the result was magnificent: within it he heard and recorded the voice of a continent. But when, inevitably, he outgrew his interest in it, what was Ring left with?

He was left with his fine etymological technique—and he was left rather helpless in those few acres. He had been formed by the very world on which his hilarious irony had released itself. He had fought his way through to knowing what people's motives are and what means they are likely to resort to in order to attain their goals. But now he had a new problem—what to do about it. He went on seeing, and the sights traveled back to the optic nerve, but no longer to be thrown off in fiction, because they were no longer sights that could be weighed and valued by the old criteria. It was never that he was completely sold on athletic virtuosity as the be-all and end-all of problems; the trouble was that he could find nothing finer. Imagine life conceived as a business of beautiful muscular organization—an arising, an effort, a good break, a sweat, a bath, a meal, a love, a sleep—imagine it achieved; then imagine trying to apply that standard to the horribly complicated mess of living where nothing, even the greatest conceptions and workings and achievements, is else but messy, spotty, tortuous—and then one can imagine the confusion that Ring faced coming out of the ball park.

He kept on recording but he no longer projected, and this accumulation, which he has taken with him to the grave, crippled his spirit in the latter years. It was not the fear of Niles, Michigan, that hampered him—it was the habit of silence formed in the presence of the "ivory" with which he lived and worked. Remember he was not humble ivory—maniacal ivory. He got a habit of silence, then the habit of repression that finally took the form of his odd little crusade in *The New Yorker* against pornographic songs. He had agreed with himself to speak only a small portion of his mind.

The present writer once suggested to him that he organize some *cadre* within which he could adequately display his talents, suggesting that it should be something deeply personal, and something on which Ring could take his time, but he dismissed the idea lightly; he was a disillusioned idealist but he had served his Fates well, and no other ones could be casually created for him—"This is something that can be printed," he reasoned, "this, however, belongs with that bunch of stuff that can never be written.

He covered himself in such cases with protests of his inability to bring off anything big, but this was specious, for he was a proud man and had no reason to rate his abilities cheaply. He refused to "tell all" because in a crucial period of his life he had formed the habit of not doing it—and this he had elevated gradually into a standard of taste. It never satisfied him by a damn sight.

So one is haunted not only by a sense of personal loss but by a conviction that Ring got less percentage of himself on paper than any other American author of the first flight. There is "You Know Me, Al," and there are about a dozen wonderful short stories. (My God, he hadn't even saved them—the material of "How to Write Short Stories" was obtained by photographing old issues of magazines in the public library!) and there is some of the most uproarious and inspired nonsense since Lewis Carroll. Most of the rest is mediocre stuff, with flashes, and I would do Ring a disservice to suggest it should be set upon an altar and worshipped, as have been the most casual relics of Mark Twain. Those three volumes should seem enough—to everyone who didn't know Ring. But I venture that no one who knew him but will agree that the personality of the man overlapped it. Proud, shy, solemn, shrewd, polite, brave, kind, merciful, honorable—with the affection these qualities aroused he created in addition a certain awe in people. His intentions, his will, once in motion were formidable factors in dealing with him—he always did every single thing he said he would do. Frequently he was the melancholy Jacques, and sad company indeed, but under any conditions a noble dignity flowed from him, so that time in his presence always seemed well spent.

ON MY DESK, at the moment, I have the letters that Ring wrote to us; here is a letter one thousand words long, here is one of two thousand words—theatrical gossip, literary shop talk, flashes of wit but not much wit, for he was feeling thin and saving the best of that for his work, anecdotes of his activities. I reprint the most typical one I can find:

> The Dutch Treat show was a week ago Friday night. Grant Rice and I had reserved a table, and a table holds ten people and no more. Well, I had invited, as one guest, Jerry Kern, but he telephoned at the last moment that he couldn't come. I then consulted with

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Grant Rice, who said he had no substitute in mind, but that it was a shame to waste our extra ticket when tickets were at a premium. So I called up Jones, and Jones said yes, and would it be all right for him to bring along a former Senator who was a pal of his and had been good to him in Washington. I said I was sorry, but our table was filled and besides, we didn't have an extra ticket. "Maybe I could dig up another ticket somewhere," said Jones. "I don't believe so," I said, "but anyway the point is that we haven't room at our table." "Well," said Jones. "I could have the Senator eat somewhere else and join us in time for the show." "Yes," I said, "but we have no ticket for him." "Well, I'll think up something," and I had a hell of a time getting an extra ticket and shoving the Senator in at another table where he wasn't wanted, and later in the evening, the Senator thanked Jones and said he was the greatest fella in the world and all I got was goodnight.

Well, I must close and nibble on a carrot. R.W.L.

Even in a telegram Ring could compress a lot of himself. Here is one:

When are you coming back and why please answer
Ring Lardner.

This is not the moment to recollect Ring's convivial aspects, especially as he had, long before his death, ceased to find amusement in dissipation, or indeed in the whole range of what is called entertainment—save for his perennial interest in songs. By grace of the radio and of the many musicians who, drawn by his enormous magnetism, made pilgrimages to his bedside, he had a consolation in the last days, and he made the most of it, hilariously rewriting Cole Porter's lyrics in *The New Yorker*. But it would be an evasion for the present writer not to say that when he was Ring's neighbor a decade ago, they tucked a lot under their belts in many weathers, and spent many words on many men and things. At no time did I feel that I had known him enough, or that anyone knew him—it was not the feeling that there was more stuff in him and that it should come out, it was rather a qualitative difference, it was rather as though, due to some inadequacy in one's self, one had not penetrated to something unsolved, new and unsaid. That is why one wishes that Ring had written down a larger proportion of what was in his mind and heart. It would have saved him longer for us, and that in itself would be something. But I would like to know what it was, and now I will go on wishing—what did Ring want, how did he want things to be, how did he think things were?

A great and good American is dead. Let us not obscure him by the flowers, but walk up and look at that fine medallion, all abraded by sorrows that perhaps we are not equipped to understand. Ring made no enemies, because he was kind, and to many millions he gave release and delight.

October 11, 1933

Objections to World Government

A WORLD government would have to be a coalition government, in which the Russians and their acolytes (now including the rulers of China) would have a large share. There is no reason to suppose they would behave differently in a world government from the way Communists have behaved in every national coalition government, or for that matter in every labor-union coalition government. Every such government has eventually been faced with a choice between throwing them out and letting them take over. To throw them out of a world government would be difficult and dangerous; it would mean a world civil war, with the odds heavily against the democracies. It seems simpler, and safer, to keep them out in the first place.

But, say the world-government advocates, consider the frightful alternative—atomic war. It would be frightful, but I am not persuaded that it is the necessary alternative; either/or thinking is seldom applicable to the complexities of politics. By a vigorous and intelligent political policy, reinforced by the maintenance of powerful armaments, we may be able to convince the Russians that they cannot get what they want without war, and that they could not possibly win a war; so eventually they might decide to settle down with what they have.

This policy is open to objections, too. It offers no hope for the liberation of the peoples now enslaved by the Kremlin—unless the Russian empire should fall apart from its own internal contradictions, which is possible but not at all probable. Also, this policy would take a long time and would cost a great deal of money. But it would cost far less than a war. As for the time, no one can say how long it might take; decades, I should think, rather than centuries; but a long time on the individual life-scale, and a time in which we could never afford to relax our vigilance, and would probably be unable to relax our tension. We shall all have to get used to living in the kind of world we don't like much—living in it, and working hard to keep it from becoming the kind of world we should not like at all. But that is not without precedent. When the Ice Age was coming on, it did no good to pretend that the glaciers weren't there, or that this weather was very unusual; you had to get used to living with the conditions that actually existed.

Such a life (we are getting a taste of it already, and it is likely to become less comfortable and more expensive) would with all its drawbacks be better than an atomic war. Unfortunately, we cannot be sure it would prevent war, though it looks to me like the best prospect for so doing. And if war came? Well, there is only one thing worse than atomic war and that is the loss of freedom—the total loss of freedom, of the body and of the mind, that you get in a totalitarian police state.

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We know all about the evils of nationalism; and there are many. But when a nation has lost its freedom, it may hope some day to recover it; at worst, some of its more fortunate citizens can get out to regions that are still free. If the whole world loses its freedom, whence comes salvation? Some day, no doubt, we shall have world government; but it will have to be a different kind of world—either far better than the world we live in, or far worse.

February 27, 1950 ELMER DAVIS

Meditation In E Minor

H. L. MENCKEN

THE CLASS that I belong to is an interior subclass of the order of capitalists. I am not rich, but my ease and welfare depend very largely upon the security of wealth. If stocks and bonds became valueless tomorrow, I'd be forced to supplement my present agreeable work with a good deal of intensely disagreeable work. Hence I am in favor of laws protecting property, and am an admirer of the Constitution of the United States in its original form. If such laws can be enforced peacefully, *i.e.,* by deluding and hornswoggling the classes whose interests they stand against, then I am in favor of so enforcing them; if not, then I am in favor of employing professional bullies, *e.g.,* policemen, soldiers and Department of Justice thugs, to enforce them with the sword. Here I borrow the morality of the radicals, who are my enemies; their arguments in favor of an alert class-consciousness convince me, but I stick to my own class. I borrow even more from the liberals, who are also my enemies. In particular, I borrow the doctrine that peace in such matters is better than war—that it is foolish to hire gunmen when it is so much simpler and easier to bamboozle the boobs with phrases. Here, of course, a trade interest helps out my class consciousness; I am a professional maker of phrases and delight in displays of virtuosity. The liberals feed me with that delight. This explains why I like them and encourage them, though their politics usually depress me.

But though I am thus in favor of property and would be quite content to see one mob of poor men (in uniform) set to gouging and ham-stringing another mob of poor men (in overalls) in order to protect it, it by no means follows that I am in favor of the wealthy bounders who now run the United States, or of the politics that they preach in their kept press. On the contrary, I am even more violently against them than I am against the radicals with their sticks of dynamite and the liberals with the jugs of Peruna. And for a plain reason. On the one hand, these swine oppress me excessively and unnecessarily—by putting up prices, by loading me with inordinate taxes, by setting hordes of bureaucrats to looting me, by demanding that I give my assent to all their imbecile and dishonest ideas, and by threatening me with the cost of endless wars, to them extremely profitable. On the other hand, and even more importantly, their intolerable hoggishness threatens to raise the boobery in revolt and bring about a reign of terror from which only the strongest will emerge. That revolt would ruin me. I am not large enough, as a capitalist, to make a profit out of wars and turmoils. I believe that the rising of the proletariat, if it ever comes in this country, will end in a colossal victory for capitalism—that capitalism, as at present and in the past, will play off one mob against another, and pick the pockets of both. But it will also pick my pockets. It will also force me, who had nothing to do with the row, and protested against it bitterly, to pay a tremendous price for getting out alive. I'll have my naked hide, but everything else will be lost, including honor.

Ah, that my vision were a mere nightmare, the child of encroaching senility and bad beer! Unluckily, the late lamentable war showed its terrible reality. That war was fought against my advice and consent, and I took no part in it whatever, save as a spectator. In particular, I made no profit out of it—not a cent, directly or indirectly. Well, what is my situation today? In brief, I find that my property is worth roughly speaking, no more than half of what it was worth at the end of 1916, and that, considering its ratio to the total national wealth, and the difference between the national debt then and now, I owe, as a citizen of the United States, something between $8,000 and $10,000. To whom? Who got it, and how, and for what? . . . Let us not go into the question too particularly. I find my class-consciousness wobbling!

MEANWHILE I still manage to eat without too much labor, and so I incline to the Right, and am a Tory in politics, and trust in God. It would give me great pleasure to vote for a Tory candidate for the Presidency—not a hollow ass like General Wood, but an honest and unashamed Tory, one voicing the sincere views of the more civilized section of the propertied class, not a mere puppet for usurers. Unfortunately, no such candidate ever offers himself. The men put up by these usurers are always such transparent frauds that it is impossible, without anesthetics, to vote for them. I admire liars, but surely not liars so clumsy that they cannot fool even themselves. I am an old hand at political shows, and witnessed both the nomination of Harding at Chicago and that of Cox at San Francisco. It would be difficult to imagine more obscene spectacles. Who, being

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privy to their disgusting trimming, their mean courting of mean men, their absolute lack of any sense of dignity, honor or self-respect, could vote for either? It will take me all the time between now and November, abandoning all other concerns, to work up the necessary cynicism—and no doubt I'll fail even then. But could I vote for Christiansen? He is a Knight of Pythias; allow me my prejudices! Debs? Please don't suggest it in plain words. It would be anguish unspeakable; I am probably the only man in Christendom who has never been a Socialist even for an instant. An idiot, this Debs, but honest, and he says plainly that he is against me. I'd be a worse idiot if I voted for him.

My dilemma, alas, is not unique. Thousands of other men must face it—men of my class, men of related classes, perhaps even men of classes far removed. It visualizes one of the penalties that democracy, the damndest of frauds, inflicts upon every man who violates all its principles by trying to be honest.

September 8, 1920

The Race's Splendor

THE RACE'S splendor lifts her lip, exposes
Amid her scarlet smile her little teeth;
The years are sand the wind plays with; beneath,
The prisoned music of her deathless roses.

Within frostbitten rock she's fixed and glassed;
Now man may look upon her without fear.
But her contemptuous eyes back through him stare
And shear his fatuous sheep when he has passed.

Lilith she is dead and safely tombed
And man may plant and prune with naught to bruit
His heired and ancient lot to which he's doomed,
For quiet drowse the flocks when wolf is mute—
Ay, Lilith she is dead, and she is wombed,
And breaks his vine, and slowly eats the fruit.

April 12, 1933 WILLIAM FAULKNER

On The Inhumanity of Fanaticism

WHY do the Germans claim the highest *Kultur,* and claim it with the deepest conviction, backed by the most elaborate historical and philosophical arguments? Almost for the same reason for which they are called barbarians by their enemies. Have they not renounced individualism in the interests of organization, recast their institutions and subdued their souls for the better service of the state? Have they not scoured the sciences and tormented the arts, so as to strengthen and express their national energies? Evidently their alleged barbarism is but the inevitable operation of their boasted *Kultur*; and the bias of the two opposite designations cannot alter the formidable fact to which both equally apply.

The sword of Islam and the zeal of the Inquisition were similarly denounced and similarly justified. Those who think they have hold on an absolute good must necessarily be ruthless. That the end justifies the means passes for an immoral maxim; but taken in one sense it is the very principle of order and rational sacrifice. A supreme social good is hardly to be secured without foregoing many sweets and inflicting many stripes on one's own back and even more on one's neighbor's. It is true that a rigid control of life in the service of ends freely chosen would not curtail freedom, but rather set freedom in motion where only chance and alternating impulses prevailed before.

Yet the maturer and disillusioned portion of mankind are hardly wrong in smelling a danger whenever an absolute and supreme end is proposed and pursued to the serious inconvenience of everybody. They know how likely it is that such a dazzling celestial light should be but heat-lighting. The pursuit of any single end, ravishing and incomparable as it may seem to the enthusiast, strains and impoverishes human nature, and sometimes, by detaching it too much from common and humble feelings, actually debauches it. Indeed, the inhumanity of fanaticism does not lie chiefly in the conscientious crimes which it dictates here and there; it lies rather in the miserable imaginary end itself, for the sake of which those crimes are committed. A "truth," a "salvation," a *Kultur,* which wars and persecutions hope to diffuse is presumably spurious. Men presently will cry out to be saved from that salvation and enlightened out of that truth; they will gasp to escape from the heavy regime of that *Kultur,* so as to see this green world for themselves, and live and learn after their own fashion. If the end does not justify the means, it is because this end is too often worthless, or at least no more valuable than what it bids us renounce for its sake. Nothing will repay a man for becoming inhuman. The aim of life is some way of living, as flexible and gentle as human nature; so that ambition may stoop to kindness, and philosophy to candor and to humor. Neither prosperity nor empire nor heaven can be worth winning at the price of a virulent temper, bloody hands, an anguished spirit, and a vain hatred of the rest of the world.

November 28, 1914 GEORGE SANTAYANA

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Moscow and Emporia

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

FIVE YEARS ago I spent two or three weeks in Russia. Naturally for 20 years the Russian experiment has interested me and puzzled me. I had a curious official contact with Russia. While I was in Paris in 1918, President Wilson appointed me one of an international commission to meet Russian representatives on the Island of Prinkipo, in the Sea of Marmora, to try to negotiate a settlement of Tsarist Russia's international obligations so that Russia might be invited as a delegate to the League of Nations, which was being set up by the Paris Peace Conference. The French throttled the Prinkipo meeting, and Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George turned from negotiations to war with Russia and backed the White generals. Later I was one of the committee that obtained the translation and publication of a number of Russian documents relative to the revolution—I forget just what. When anyone for any reason was forming any sort of society looking to a cultural alliance with Russia, or a group to promote the recognition of Russia, I joined. As a member of a small subcommittee on resolutions at the Republican National Convention of 1920, Senator Borah and I and two or three liberals on the subcommittee wrote in a phrase which justified America's recognition of the Soviets. President Coolidge, on the basis of that platform phrase, in his first message recommended recognition. The State Department stopped him. So in 1933 when Maurice Hindus told us he was going to Russia and suggested that I join him there, I did so. In Russia, I saw no bigwigs. I shipped quickly the guide they assigned to me, and went around with Maurice Hindus and the Moscow correspondents of British and American newspapers. These correspondents ranged from Louise Strong and Louis Fischer on the Left, through Duranty and Gene Lyons in the Left Center, to Barnes of the *Tribune* and the man representing the Hearst service, pretty well to the Right. In this preface I am merely qualifying myself as a competent middle-class witness who on the whole, as an average American, has wished the Russians well. I still do. I think the Russians are mad. I believe they cannot possibly succeed until they cure their madness and I am as sure as I can be that Communism, as a philosophy, won't hold water. I feel that it is not a creed that men may live by long.

I read all the books I can conveniently read about Russia on both sides, the Right and the Left. In the last few months, I have been immensely puzzled trying to make some sense out of four of this year's books—"The Report of Court Proceedings in the Case of the Anti-Soviet 'Bloc of Rights and Trotskyites' Held Before the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the USSR" published last March; "Not Guilty—Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Charges Made Against Leon Trotsky in the Moscow Trials," by John Dewey and his friends of the Commission; Maurice Hindus' *Green Worlds* and *In Search of Soviet Gold*, by John D. Littlepage and Demaree Bess. The first two books are filled with testimony pro and con in the charges against Leon Trotsky and those of his friends who have been executed or exiled for treasonable activities. And in John Dewey's report, the evidence of witnesses indicated that the testimony last March is a tissue of lies. Maurice Hindus' book, which does not mention these two volumes of contradictory testimony, is an attempt to explain the essential difference between rural America and rural Russia. It is an honest book and after reading it I can understand a little about the slant and point of view of the Russian people. Reading Mr. Littlepage's book, which is written much farther to the Right than Maurice Hindus', I can in some ways understand and sympathize with, even though I do not in the least approve of, the madness of the Russian people.

THESE LINES are written of a summer afternoon on the front porch of a middle-class country-town home in the Middle West. An avenue of elm trees, one of a dozen or so such avenues in town, arches across the bluegrass lawns. And in the town 12,000 people are at work making what is commonly termed a good living. In one of the larger houses in town, I had about the same breakfast and lunch that my average neighbor has. Every one of my 12,000 neighbors will have meat for dinner. Five or six hundred people here, in addition to this 12,000, are living either on relief and out of work or in the dread of loss of employment. Of course until these five or six hundred people are given an opportunity to live according to their ability, our democratic experiment in social and industrial justice has failed. But these five or six hundred people can and do send their children to school up to and including high school. Their economic misfortunes are not marked by their clothes. Their houses do not brand them with poverty. Organized social sympathy feeds, houses and clothes the two or three hundred out of work and in actual need, not well, but decently. Probably in the United States 110 or 115 million of our people are living about as our 12,000 are living. Our American experiment has succeeded in bringing comfort, some luxuries, to probably

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85, certainly 80 percent of the American people. This comfort and luxury has created a standard of living in our democracy far higher than Russia may hope for with all possible luck for a decade or two, which is no reflection on the Russians. They have come far and fast. They should not be scorned. One can even forgive, indeed gladly accept, their pride of achievement.

But what I have been wondering, writing here on this porch in a comfortable, well-housed, well-fed country town, is how Emporia, taken as a fair sample of the American people, could get so excited about any threat or shock to our American economic and political experiment—that is, any shock actually short of revolution or invasion—that we would countenance the obvious cruelty, persecution and injustice which to the Russians seem necessary measures of social defense. At what point in our patriotism would we sheltered middle-class Americans lose our sense of mercy and justice?

FOR INSTANCE, the Santa Fe roundhouse and its allied industries produce the heaviest payroll of the town, excepting perhaps the two colleges. But if our county attorney found anyone trying to sabotage work in the roundhouse, though it might affect our bread and butter, I am quite sure that someone in our town or in any American town would try to see that the accused culprits had something like justice. A party would form, perhaps, indeed very likely, a minority party, to stand up for the accused. If hints were spread about the use of a third degree to make the culprit confess, there would be the devil to pay. I am inclined to believe that if the Republicans would go out and try to sabotage the political set-up which is controlled in this county and state by the Democrats, and if the Republicans really tried to chase the sheriff out of office and scare the daylights out of the county, plenty of Democrats are good enough citizens and human enough to see that the accused Republicans had their day in court. We would all want to hear both sides of the story, if only native curiosity, not humane instincts, inspired us.

William Allen White

Similarly, I think if a church schism should arise and one crowd in any church should put out the preacher, for instance, for demanding a fair trial for the fellows trying to sabotage the roundhouse, the preacher would have his defenders and the columns of *The Gazette* would be filled with clamorers for both sides, protesting, yammering and shouting for justice. And no one would gainsay the right of anyone, the royal American right, to protest. But in the long run, after the quarrel over civil liberties was settled, or while it was settling, no one would care enough about any row, industrial, political or religious, to lose a meal or a night's sleep.

But obviously in Russia, everyone cares about everything. Why? What is the seat of their madness? What the source of their delusion? I know it is genuine. I was in Russia long enough to appreciate that zeal—to me the fanatic zeal—of these Russians, especially the young Russians, for their government, for their social aims, for their industrial ideals. Here's a story; maybe it's not true. It was only translated to me, but it furnishes an instance that I have carried with me five years as indicating the mad earnestness of the Russians. We were going through a factory, an automobile factory near Moscow. I was in the factory all day. I ate lunch with the shock troops, that is, the best workers. It was a good lunch but no better than the average lunch of the average Emporia workman. I saw all of the interesting social gadgets, the crêche, where the women workers' babies were cared for, the hospitals, the showers and the gymnasium and everything that the workers have. And in their faces I could see the eager glow of their zest and pride in what they were doing. I came past a blackboard, a sort of a score board possibly for competing teams, and I saw two or three people all looking at it with obvious scorn and disdain. I asked why. My interpreter, who by the way was not the official interpreter of the tourists, told me that there on the blackboard was a record that one of the workers had contracted a venereal disease and the others were sore at him. They were sore at him not on account of his moral lapse, but because his work was lagging, (and he and his kind were being branded not in any relation to what we would call the Seventh Commandment, but because he was untrue to his fellows who were striving to make a record). There was the whole story.

I can imagine in Emporia social disapproval of venereal disease not for what it does to the man himself but for what it may do to others, his wife and children for example. But I cannot imagine that social disapproval in any way affecting a man's status as a worker, his wages, his relations with his fellow workers. But that episode of the venereal disease in the automobile factory, the burning scorn which came to him for his treason to his class, someway makes me understand why public opinion in Russia is so inflamed, so congested that justice for the individual has a small place in Russian political ideals. The Russians are so ravenous for class justice

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and their social ideals that individual justice means nothing. The dignity of the human spirit is acquired only by merging in the mass. It is not cherished in one man or woman.

I wonder if we have any such social passion in America? Does it rise in response to patriotism? Certainly we had something like it during the War when the individual seemed to submerge and the mass congealed in many a cruel injustice and inhumanity. But in time of peace—no! When a man, for any cause in America, goes berserk, sees things out of proportion and begins to cry out for any cause—say for patriotism, for democracy, even for the good old "American way of living"—people begin to suspect him. He loses caste. His influence wilts. Take the case of John Frey and Dr. J. B. Matthews, testifying in the Dies Committee in Washington this summer. How quickly they were greeted with hearty yawns! How soon it was evident that they were suffering from a persecution complex! In a day or two, what they said made no difference. Yet they were patriots, superpatriots, tremendously excited. They acted much as the prosecutor Vishinsky acted in the Russians' trials last year. They rationalized their conduct, twisting their facts, marking their course not in relation to the truth that sane men know, but in the hazy cloud of some vast obsession that had colored their cast of thought. Vishinsky, the Russian prosecutor, in his poisonous zeal could gladly send men to death. Something in the psychic atmosphere of the court where he snarled and snapped and yelled created an epidemic of madness. Then even those whom he was pursuing caught the mental disease that was assailing his reason and they seemed to go mad with him. I can see no other explanation of it.

I happen to know the witness, Vladimir Romm, who testified to a number of things that seemed to me, reading both sides, most unreasonable and highly impossible. Romm was a Washington correspondent of a Moscow paper, a good, convinced Communist. I talked to him several times. I knew him as an amiable, kindly, rather exceptionally intelligent, soft-voiced and even- tempered man. Yet in the court, he jeopardized the lives and liberties of men apparently with little or no basis of fact or truth. Why did he turn perjurer or, if not perjurer, why did he do the stupid, foolish things which he swore he did—things that were worse than perjury, dumb beyond description? When I saw him and knew him, he was neither the fool which his testimony would suggest, nor a ruthless perjurer who would send men to exile and death. Yet that seems to me what he did. Why? Perhaps the witness Romm may be explained. But how can you explain the whole 160 million Russian people supporting Romm unless you understand why those fellow workers in the Moscow automobile factory all but snarled at the man caught with a venereal disease because he slowed up their work? These four books that I have mentioned are worth reading. They explain more than a little—each from its own angle. But also they mark the vast distance between the mind of the man in the capitalist democracy and the mind of his brother under a dictator, whether of the proletariat in Russia or of the plutocracy in Germany.

The thing after all that bothers me, sitting here on this porch of an August afternoon writing this story in a middle-class home in the middle-class West, is how the world is going to live in peace much longer when men in such tremendous masses think and feel so differently and act upon impulses with such strangely different, profoundly anomalous and really mysterious roots.

Can these philosophies be modified and merged? What is the formula that will make men satisfied and contented who are reasonably happy in freedom, if they wake up and find themselves in an autonomous world, in a totalitarian state where they must get their happiness in the well-being of man in the mass? I look across the road and around at my neighbors. One does odd jobs, when he can get them, in a garage; another has a plumbing business and his shop is in his truck. Another works in a bookstore. Another owns half of a prosperous garage. Another is a seamstress and another is a music teacher. None of them is facing old age with any security. Yet they don't seem to worry about it. They know that one way or another they will not be cold or starve. I wonder what would happen if they were told that by surrendering their ballot, keeping their mouths shut about politics and going to work where they were ordered, they could be secure in their old age. Would they make the trade? I feel that three—the plumber, the music teacher and the garage owner—would be intriguers and wreckers. Would the others care? I don't know. But in the answer to that question lies the future of the world. The implications of that answer explain what is under the mask in Russia.

September 21, 1938

IN A "Yip from the Doghouse," printed in the *New Republic* December 15, 1937, editor White submitted his defense of the "neolithic liberals who once inhabited these lands."

"The thing we were trying to do from the days of the first Roosevelt and during the dark years that followed Wilson, through Harding, to Hoover," he wrote, "was to brace up the human spirit in those social and economic areas where class differences were cruelly marked and wickedly depressed."

But, said White, "we forgot our objective, which was the human spirit. We began to think that the whole trick could be done by distributing toothpaste, automobiles, radios, bathtubs, parks, playgrounds, high schools, libraries, extension courses and canned soups to those who hitherto had been denied these sweet boons.

"So when the great ice sheet came in the early part of the fourth decade and millions of men and women were hungry, we old neolithic liberals were out. They sent us to the doghouse, and here we are."

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Calvin The Silent

EDWARD G. LOWRY

THE ELECTIONS of 1920 imported into the City of Conversation, as one of its necessary consequences, perhaps the oddest and most singular apparition this vocal and articulate settlement has ever known. A politician who does not, who will not, who seemingly cannot talk. A well of silence. A centre of stillness.

Moreover, it appears from the meagre record that he thinks of himself as Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up to be a man.

We had, of course, all heard of Calvin Coolidge; that he had been City Councilman, City Solicitor, Court Clerk, State Representative, Mayor, State Senator, Lieutenant-Governor and Governor one after another virtually continuously since 1899; that being in place and in politics was with him both a vocation and an avocation. But the man himself as a social human being was not known at all. There was a bright curiosity to be satisfied.

Presiding over the Senate is the least of the duties of the Vice-President of the United States in the Washington scheme of things. What time he spends at the Capitol saying: "Does the Senator from South Dakota yield to the Senator from Mississippi?" or "The Senator from New Hampshire suggests the absence of a quorum," "the clerk will call the roll," or when the calendar is being called, "The bill will be passed over"—is his period of reflection and digestion. His day's work really begins when he gets to his hotel in the evening and finds his dress clothes laid out on the bed and Mrs. Coolidge tells him, "We are dining with Senator Whosis tonight and you must be dressed and ready to leave here at a quarter to eight." His dress clothes are his working clothes; the overalls of a Vice-President.

By tradition and precedent the Vice-President has become the official diner-out of the administration. Every night from November until May he must sally forth in his glad raiment and eat for his party and his chief. He and the potted palms that the close observer of official life notes being hauled from one house to another every afternoon during the season, are social fixtures. No big dinner is complete without both of them.

The palms stand in the corners and on the stairways. Anciently it was a game, mildly diverting, to scratch one's name on the under side of the fronds and then keep tab to see how many times one encountered the same palms during the winter season. The palms are background, but the Vice-President is essentially foreground. He sits on the right of the hostess. He is the chief figure of the feast. The palms are, or are supposed to be, decorative. The Vice-President seldom or never is. The theory is that he is witty and amusing, or learned and informative, or a well of deep inside stuff about current political affairs.

Now as it turns out Mr. Coolidge is none of these things. To the whole of Washington, social and political, at this juncture, he presents an impenetrable blank. He dines out with the best of them. Never a night elapses that the big closed car placed at his service by the fond taxpayers does not convey him to a dinner party. No soup, however thick or thin, deters him, no fish, however disguised by the pallid, viscous goo the chefs seem to like, daunts him, and thence south through the entrée to the ice, leaving only a waste behind him. And all in perfect silence.

> No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
> Majestic silence!

But I must say it is hard on the ladies. They often talk about it. They are supposed to make him have a good time. And having a good time at dinner is popularly supposed to be indicated by a light rattle of small talk. One hears that Mr. Coolidge feels sometimes that he is not doing all that is expected of him for there are vague current reports that he asks wonderingly, "What do they talk about? I hear them and see them all about me, all at it, but what do they find to say?" One agreeable woman was the nine days' wonder and envy of all Washington because she made him laugh one night at dinner. She never would give the recipe or tell what she said. "I am going to use it again next winter," she declared thriftily.

IN common with everyone else at Washington I have been eager to pluck out the heart of Mr. Coolidge's mystery, to discover what sort of man he is, to establish a basis for appraisal. All in vain, for he has revealed nothing, disclosed nothing. He has been descried and observed as intently as possible under the circumstances, in the crush preceding the largest and noisiest of dinner parties, standing quite still and saying not a blessed word though all about him was babble and laughter and conversation. He didn't seem ill at ease or embarrassed or tongue-tied. He was just still. Silent upon a peak in Darien is no name for it. He gave no appearance of being about to say something presently. It was an absolute calm. Old Ironsides at anchor lay in the harbor of Mahon. The waves to sleep had gone. Not a leaf stirring. It was impressive—and he so small. A big man can be as monosyllabic as he pleases, but more is expected of slight men.

One sought in vain an account of the experiences of those veterans of forlorn hopes who in the devoted pursuance of social duties had dashed themselves against the ice barriers. They had nothing to tell. Over the Alps lay Italy, they thought, but none of them had won the summit, and so they couldn't be sure that the view was worth the climb.

September 28, 1921

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Bankrupt Liberalism

LINCOLN STEFFENS

WE WOULD all be helped by facing a few facts, the first of which is that we liberals, the world over, have had our day, we and our liberal principles, practices and promises. In this country we were the leaders or backers of the reform movements of the pre-war period and our experiments resulted in the reform only of the graft system, in the improvement of the administration of rackets which have increased in number, power, value and efficiency. Abroad we made the War, we made the Peace and we did not make, we resented and resisted, the Revolution which found it necessary to shoot, lock up or somehow remove out of its way, a lot of us Mensheviks. For that's what we are, we Western liberals: Mensheviks. We, too, had a dogma, and our dogma was fixed, not only upon our aims, but upon our methods. Indeed, we were surer of the way to go than we were of our destination. Our aims were, and they are, vague and various. Hence it is that we failed to hail the victory of the Bolsheviks as a discovery of "a" way to do whatever it is that has to be done. We were defeated, they had succeeded, but we were shocked to shame, sorrow or cynical despair at the spectacle of the Communists "seizing" power in the crisis of the Russian Revolution, taking it from the Miliukov-Kerensky liberals who failed to use it; leaping upon the empty throne and using sovereignty, not to practise but to lay an economic foundation for the practice of our merely political ideals —democracy, justice, liberty—and other ideals which we never deemed possible or altogether desirable.

None of this was done by our methods!

If we had been liberal-minded, if we were experimenters and learners, if we were clear and determined in purpose and intelligently or even honestly aware that, never having won out and always being licked, we did not know exactly how to proceed to our ends, then the emotional shock of the planned Bolshevik triumph and succeeding procedure might have given us pause to think, that maybe—maybe our methods are not quite right; maybe those rude, Marxian socialists are not so dead wrong. Maybe their way is "the" way. Maybe we can't achieve democracy by broadening the ballot and moving majorities. Maybe we can't get liberty by guaranteeing it on a piece of paper and exercising free speech. Maybe we can't have justice for the asking and prosperity by making wages higher—a little. Maybe it is unnatural, unscientific, impractical, to practise what we preach.

Watching the Bolsheviks succeeding even in success, we might have listened to their theory that in our evolutionary world you have to plant the seeds of the harvest you want to reap in cleared, ploughed soil and protect the plantation while it grows.

It is, I admit, heart- and head-breaking to see the job begun and carried on over there by a dictator and a small minority using force when they don't know how otherwise to govern. My own old, stout liberalism was shattered by the sight, close up, of this working experiment. But I rejoiced too; some others rejoiced with me that the deed was done and a path blazed for us. It enraged certain of my Bolshevik Russian friends when they heard me say "we" had won. Did I mean that I had won, they asked, I and my American reformer friends? "Yes," I grinned, "I and we fought and died in New York, Cleveland, Denver, California, Mexico, where you

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Sonnets

WHEN we are old and these rejoicing veins
Are frosty channels to a muted stream,
And out of all our burning there remains
No feeblest spark to fire us, even in dream,
This be our solace: that it was not said
When we were young and warm and in our prime,
Upon our couch we lay as lie the dead,
Sleeping away the unreturning time.
O sweet, O heavy-lidded, O my love,
When morning strikes her spear upon the land,
And we must rise and arm us and reprove
The insolent daylight with a steady hand,
Be not discountenanced if the knowing know
We rose from rapture but an hour ago.

SHALL I be prisoner till my pulses stop
To hateful Love and drag his noisy chain,
And bait my need with sugared crusts that drop
From jeweled fingers neither kind nor clean?—
Mewed in an airless cavern where a toad
Would grieve to snap his gnat and lay him down,
While in the light along the rattling road
Men shout and chaff and drive their wares to town?
Perfidious Prince, that keeps me here confined,
Doubt not I know the letters of my doom:
How many a man has left his blood behind
To buy his exit from this mournful room
These evil stains record, these walls that rise
Carved with his torment, steamy with his sighs.

March, 1931 EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

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and we were defeated. But it's a war, isn't it? So what do I care for setbacks on the American continent now that you and I—we have won a great battle of Russia in Asia." My Russian friends reluctantly knuckled under; my retort was a form of their own belief and highest hope. But they had me on one point that pricks.

My (our) victory in Russia did take some of the fight out of me. The growing success over there made all progressive movements and liberal programs seem superficial, long and rather hopeless. And to start out again at the bottom to plan to search deeper toward the roots for a revolution—that looks like a long, hard course to take for an old, habituated Menshevik with only a thin skin of Bolshevism on his hardened arteries. It is pleasanter, easier, to sit on the fence and contemplate our progress in Russia, watch it work over there, and listen to the Wall Street sentries appraising it right—as they do and as the liberals don't—at its true significance for us.

I see no light in politics. In business, however, in industry which governs politics, there are managers who see and say that with the mass production of machinery, there must be mass consumption which requires higher and ever higher wages for the masses, who are, in the mass, labor. There were not enough of these prophets to establish and hold up this buying power this time. They were defeated, like us liberals, this time. But they say that they are going at it again, next time, and they see in the dark of this encouraging depression that there is great extravagance and waste in their overhead. They also see who cause and profit by those leaks. It seems to me that the managers begin to see the owners of things and that ownership is the source of our troubles.

Now, it is extremely doubtful that managers of this sort will increase in number, power and insight enough to go on, find ownership and save the owners from it. But that is about the only movement I see that is moving in a hopeful direction here. If it fails, and no one invents another—then you and I and the world, if it please, can always lie down and say:

"Oh, well, anyhow, there's Russia."

It's a very different world from the world we were born into, we liberals, democrats and (I almost forgot) the Socialists.

February 17, 1932

Waste—The Future of Prosperity

KENNETH BURKE

[*THIS ESSAY is dedicated to Mr. Henry Ford, who is planning to spend a hundred million dollars on our education. Would that we had as much to spend on his.*—K. B.]

ON THE subject of health, C. E. A. Winslow says in *Whither Mankind*: "Perhaps the once-born is a man with a constant excess of some vital hormone; the twice-born, a man with an intermittent supply; the confirmed doubter, a man with a permanent deficiency. Perhaps hope and courage will some day be controllable by chemical or psychiatric means." Do not these pregnant sentences justify us in looking forward to the day when the constructive attitude can be maintained by a simple medical injection? It even seems possible that if our troublesome doubter Voltaire had been got hold of in time and given hormone-insufficiency pills in childhood, he might have become a regular Bishop Cannon. We dare look forward to an unending upward market, unimpeded by any intermittent deficiency of the appropriate hormone such as took place in Wall Street last October. The day may come when a loss of financial confidence will be looked upon, not as a problem in economics, but as a lapse in hygiene.

It is in the light of the encouragement offered by such considerations as the above that the present essay is written. They are but secondary, however, to a more positive cause for hope—indeed, the one *overwhelming, undeniable and irrefutable cause for hope*—which lies in the doctrines of Henry Ford. We refer to his doctrine that the well-being of the world rests upon the prosperity of increased production and increased consumption. More and more every year, under the guidance of Mr. Ford, our people are being taught to buy what they don't need and to replace it before it is worn out. When this process of education is complete, we may hope to see erected the most prosperous civilization in the history of man. To Mr. Henry Ford we owe the discovery that our national welfare depends upon attaining the maximum rate of destruction of our national resources. The more we learn to use what we do not need, the greater our consumption; the greater our consumption, the greater our production; and the greater our production, the greater our prosperity.

This discovery of Mr. Henry Ford should be called the *Theory of the Economic Value of Waste.* If people can be educated to the full realization of their function as wasters, if they can be taught to throw things away

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before they are worn out, the demand for these discarded commodities will be enormously increased, and our rate of production can be doubled, tripled, quadrupled, what you will. If people can be taught to waste enough, they can be kept busy for at least 18 hours a day replacing the wasted commodities. By this system *business need never face a saturation point. For, though there is a limit to what a man can use, there is no limit whatever to what he can waste.* The amount of production possible in a properly wasteful society is thus seen to be enormous.

Due to Mr. Ford's discovery, we have come to see that culture resides, not in leisure, but in work. The antiquated belief that there is any pleasure in a spare moment, a belief which was ruinous to the best interests of our full industrial flowering, has been exploded. It is now an exploded belief. We realize now that culture resides in *prosperity*, that production can only follow *consumption*, that the maximum consumption is made possible by the maximum possible *waste*, and therefore that *culture depends upon a maximum of waste.* (At least until there is nothing more to waste.)

"The old Periclean law," says Mr. Julius Klein, "gave each Athenian the right to own five slaves. It has been calculated that every inhabitant of the United States has today at his disposal the power equivalent of 150 slaves." All he has to do is to see to it that these slaves don't do him out of a job. *We have simply to make sure that the increase in the number of labor-saving devices does not shorten the hours of labor.* Thus, when a man is thrown out of work by the introduction of a new machine for the manufacture of a necessary article, we must set him to work manufacturing some article hitherto unnecessary. If all our people are to be kept straining at their jobs, the duty of the public as wasters becomes obvious. The system is simple: one man's extra radio is another man's bread. It is as clear as the nose on Mr. Ford's face.

BUT BY expanding this principle, we find even greater encouragement. For long we have worried about war, driven by a pre-industrial feeling that war is the enemy of mankind. But by the theory of the economic value of waste we find that war is the basis of culture. War is our great economic safety-valve. For if waste lets up, if people simply won't throw out things fast enough to create new needs in keeping with the increased output under improved methods of manufacture, we always have recourse to the still more thoroughgoing wastage of war. An intelligently managed war can leave whole nations to be rebuilt, thus providing work at peak productivity for millions of the surviving population.

Are there still doubters? Are there readers, for instance, who doubt whether things of the mind can flourish in such a society as we have been picturing? For those who feel that spiritual welfare marks the test of a civilization, let us consider the position of the indigent sage in this social scheme, the men who knows positively that he has wisdom and even more positively that he has damned little money. We believe that this indigent sage faces a greater opportunity for the good life than ever before. Let us see his method of survival in operation: Looking about him, our indigent sage notes that all his stupider fellows are victimized by the doctrine of obsolescence, and are kept busy buying new models of every imaginable commodity while their old models are still in thoroughly serviceable condition. To these barbarians, these savages victimized by the most inexorable of psychological laws, the *Law of Keeping Up with the Joneses*, there is no choice but to go on buying and buying. But what are these barbarians, these savages, to do with their old models which, though in perfect condition, are practically worthless from the social point of view?

HERE IS where the opportunity for the sage comes in —and by a mere gaudy trinket, a string of beads, a rabbit's foot, he purchases from the savages their discarded wealth. Being alone of all men protected from the full force of the *Law of Keeping Up with the Joneses*, he can proceed to equip himself for a song. And so we dare envisage our indigent sage surrounded by a kingdom of last year's grandeur: old-model nose straighteners, antiquated breeds of mechanical horses, mission-style electric toasters, Alpine sun lamps lacking yodel attachments, cars with a diving girl in a red bathing suit, unfinished correspondence courses, remaindered best sellers, old calendars, evening clothes without "moderne" buttonholes, "No parking here" paper weights, explosive cigars, radio-phonographico-pianos without Neo-Novo Nevaware buffet-lunch inserts. When heretofore could the philosopher without means—and was there ever a philosopher with means?—entertain such hopes of surrounding himself with all these manifold resources of man's industry? When heretofore could he entertain such hopes of paralleling, as it were, in external possessions that great wealth and accumulation which in the past he has possessed but within?

One thing alone will he have to buy as it issues from the factory. Not pencils, for he can get them out of old cross-word puzzle books; not postage stamps, for he can soak off the cancellation from used varieties; not inkwells, for the vast number of non-musical fountain pens made available by the combination fountain pen and music box, the Fountobox, will make inkwells unnecessary—but razor blades. A razor blade can never regain its usefulness, partly because of scientific deterioration and partly because it had so little to regain. So our indigent sage, rather than surrender, will probably not shave at all. What, then, will the well-dressed philosopher wear? Quite simply—a beard soaked with Flit.

July 16, 1930

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Flip-Flop

THE COMMUNIST PARTY in the United States has been forced to make another right-about in its policy. To the comrades who were able to swallow the Nazi-Soviet pact of August, 1939, the new reversal will not be difficult. Everybody with any claim to pride in the integrity of his intellectual processes or a belief that there is such a thing as truth apart from somebody's particular brand of truth has by now deserted the ranks of the comrades. Those who are left are of tougher stock; they are prepared to swear if necessary that black is white today, black tomorrow and orange on Thursday.

It will be interesting to see just how far strikes in the defense industries have actually been of Communist origin and not for legitimate trade-union purposes. Presumably the party line will now order all possible aid to the defense effort. The editors of *The New Masses* and *The Daily Worker* would be blushing, if these gentlemen were capable of that physical phenomenon, to think how in recent months they have discouraged, verbally at least, the production of planes, tanks and guns which might now go to their Soviet fatherland to repel the Nazi invader.

For the last year, the Communist Party has pursued a campaign of hatred and contempt for any American progressive who dared to support Britain in her fight against Hitler. Every upholder of the President's policy has been smeared as "pro-British"; every statement about democracy in England has been called warmongering. For the men who braved its fire—the "weak-kneed, soft-bellied fellow-travelers" who "jumped on the bandwagon of war"—it reserved its own rights of excommunication, a ruthless, savage outlawing that amounted to an attempted burial alive.

The Prime Minister of Loyalist Spain was a "miserable wretch" because he did not denounce Churchill; Mrs. Roosevelt harbored secret ambitions for a Fascist America. Every good act of the President arose from some horrible inner motive. Against the Labour Party and the government of Britain such a venomous offensive was directed that an Anglo-Soviet war upon Germany seemed far less logical than a Soviet-Nazi war upon Britain. Until within a few hours of Hitler's march on Russia, the Communists in all countries were trying to immobilize the anti-Fascist workers by telling them that although Hitler was bad, Churchill and Britain were not a whit better.

Fortunately, the absurdities of the American Communists cannot and will not deceive the American people about the necessities of their own foreign policy. One can be strongly opposed to the Communists both here and in Russia and still recognize the fact that our own self-interest demands we should help the Russians resist Hitler to the maximum extent. The Communists will no doubt make another attempt now to set up a United Front; we doubt whether they will succeed with anybody whose memory is good enough to go back a couple of years.

June 30, 1941 EDITORIAL

The New Deal and the Supreme Court

ONE FACT appears in all the opinions in which the majority of the Court have declared New Deal statutes invalid. In every one of these opinions the Court interprets the Constitution in such a way as to confine the powers of government within the narrowest possible limits and to enlarge the powers and privileges of private interests. This is the historic doctrine of *laissez-faire*. And it is in flat contradiction to the intentions of the framers of the Constitution as expressed in solemn resolutions in the convention! It is also in flat contradiction to the exposition of the Constitution by Alexander Hamilton. Now *laissez-faire* may be good economic doctrine, although it seems to me to be more than slightly askew in contemporary thought and practice. But it is not the doctrine of the men who framed the Constitution and put it into effect—in 1789-1801. It is a later creed. It is what Mr. Justice Stone calls an "economic predilection."

Perhaps the only practical question is: Will it work well in the future, near and distant? If it works, the present furor over the Constitution and the Court will die away as "prosperity" comes. If it does not work, something will happen. Indeed it is inconceivable that in 1950 the President and Senate will be able to obtain Justices, even from among case-book lawyers, who will look at economy and the Constitution through the eyes of middle-class practitioners of about 1896. Time at least is inexorable, as inexorable as history is merciless. By 1950 most of my generation will be in their graves, and the world which we are not to see will doubtless present different appearances to those in power at Washington.

July 22, 1936 CHARLES A. BEARD

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James Joyce

H. G. WELLS

A *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, by James Joyce . . . is a book to buy and read and lock up, but it is not a book to miss. Its claim to be literature is as good as the claim of the last book of *Gulliver's Travels*.

It is no good trying to minimize a characteristic that seems to be deliberately obtruded. Like Swift and another living Irish writer, Mr. Joyce has a cloacal obsession. He would bring back into the general picture of life aspects which modern drainage and modern decorum have taken out of ordinary intercourse and conversation. Coarse, unfamiliar words are scattered about the book unpleasantly, and it may seem to many, needlessly. If the reader is squeamish upon these matters, then there is nothing for it but to shun this book, but if he will pick his way, as one has to do at times on the outskirts of some picturesque Italian village with a view and a church and all sorts of things of that sort to tempt one, then it is quite worth while. And even upon this unsavory aspect of Swift and himself, Mr. Joyce is suddenly illuminating. He tells at several points how his hero Stephen is swayed and shocked and disgusted by harsh and loud *sounds*, and how he is stirred to intense emotion by music and the rhythms of beautiful words. But no sort of smell offends him like that. He finds olfactory sensations interesting or aesthetically displeasing, but they do not make him sick or excited as sounds do. This is a quite understandable turn over from the more normal state of affairs. Long ago I remember pointing out in a review the difference in the sensory basis of the stories of Robert Louis Stevenson and Sir J. M. Barrie; the former visualized and saw his story primarily as picture, the latter mainly heard it. We shall do Mr. Joyce an injustice if we attribute a normal sensory basis to him and then accuse him of deliberate offense.

But that is by the way. The value of Mr. Joyce's book has little to do with its incidental insanitary condition. Like some of the best novels in the world it is the story of an education; it is by far the most living and convincing picture that exists of an Irish Catholic upbringing. It is a mosaic of jagged fragments that does altogether render with extreme completeness the growth of a rather secretive, imaginative boy in Dublin. The technique is startling, but on the whole it succeeds. Like so many Irish writers from Sterne to Shaw, Mr. Joyce is a bold experimentalist with paragraph and punctuation. He breaks away from scene to scene without a hint of the change of time and place; at the end he passes suddenly from the third person to the first; he uses no inverted commas to mark off his speeches.

The first trick I found sometimes tiresome here and there, but then my own disposition, perhaps acquired at the blackboard, is to mark off and underline rather fussily, and I do not know whether I was so much put off the thing myself as anxious, which after all is not my business, about its effect on those others; the second trick, I will admit, seems entirely justified in this particular instance by its success; the third reduces Mr. Joyce to a free use of dashes. One conversation in this book is a superb success, the one in which Mr. Dedalus carves the Christmas turkey; I write with all due deliberation that Sterne himself could not have done it better; but most of the talk flickers blindingly with these dashes, one has the same wincing feeling of being flicked at that one used to have in the early cinema shows. I think Mr. Joyce has failed to discredit the inverted comma.

The interest of the book depends entirely upon its quintessential and unfailing reality. One believes in Stephen Dedalus as one believes in few characters in fiction. And the peculiar lie of the interest for the intelligent reader is the convincing revelation it makes of the limitations of a great mass of Irishmen. Mr. Joyce

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Ecce Puer

OF THE dark past
A child is born
With joy and grief
My heart is torn.
Calm in his cradle
The living lies.
May love and mercy
Unclose his eyes!

Young life is breathed
On the glass;
The world that was not
Comes to pass.
A child is sleeping:
An old man gone.
O, father forsaken,
Forgive your son!

November 30, 1932 JAMES JOYCE

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tells us unsparingly of the adolescence of this youngster under conditions that have passed almost altogether out of English life. There is an immense shyness, a profound secrecy, about matters of sex, with its inevitable accompaniment of nightmare revelations and furtive scribblings in unpleasant places, and there is a living belief in a real hell. The description of Stephen listening without a doubt to two fiery sermons on that tremendous theme, his agonies of fear, not disgust at dirtiness such as unorthodox children feel but just fear, his terror-inspired confession of his sins of impurity to a strange priest in a distant part of the city, is like nothing in any boy's experience who has been trained under modern conditions. Compare its stuffy horror with Conrad's account of how under analogous circumstances Lord Jim wept.

And a second thing of immense significance is the fact that everyone in this Dublin story, every human being, accepts as a matter of course, as a thing in nature like the sky and the sea, that the English are to be hated. There is no discrimination in that hatred, there is no gleam of recognition that a considerable number of Englishmen have displayed a very earnest disposition to put matters right with Ireland, there is an absolute absence of any idea of a discussed settlement, any notion of helping the slow-witted Englishman in his three-cornered puzzle between North and South.

It is just hate, a cant cultivated to the pitch of monomania, an ungenerous violent direction of the mind. That is the political atmosphere in which Stephen Dedalus grows up, and in which his essentially responsive mind orients itself. I am afraid it is only too true an account of the atmosphere in which a number of brilliant young Irishmen have grown up. What is the good of pretending that the extreme Irish "patriot" is an equivalent and parallel of the English or American liberal? He is narrower and intenser than any English Tory. He will be the natural ally of the Tory in delaying British social and economic reconstruction after the war. He will play into the hands of the Tories by threatening an outbreak and providing the excuse for a militarist reaction in England. It is time the American observer faced the truth of that.

No reason is that why England should not do justice to Ireland, but excellent reason for bearing in mind that these bright-green young people across the Channel are something quite different from the liberal English in training and tradition, and absolutely set against helping them. No single book has ever shown how different they are, as completely as this most memorable novel.

March 10, 1917

The Sun This March

THE EXCEEDING brightness of this early sun
Makes me conceive how dark I have become,

And re-illumines things that used to turn
To gold in broadest blue, and be a part

Of a turning spirit in an earlier self.
That, too, returns from out the winter's air,

Like an hallucination come to daze
The corner of the eye. Our element—

Cold is our element and winter's air
Brings voices as of lions coming down.

Oh! Rabbi, fend my soul for me
And true savant of this dark nature be.

April 16, 1930 WALLACE STEVENS

Angels & Earthly Creatures

I HEREBY swear that to uphold your house
I would lay my bones in quick destroying lime
Or turn my flesh to timber for all time;
Cut down my womanhood; lop off the boughs
Of that perpetual ecstasy that grows
From the heart's core; condemn it as a crime
If it be broader than a beam, or climb
Above the stature that your roof allows.

I am not the hearth-stone nor the corner-stone
Within this noble fabric you have builded;
Not by my beauty was its cornice gilded;
Not on my courage were its arches thrown:
My lord adjudged my strength, and set me there;
I bear a little more than I can bear.

January 2, 1929 ELINOR WYLIE

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The Corruption of Liberalism

LEWIS MUMFORD

As an economic creed, liberalism was undermined by imperialism and monopoly before the nineteenth century closed. But as a personal and social philosophy, liberalism has been dissolving before our eyes only during the past decade. The liberal lacks confidence in himself and in his vision of life. He has shown in every country where the attacks on liberalism have been forceful that he either does not possess stable convictions, or that he lacks the insight and the courage that would enable him to defend them. Continually hoping for the best, the liberal remains unprepared to face the worst; and on the brink of what may turn out another Dark Ages, he continues to scan the horizon for signs of dawn.

The record of liberalism during the last decade has been one of shameful evasion and inept retreat.

Liberalism has compromised with despotism because despotism promised economic benefits to the masses—an old device of despotism. In the case of Soviet Russia liberals continued to preserve an embarrassed silence about the notorious plight of freedom and justice in that country because they had esthetic scruples about appearing to align themselves with those forces in America that opposed Russia for purely reactionary reasons. So they preferred to be tacitly on the side of the greater despots, like Stalin and Hitler, in order to be free of any taint of association with the minor despots of American capitalism. In international affairs liberalism has likewise graciously lent support to the forces of barbarism, in an effort to give the devil his due. And on the theory that war is the worst of evils, the liberals have tearfully acquiesced in the rule of those who, as Blake said, would "forever depress mental and prolong corporeal war."

Liberalism has been on the side of passivism, in the face of danger; it has been on the side of appeasement, when confronted with aggressive acts of injustice; and finally, in America today, as in England yesterday, liberalism has been on the side of "isolation," when confronted with the imminent threat of a worldwide upsurgence of barbarism. Today liberals, by their unwillingness to admit the consequences of a victory by Hitler and Stalin, are emotionally on the side of "peace"—when peace, so-called, at this moment means capitulation to the forces that will not merely wipe out liberalism, but will overthrow certain precious principles with which one element of liberalism has been indelibly associated: freedom of thought, belief in an objective reason, belief in human dignity.

The weakness and confusion and self-betrayal of liberalism, during the crisis that has now come to a head, provide one of the most pitiable spectacles that these pitiful times have shown.

Unable to take the measure of our present catastrophe and unable, because of their inner doubts and contradictions and subtleties to make effective decisions, liberals have lost most of their essential convictions, for ideals remain real only when one continues to realize them. Liberals no longer act as if justice mattered, as if truth mattered, as if right mattered, as if humanity as a whole were any concern of theirs; the truth is they no longer dare to act. During the period of the United Front, liberals accepted the leadership of a small Communist minority, fanatical, unscrupulous, deeply contemptuous of essential human values, incredibly stupid in tactics and incredibly arrogant in matters of intellectual belief; they accepted this leadership simply because the Communists, alone among the political groups, had firm convictions and the courage to act on them.

The Romans used to say that the worst results come about through the corruption of what is good; and one may say this about the present state of liberalism. But the defects of liberalism are not due to isolated mistakes of judgment that individual liberals have made; they are due to fatal deficiencies that go to the very roots of liberal philosophy. Unfortunately, liberalism's weaknesses are so debilitating that they not merely undermine its own will to survive, but they may also give up elements in a longer human tradition, on whose maintenance our very civilization depends.

Liberalism is a very mixed body of doctrine. So it is important that, in discussing its errors, we should detach its essential and enduring values from those which have characterized a particular age, class or group.

Like democracy, with which it has close historic affiliations, liberalism during the last generation has been subject to a violent assault. This came originally from the Marxian revolutionaries of the Left; but the blows were doubled through the triumphant action of the Fascist revolutionaries of the Right. By now these extremes have met in their attack on liberalism.

According to the Marxian critics, liberalism arose at the same time as capitalism; and therefore, liberalism is doomed to disappear when capitalism is overthrown. From the Marxian point of view, ideas are but the shadows of existing economic institutions: human liberty depends upon freedom of investment, freedom of trade. One might think, to hear a Marxian critic, that the con-

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cept of freedom had never been framed before the Manchester school came into existence.

So the anti-liberals, pretending mainly to attack capitalism, have also attacked the belief in the worth and dignity of the individual personality: they have undermined the notion of *Humanity*, extending beyond race, creed, class or other boundaries. So too, they have sought to wipe out the concept of an impersonal law, built up by slow accretions that reach back into an ancient past, forming a coherent pattern tending toward justice. The anti-liberals have upheld, rather, the one-sided personal rule of a party or a man. In Germany and Spain the basic concept of law has been so completely overthrown that a man may be tried and convicted for a crime that did not exist in law at the time he committed it.

Now the universal elements in liberalism, the moralizing elements, are the real objects of the Fascist attacks. These universal elements arose long before modern capitalism: they were part of the larger human tradition, embodied in the folkways of the Jews, in the experimental philosophy of the Greeks, in the secular practices of the Roman Empire, in the sacred doctrines of the Christian Church, in the philosophies of the great post-medieval humanists. The Marxian notion that ideas are always the shadows of the existing economic institutions runs bluntly against facts precisely at this point. For although a culture forms a related organic whole, a residue is left in each period and place which tends to become part of the general heritage of mankind. This residue is relatively small in amount but infinitely precious; and no single class or people can create it or be its sole keeper.

The effort to equate Manchester liberalism with the humanist traditions of personal responsibility, personal freedom and personal expression is sometimes shared by the defenders of capitalistic privilege; that is the gross fallacy of those who try to tie together private capitalism and "the American way." But these notions are false, whether held by the absolutists of private property or by the absolutists who would challenge the regime of private property. The most important principles in liberalism do not cling exclusively to liberalism: what gives them their strength is their universality and their historic continuity. Confucius, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, testify to them no less than Jefferson and Mill. Liberalism took over this humanist tradition, revamped it, and finally united it to a new body of hopes and beliefs that grew up in the eighteenth century.

A second element in liberalism, which seems to many people as important as the first, rests upon a quite different set of premises. Liberalism in this sense was symbolically a child of Voltaire and Rousseau: the Voltaire who thought that the craft of priests was responsible for the misery of the world, and the Rousseau who thought that man was born naturally good and had been corrupted only by evil institutions. It was likewise a by-product of inventors and industrialists of the period, who, concentrating upon the improvement of the means of life, thought sincerely that the ends of living would more or less take care of themselves.

This pragmatic liberalism, which I shall here distinguish from the ideal liberalism, was vastly preoccupied with the machinery of life. It was characteristic of this creed to overemphasize the part played by political and mechanical invention, by abstract thought and practical contrivance. And accordingly it minimized the role of instinct, tradition, history; it was unaware of the dark forces of the unconscious; it was suspicious of either the capricious or incalculable, for the only universe it could rule was a measured one, and the only type of human character it could understand was the utilitarian one. That there are modes of insight into man and into the cosmos which science does not possess, the liberal did not suspect; he took for granted that the emotional and spiritual life of man needs no other foundation than the rational, utilitarian activities associated with the getting of a living. Hence, finally, liberalism's progressive neglect of the fields of esthetics, ethics and religion: these matters were left to traditional thinkers, with the confident belief that they would eventually drop out of existence, mere vestiges of the race's childhood. On the whole most liberals today have produced no effective thought in any of these fields; and they live, as it were,

Hopes and Fears as Regards America

APART FROM the Russian Revolution, the most striking result of the war has been the world supremacy of the United States. While England and Germany fought for hegemony, America, almost by accident, acquired it For some time after the war, there was reason to fear that the British Government might not recognize the inevitable, but might endeavor, by means of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, to retain command of the seas. Happily this danger is at an end.

As the British Empire possesses the one thing lacking to America as a world power, namely naval bases and coaling stations in all parts of the Eastern hemisphere, the combination of the two will be irresistible unless and until the whole of Asia, including Russia, unites against them. In the combination, America will be the dominant partner. Therefore the hopes and fears of the world, probably for the next 50 years at least, depend upon the use which America makes of her vast power.

March 15, 1922 BERTRAND RUSSELL

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on the debris of past dogmas and buried formulations. Unconscious, for example, of the sources of their ethical ideas, they pick up more or less what happens to be lying around them, without any effort at consistency or clarity, still less at creativeness; here a scrap left over from childhood, there a fragment of Kant or Bentham, or again a dash of Machiavelli, pacifist Quakers one moment and quaking Nietzscheans the next.

In short, it is not unfair to say that the pragmatic liberal has taken the world of personality, the world of values, feelings, emotions, wishes, purposes, for granted. He assumed either that this world did not exist, or that it was relatively unimportant; at all events, if it did exist, it could be safely left to itself, without cultivation. For him men were essentially good, and only faulty economic and political institutions—defects purely in the mechanism of society—kept them from becoming better. That there might be internal obstacles to external improvement seemed to him absurd. That there was as large a field for imaginative design and rational discipline in the building of a personality as in the building of a skyscraper did not occur to him.

Behind this failure to establish, on a fresh basis, a normative discipline for the personality was a singular optimism—the belief that it was not needed. Did not liberalism imply an emancipation from the empty institutional religion, from the saws, precepts, moralizings of the past? Did this not mean that "science," which confessedly despised norms, would eventually supply all the guidance necessary for human conduct? Such was the innocence of the liberal that those who were indifferent to ethical values thought of themselves as realists. They could hardly understand William James when he called emotionality the *sine qua non* of moral perception. But the fact was that the most old-fashioned theologian, with a sense of human guilt and human error, was by far the better realist. Though the theologian's view of the external world might be scientifically weak, his view of the internal world, that of value and personality, included an understanding of constant human phenomena—sin, corruption, evil—on which the liberal closed his eyes.

Pragmatic liberalism did not believe in a world where the questions of good and evil were not incidental but of radical importance. Its adherents thought that they would presently abolish the evils inherent in life by popularizing anesthetics and by extending the blessings of the machine. They did not believe in the personal life. That was outmoded. Esthetic interests, moral discipline, the habits of contemplation and evaluation, all this seemed mere spiritual gymnastics: they preferred more physical exercise. By activity (busy work) pragmatic liberals kept their eyes manfully on the mere surface of living. They did not believe that any sensible man would, except when he made his will, face the more ultimate facts of existence. For them, the appraisal of death was a neurotic symptom; happily, science's steady advances in hygiene and medicine might postpone further and further that unpleasant occasion itself.

This failure to deal with first and last things, to confront, except in a hurried, shamefaced way, the essential facts of life and death, has been responsible for some of the slippery thinking on the subject of war that has characterized liberals recently. One of them, in private conversation, told me that he could not face a political decision which might lead to war and thereby bring about the death of other human beings. When I objected that the failure to make such a decision in the present international crisis would possibly lead to the less fruitful death of the same human beings six months or six years hence, he confessed that any extra time spared for the private enjoyment of life today seemed that much gained. I do not doubt the honesty of this liberal; but it is obvious that he has ceased to live in a meaningful world. For a meaningful world is one that holds a future that extends beyond the incomplete personal life of the individual; so that a life sacrificed at the right moment is a life well spent, while a life too carefully hoarded, too ignominiously preserved, may be a life utterly wasted.

Is it any wonder, then, that pragmatic liberalism has been incapable of making firm ethical judgments or of implementing them with action? Its color-blindness to moral values is its most serious weakness today; hence it cannot distinguish between barbarism and civilization. Indeed, it is even inclined to pass a more favorable verdict on barbarism when it shows superiority in material organization. Refusing to recognize the crucial problem of evil, those who follow this creed are incapable of coping with the intentions of evil men: they look in vain for merely intellectual mistakes to account for the conduct of those who have chosen to flout man's long efforts to become civilized.

Lacking any true insight into these stubborn facts of human experience—corruption, evil, irrational desire—liberals also fail to understand that evil often lies beyond purely rational treatment, that a mere inquiry into causes, mere reasonableness and sweetness in one's attitude, may not only fail to cure an evil disposition but may aggravate it. Now, unfortunately, there are times when an attitude of intellectual humility and sympathy is entirely inappropriate to the press of a particular situation. There are times when active resistance or coercion is the only safeguard against the conduct of men who mean ill against human society. The alternative to coercion is what the religious call conversion, salvation, grace, on the part of the offender. That, too, is essentially a prerational process, not hostile to reason, but proceeding by a short cut into an area that reason cannot directly touch. Liberals tend to minimize the effectiveness of both coercion and conversion, both force and grace; but it is hard to point to any large and significant social change in which both elements did not play a part.

Coercion is, of course, no substitute for intelligent in-

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quiry and no cure in itself for anti-social conduct. But just as there are maladies in the human body which call for surgery rather than diet—though diet, if applied at an early stage, might have been sufficient—so there are moments of crisis in society when anti-social groups or nations that resist the ordinary methods of persuasion and compromise must be dealt with by coercion. In such moments, to hesitate, to temporize, only gives the disease a deeper hold on the organism; and to center one's efforts upon changing the mind of one's opponent, by opposing reason to his irrationality, and to overlook the elementary precaution of depriving him of his weapons for attacking one, is to commit a fatal offense against the very method one seeks to uphold.

THE LIBERAL'S notion that reasoning in the spirit of affable compromise is the only truly human way of meeting one's opponents overlooks the important part played by force and grace. And his unctuous notion that evil must not seriously be combated because the person who attempts to oppose it may ultimately have to use physical force, and will become soiled by the act of fighting, is a gospel of despair. This belief is the core of his defeatist response to Nazism; it means in practice turning the world over to the rule of the violent, the brutal and the inhuman, who have no such fine scruples, because the humane are too dainty in their virtue to submit to any possible assault on it. Now the dangers are real: force *does* brutalize the users of it: when blood is spilt, anger rises and reason temporarily disappears. Hence force is not to be used daily in the body politic, like food or exercise; it is only to be used in an emergency, like medicine or the surgeon's knife. Fascism is barbarous, not because it uses force, but because it *prefers* force to rational accommodation: it deliberately turns mental and physical coercion into nature's daily food.

But to surrender in advance, to take no step because one may make a false step, is to pursue an illusory perfection and to achieve an actual paralysis. Force cannot be left behind, no matter how humane and rational our standards of conduct. He who under no circumstances and for no human purpose will resort to force, abandons the possibility of justice and freedom. The German socialists took their legalistic pacifism seriously; they got their reward in the concentration camp. The English Labourites, following the nerveless Tory leadership, took the same position in international affairs; and that led not alone to the betrayal of Czechoslovakia but to the present endangerment of Western civilization itself.

During the last 10 years, the optimism of the liberals has remained unshaken. The incurable tendency of the liberal is to believe the best about everybody: to hope when there is no reason to hope, and to exhibit the nicest moral qualms, the most delicate intellectual scruples, in situations that demand that he wade in and coarsely exert his utmost effort. We now face a world that is on the brink, perhaps of another Dark Age; and because a Dark Age is not included in the liberal chronology, liberalism glibly refuses to accept the evidence of its sense. Like the sun-dial, it cannot tell time on a stormy day. So, habitually, the pragmatic liberals brand those whose eyes are open to the human devastation around them as "hysterical," "mystical," "having concealed Fascist tendencies," or—taking a leaf from the Hitlerites—as "warmongers."

Now one must remember that liberalism has two sides. There is an ideal liberalism, deeply rooted in the example and experience of humanity: a doctrine that commands the allegiance of all well-disposed men. And there is a transient doctrine of liberalism, the pragmatic side, which grew up in the eighteenth century out of a rather adolescent pride in the scientific conquest of nature and the invention of power machinery: this is the side that emphasizes the utilitarian aspects of life, that concentrates on purely intellectual issues, and that, in its exclusive concern for tolerance and "open-mindedness" is ready to extend its benevolent protection to those who openly oppose the very purposes of civilization. What is important in ideal liberalism are elements like the great Roman notion of *Humanity*, united in the pursuit of freedom and justice, embracing all races and conditions. This ideal is radically opposed at every point to the autarchy advocated by the Fascists; and it is no less opposed to the isolationism, moral and physical and political, advocated by most American liberals—a passive milk-and-water version of the Fascist's contemptuous attitude toward the rest of the human race.

PLAINLY the liberal who proposes to do nothing on behalf of humanity until the lives of individual Americans are actually threatened by a Fascist military invasion will have very little left to save. For life is not worth fighting for: bare life is worthless. Justice is worth fighting for, order is worth fighting for, culture—the cooperation and the communion of the peoples of the world—is worth fighting for: these universal principles and values give purpose and direction to human life. At present, the liberals are so completely deflated and debunked, they have unconsciously swallowed so many of the systematic lies and beliefs of barbarism, that they lack the will to struggle for the essential principles of ideal liberalism: justice, freedom, truth. By clinging to the myth of isolationism, they are helping to create that insane national pride and that moral callousness out of which fascism so easily flowers.

What is the result? Pragmatic liberalism has flatly betrayed ideal liberalism. The values that belong to the latter have been compromised away, vitiated, ruthlessly cast overboard. The permanent heritage of liberalism has been bartered for the essentially ignoble notion of national security, in itself a gross illusion.

No doubt the American liberals mean well; their good intentions are traditional. But they cling to the monstrous illusion that they can save themselves and their

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country by cutting themselves off—to use Hawthorne's words in *Ethan Brand*—from the magnetic chain of every human hope they still share.

What are the prospects, then, for the Western world's surviving the present crisis, with even a handful of the scientific discoveries, the inventions, the literary and esthetic and scholarly achievements, the humanizing patterns of life, that the last three centuries so magnificently created or expanded. On any candid view, the prospects are poor. Barbarism has seized the initiative and is on the march. But as the crisis sharpens, as the evils that threaten us become more formidable, one possibility remains, born of the crisis itself: the psychological possibility of a large-scale conversion. Are the pragmatic liberals shattered enough yet to be ready for a reintegration? Are they capable of rededicating themselves to the tasks of ideal liberalism? If so, there is at least a ray of hope: the optimism of pathology, a commonplace of both religion and psychoanalysis.

To achieve a new basis for personal development and communal action, the liberal need not abandon his earlier concern for science, mechanism, the rational organization of society. But he can no longer regard the world that is embraced by these things as complete or all-sufficient. The world of political action must transcend that of the Economic Man: it must be as large as the fully developed human personality itself. No mere revision of Marxism, no mere ingenious political program with a few socialistic planks added or taken away, no attempt to make five disparate economic systems produce profit in a community where new social motives must take the place of dwindling or absent profits—none of these shallow dodges will suffice. What is demanded is a recrystallization of the positive values of life, and an understanding of the basic issues of good and evil, of power and form, of force and grace, in the actual world. In short: the crisis presses toward a social conversion, deep-seated, organic, religious in its essence, so that no part of personal or political existence will be untouched by it: a conversion that will transcend the arid pragmatism that has served as a substitute religion. For only the living can continue to live, and willingly make the fierce sacrifices and heroic efforts the present moment demands.

To the disoriented liberals of today one must repeat the advice that Krishna offered Arjuna on the eve of battle, as reported in the Bhagavad-Gita. Like the liberals, Arjuna hesitated, debated, had specious moral scruples, remembered his relatives and friends on the other side, clung to the hope of safety in a situation that did not permit him to enjoy it. Victory, Krishna pointed out, is never guaranteed beforehand; and what is more, it is irrelevant to the issue one must face. What is important is that one should attend to the overwhelming duty of the moment, in a spirit of clear-sighted understanding. "Counting gain or loss as one, prepare for battle!" In that spirit—*only* in that spirit—can civilization still be saved.

April 29, 1940

American Socialism—a Long Time Creeping

IRVING BRANT

ALONG with the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Medical Association, Sen. Harry Byrd (D, Va.), General Eisenhower and the *Chicago Tribune*, I wish to record my solemn warning against the insidious spread of socialism in the United States. I am particularly fearful of the doctrines of the Ohio Socialist, Robert A. Taft.

I must add at once, however, that among my ideological comrades I also have my doubts about Dwight D. Eisenhower. He has not succumbed to the public-housing heresy of Senator Taft, but he has rendered himself suspect by declaring in favor of federal pump-priming in periods of depression. Pump-priming is socialism. Under the American way of life, you don't prime a dry pump. You just keep on pumping, as newspaper correspondents do at a White House press conference.

In basic strategy, Mr. Eisenhower displays the soundness one might expect in a five-star general. It is elemental that you cannot put socialism into effect without a vast array of people in government service, and you cannot keep them in service without paying them. Nobody except corporation executives will work for the government for nothing, from pure love of country. So, if Congress, out of fear of the people, is unwilling to take a stand against socialistic legislation, it need only abolish all appropriations and socialism will vanish.

On this subject Mr. Eisenhower is forthright even if he does not go far enough. He visualizes, some day, a cutting of the federal budget from $80 billion down to $30 billion a year. But he has not adequately portrayed the monstrous evil that has grown up among us. So I commend to Mr. Eisenhower ex-Representative Peabody of New Hampshire who has dealt with these Socialist hordes. He called on Congress to free the public

> from the intolerable burden they have for a long time been groaning and travailing under . . . in supporting legions of . . . sinecures who appear in swarms like locusts, upon the land of Egypt, and . . . are . . . rioting upon the blood and treasures of the virtuous citizens [if any such there be] in these United States . . . there is not a moment to be lost in retrenching expenditures.

If Mr. Eisenhower or any other of my colleagues in the fight against onrushing socialism desires to reproduce

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Representative Peabody's speech in full, it was delivered on March 13, 1780.

Our descent into Socialism began earlier than is supposed by most political orators, editors and doctors of philosophy. To put the matter in proper perspective, I propose to give a short history of American socialism, with special reference to the origin and early development of the evil.

SOCIALISM was introduced into America with the invention of the Stakhanovite system in 1754. I am aware that the Russians claim to have invented this system, but they claim everything. Under the Stakhanovite system, employees of the state are paid for piecework —at a rate which advances in geometrical instead of arithmetical ratio to production. An ordinary bricklayer is paid, say 400 rubles a month. A Stakhanovite, laying two to three times as many bricks, is likely to make 2,400 rubles a month, or six times as much. That system was invented in Virginia. The first Stakhanovite was George Washington, who received a bounty of 15,000 acres of public land for enlisting in the French and Indian War. The private soldier, the non-Stakhanovite, received 400 acres, which would more than satisfy the average American socialist today.

The American Revolution gave a titanic forward impulse to socialism, partly out of military urgency, partly as an automatic reaction to the establishment of nationhood. Because Benjamin Franklin put out an almanac with some pious adages in it about thrift, he is thought of as a defender of free enterprise. In reality, Franklin was our first socialistic bureaucrat—the first American Postmaster General. From the humble start thus made in socialism, we have developed the mighty post-office machine, with a deficit of a billion dollars a year.

Let us glance now at some of the socialistic activities which are most alarming today.

Federal aid to education. This monstrosity began in 1775, when the Continental Congress voted funds to pay for the education of Indian youths at Dartmouth College. It was extended to white boys and girls in 1787, when Congress appropriated one square mile in every township of the Northwest Territory for support of free public schools.

Nationalization of industry. This frightful evil started in 1777, when Congress established public tanning yards to make leather for shoes and harnesses.

Federal construction and operation of transportation systems. This dates from 1779, when Congress established a ferry on the Delaware River and authorized the building of a highway across Maine, from the Penobscot River to Nova Scotia, in order to bring Canadian livestock into the United States.

Government in the banking business. This began in 1780, when Congress guaranteed the Bank of Pennsylvania against "all deficiencies of losses and expenses." Since the government only guaranteed the bank against losses, and did not share in profits, some people may say that this was not really socialism—it was a legitimate feature of the system of free enterprise. But wait—the Bank of Pennsylvania was a non-profit association! I hesitate to stress this point, relating that it might set a precedent for absorbing the losses of all co-operative institutions. But truth is truth, and must be told, wherefore I add another exhibit—the setting up, in 1782, of the Bank of North America under federal charter, with the US Treasury subscribing one-half of the capital stock.

Government control of agriculture. Look in the Index to Hening's *Statutes of Virginia* for 1782-84 and read the 170 subject headings which fill seven columns on the regulation of tobacco production and marketing. Clearly those Virginia Socialists were hardened despots. Section 36 of the tobacco code reads: "And be it further enacted. That if any inspector, or inspectors, shall . . . issue . . . more than one receipt for any hogshead or cask of tobacco . . . such inspector or inspectors, being thereof convicted by due course of law, shall . . . suffer death . . . without benefit of clergy."

Social Security. Aside from military bounties, the beginning of this alarming trend lies somewhere before September 15, 1787, when James Madison said in the Constitutional Convention "that there were other uses for tonnage taxes, as the support of seamen, etc." The line is straight and short from that to the Roosevelt-Wagner Social Security Act.

I COME now to the saddest story of all—the origin of *socialized medicine.* This occurred in 1813, when Congress financed the distribution of smallpox vaccine throughout the country. It is the more distressing because this unconstitutional measure was sponsored by President Madison, the father of the Constitution.

So far, I have limited myself to detailed features of socialism which were enacted into law in the early days of our republic. Let us consider broader aspects of the nefarious program. How many of you are familiar with this plank in the American socialist platform?

"All the precious metals should absolutely be the property of the federal government."

Notice the ruthlessness of that word "absolutely," the disregard of private-property rights, the arrogant assumption that the federal government, rather than the states, should possess this vast resource. This last feature isn't really surprising, however, when you consider who wrote those words—Alexander Hamilton.

As Representative Peabody said, "There is not a moment to be lost!"

July 7, 1952

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A Generation on Trial

ALISTAIR COOKE

IT IS NEVER easy on the conscience, and an assault on what we call our sense of reality, to come out of a trial into the daylight and the world of sunlight, business, gossip and friendship. To come out of the paneled courtroom in New York where they are trying Hiss and limp into Foley Square is to exchange two worlds any decent citizen is meant to accept as one: a world in which every casual memory and date is screened for perjury, and a world in which dates are heedlessly made, truth is the "I said to her" of the couple on the bench, and a drunken bum failing to filch a cigarette calls you a son-of-a-bitch and staggers off, free as the dust and the smell of chicory. Then you have a soda and a sandwich and hear more headlong perjury at your elbow in a half-hour than a Lloyd Paul Stryker will expose in a lifetime.

No wonder you can only give a dusty answer to friends who seize you in the evenings and the weekends and ask, which is the liar, which is the guilty one? You only wish they would come into the courtroom and see terror and comedy putting on a medieval ritual. It is one of the great, and perhaps inevitable, misfortunes of this trial that it asks twelve human beings, twelve of Chesterton's "ordinary men looking on," to interpret the friendships and beliefs of the mid-1930s in the political climate of 1949. In this sense, it is not only Alger Hiss who is on trial. It is a whole generation. And whatever the verdict, there is a historical tragedy latent in the lives and careers of Hiss, Chambers and Henry Julian Wadleigh of the same kind, and not so secular at that, as in the trial of St. Joan.

To see just where this tragedy applies, you have first to be careful to separate the courtroom procedures and traditions that shock the layman, unused to trials, especially if he is an idealist, or a non-religious liberal, who wants to make the courts more heroic than they can ever be; who assumes they are the guardians of a man's faith and of a way of life. Two of these procedures that hurt the sensitive are the requirements of a witness not to make assumptions or deductions but to give positive answers, and the whole tradition of cross-examination.

Charles F. Darlington, an assistant chief of the trade-agreements section of the State Department, was the most conspicuous victim of the first procedure, not only because he is a lawyer himself and meant to appear a very smooth article. He was asked to say what he "observed" about Wadleigh's "behavior" when he asked questions. This naturally provokes opinions. But opinions are not evidence. Has he any independent recollection of a certain document "remaining on top of the desk"? He says he thinks "it would be normal . . ." and Thomas F. Murphy, the government counsel, groans, "Will you please direct the witness, Your Honor, to answer questions?"

A layman assumes that "to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" is a good and practicable oath. But as a moral command, it is clearly an impossibility. And the pathos creeps in when you see in the flesh a witness whose notion of a truthful memory is even more scrupulous than that of somebody else who possesses the legal knack of being "a good witness."

FOR EXAMPLE, Mrs. Chambers' memories of where the Hisses lived in Washington happen to be essential to the second indictment—the charge that Hiss lied before the grand jury in saying he had never seen Chambers after January 1, 1937. She first said she and her husband had gone to a New Year's Eve party at the Hisses when they were living at Volta Place, on December 31, 1937. It has been established that the Hisses did not move to this address until the very end of December of that year. Under ordeal by Stryker, Mrs. Chambers amended her testimony to put the date a year earlier. Then she started to wrestle with her uncertain memory of three parties—a housewarming, a wedding anniversary and the New Year's Eve party. After long silence, she says, almost to herself, that the Volta Place party "must have been the housewarming." Stryker whisks around. "You were at the Thirtieth Street House, not Volta Place, then, on December 31, 1937. Is that your testimony now?"

Another long pause. Mrs. Chambers' eyes go to the ceiling and she drums her housewife's fingers on the rail, like a woman checking the figures on a grocery bill. She says, hopelessly, "I am trying to recall," and wanders off into the dark underground of her memory. She has been said by the press, indeed on her own confession, to be "not very good on dates." But this is only because her replies seem to spring from a premise in her own mind that the law cannot allow for. It is that somewhere deep in her memory, if only she can concentrate her digging in the right place, the truth and the recollection will be found to run in overlapping seams. But every time she tries, she discovers to her obvious alarm that the memory is a poor miner and that the deep recesses of truth are guarded by jesting Pilate.

A little later, Stryker was trying to find out when she

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had decided to include Alger Hiss on a jaunt Mrs. Hiss is supposed to have made to drop some children's things off at the Chambers' apartment in New York. When did she have her memory refreshed? She thought it was when the FBI spoke to her.

"Was there any sort of leading question on the part of the FBI to suggest Mr. Hiss might have been there?"

She answered at once, quietly and with much dignity, "You are insulting, sir."

Murphy came snorting to his feet and the judge's head bobbed over the bench and his pink face reddened. "Mrs. Chambers," he lectured, "from the standpoint of both the government and the defendant this is a most serious case. Mrs. Chambers, I tell you again not to indulge suggestions of that kind."

You have to be a lawyer to sense the correct direction from which righteous indignation is likely to come. Anywhere outside a court, Stryker would have seemed to get what was coming to him. But sarcasm and invective are the counsel's monopoly and the witness must swallow his emotion and say yes and no. It is doubtful whether the American jurists who have cherished this inheritance from English common law ever anticipated the explosion on the legal scene of Lloyd Paul Stryker. For he prowls the shadowy fence between truth and untruth like a tomcat howling at the neighborhood to come and join in the obviously hopeless search for an honest man.

These, then, are the conventions that put any trial in a certain emotional frame and make it, I should say, even harder for the jury to eschew emotions, prejudice, bias, sympathy and all the other admonitions that, if faithfully sworn to, would produce not twelve jurymen but a dozen saints.

What is there in this trial, more than any other, that reflects an inevitable personal tragedy which the court cannot appease or resolve? It is, I think, the fact which constantly emerges through this disheveled stockpile of memory that the main characters were idealists at a time when the nature of loyalty—to the state, to one's beliefs, to one's family and fellow men—was undergoing one of those historic and permanent changes. In the Western world, loyalty has simmered down to a negative assumption that a man is bound first to his family, then to his country's policies, and between these poles his yearnings toward reform swing freely within the limits of Christian charity.

The positive religious impulse of our time has been the Soviet assertion of another integrity, whose ghastly vitality the sentimental liberal has learned about only since he has come to see that Hitler produced in the Third Reich an inverted parody of the Communist state. This "integrity" is like the priest's in denying the prior loyalty of the family and the state. It is a dedication (as I think, a pathological one) to the omnipotence of the revolutionary clique, which transcends the loyalties of human love, of family and of state. Up to now we have heard about it as a monster Displaced Person at large over Eastern Europe. We have seen our own tradition debauched by it in the figure of Rubashev, in *Darkness at Noon*. Before that, we saw it as a monstrous figure of fiction in Conrad's *Under Western Eyes*.

To be such a character, we are told, takes demonic guile and the guts of a martyr. It is still next to impossible to watch Gromyko and Malik out at Lake Success and grant that they, in their Sears Roebuck suits, can really be such men.

And the fascination of the Hiss trial, the weird sense of a ghoul invading a clambake, is the possibility that this sensitive editor and Maryland farmer, and the handsome young lawyer in the Brooks Brothers suit, might both some time have made that dedication.

July 4, 1949

The Future of Democracy

BENEDETTO CROCE

PEOPLE are always asking, Do you think that the world is moving toward an authoritarian system of government? Do you think that philosophy is moving toward a new anti-idealistic realism? Do you think that art is moving toward futurism or dadaism or "hermitism"? and so on.

I call this kind of question "meteorological"; it is like asking, "Do you think that it is going to rain today? Had I better take my umbrella?"

But moral, intellectual, esthetic and political problems are not things outside ourselves, like rain or fine weather; they are within ourselves and for that reason there is no sense in asking what is more or less likely to happen. We need solely to make up our own minds and to act, each one according to his understanding and his capacity.

You will permit me also to state that, among the insults today offered to liberty, none seems to me more gross than that implied in the question whether the liberal system is to be preferred to the authoritarian system.

It reminds me of the story of a man who went to a friend and said: "I was given a slap in the face today,

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what do you advise me to do about it?" and the friend replied, "Why, if it was given to you, keep it." It is evident that a man who asks advice about his personal dignity has already actually renounced it.

The choice between liberty and suppression of liberty is not on the same plane as a choice between things of different values, one of which may reasonably be preferred to the other—the first means human dignity and civilization, the second the debasing of men until they are either a flock to be led to pasture, or captured, trained animals in a cage.

COMING to our own times, I see the future that liberty promises always as a beacon; I do not see any light in the future promised by authoritarianism. In the past, under the forms of theocracy, of monarchy or of oligarchy, authority had at least a background of religious mystery. Modern humanistic thought has dissipated the mystery, replacing it by simple humanitarian ideals.

But authoritarianism in our times, in those we see looming ahead, is irreligious and materialistic, despite its pretenses and rhetoric, and comes down to a brutal rule of violence over people who are prevented from seeing and knowing what is going on, and who are forced to submit to leadership and give unquestioning obedience to it.

To lend glamor to this obedience by associating it with the noble and the heroic, it is usually called military discipline, which has been extended, or should be extended, to the whole of society. But military discipline has its function only as one aspect of the social order. If instead of being contained within the society, it is itself the containing body or is co-extensive with society, it can no longer be called military discipline, but is a general process of fostering universal stupidity. An artist with the face of a corporal, a scientist with that of a sergeant, a politician who waits for his orders and blindly carries them out, is no longer an artist, a scientist or a politician, but an imbecile.

We see it also as a phase of mental decadence that the political problem is now usually presented in terms of "the masses," and what is suitable "for the masses." "Masses" are not, as people seem to believe, something new in history; they have always existed, smaller than today, to be sure, since the proportions of society as a whole were smaller, but of the same nature and with the same spirit, the same threat, the same peril.

Sound political sense has never regarded the masses as the directing force of society, but has always delegated this directive function to a class which was not economic in its basis of selection, but political; one capable of governing. The problem concerns therefore not the masses but the governing class. Here too the evil, if evil there be, is in ourselves, and in ourselves alone is the remedy. It is vain to look for it elsewhere.

Liberalism should be at one and the same time the friend and the foe of democracy. It should be its friend, because the governing class is fluid, and its efforts are applied to increasing its membership and its following to choosing them more carefully, and thus democracy implies an administration that provides at the same time an education of the governed for governing. But liberalism must be the foe of democracy when the latter tends to substitute mere numbers or quantity for quality, because by so doing democracy is preparing the way for demagoguery, and, quite unintentionally, for dictatorshp and tyranny and its own destruction.

A practical corollary for men of good will: to work unremittingly under whatever conditions prevail, with every means at hand, and continuously, to work for the preservation and strengthening of the liberal spirit, seeking the most suitable means, but always those that lead to the end in view and not to its abandonment or its replacement by other ends.

A MAN who works for an ideal finds in that ideal his hope and his joy. And yet his human flesh may perhaps look for comfort in some more specific aspiration. And this too he can have, if he considers that, under the present conditions of the world, the reserve of intellectual and moral force is still enormous, and that civil liberties have been preserved in great and powerful nations. These will withstand the perils to which they are exposed and will serve as signal flares for general recovery and resumption of progress.

But supposing we assume that the worst will happen. The worst that can be envisaged is that the struggle which is today tearing the world asunder will culminate in the complete rout of liberty and the triumph of authoritarianism, or as it is now called, "totalitarianism," even in the countries which have up to this time remained immune.

Well, then, freedom will succumb, to be sure, but with the certainty that the processes of acquiring it will have to begin all over again, and that, in order to begin again, people will resume the efforts which for the time being have failed to win victory but which will win it in days to come.

In this sense, and not in that of obedience, in this knowing how to suffer death for a greater life, the task of humanity is in truth inspired by a military and a heroic spirit.

Can we suppose that our affairs will be in safer hands if we give *carte blanche* to others to manage them as they see fit, without the interested persons being able to intervene, to object, or even to ask questions?

Here, too, an anecdote comes to mind, that of the king of Illyria in Daudet's *Les Rois en Exil* who renounces his throne to live blissfully as a private individual with a woman. When he triumphantly announces to her that he has done so, she laughs in his face, *"Jobard, va!"* (you poor simpleton) and walks out.

April 7, 1937

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A Journal of Opinion

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

A NUMBER of letters have appeared among the correspondence printed in the *New Republic* which indicate that some of its readers are in doubt in regard to its aims and tendencies. Representatives of various "causes" have been asking a little peevishly what its editors "stand for." Persons who have pledged themselves to the promotion or frustration of a particular movement are naturally nervous unless they can be sure of the whereabouts of a possible enemy. For such people the world is divided into two distinct classes; those who agree with them and those who do not. The partisan may, by a painful exercise of the imagination, conceive of people who are unaware of the issue which he has at heart, but he demands that all who play his game should play it seriously and for keeps. He is intolerant of miscellaneous sniping on the part of those not in the uniformed ranks of pros and antis. But even those not partisan in the usual sense of the term may well ask what the new journal "stands for."

It is clearly serious, although not solemn. Its name suggests aspirations beyond amusing its readers and instructing them only so far as may be compatible with the purity of the home and the consequent integrity of the subscription list. It appears to have no set convictions, no clearly defined political, religious, social, economic or artistic principles, ancient or modern; it espouses no current issue. Nevertheless it seems to have an end in view. May it not be that the chief distinction and importance of the *New Republic* consists precisely in not "standing for" anything?

When its editors and promoters first reviewed the vast numbers of existing periodicals, they must have been impressed by the satisfactory manner in which all "causes," movements, reforms, beliefs and interests were already represented by special magazines dedicated to their defense. The capitalist and socialist, the protectionist and free trader, the militarist and pacifist, the suffragists and their opponents, the teetotalers and theirs, all have their serial advocates, and so has every religious sect, every profession, art, trade and branch of industry, from the theologians and metaphysicians to the commercial travelers and laundrymen. Each time one glances at the newsstands he sees that another hitherto neglected corner of existence is to be illuminated at weekly or monthly intervals.

To the imposing array of special and partisan magazines the editors of the *New Republic* probably had no inclination to add. They dreamed, I suspect, not of adhesion but of detachment; not of loyalty to principle but of serious and persistent criticism; not of conclusions but of discussion. Other editors before them have dreamed of the same things and have to some extent realized their visions, but they have commonly been either too eccentric and too personal to exercise a wide influence, or, more commonly, too conservative to escape the bounds of ordinary thought. And honest and profitable discussion, it must be remembered, has always been a rare thing in this world. The words "reasonableness" and "fairmindedness" fall pleasantly on the ear, and Cicero's claim to belong to those who seek to refute without obstinacy and who suffer refutation without impatience, would be approved by the most hot-headed fanatic. We resent being called intolerant or prejudiced, and we applaud breadth of view and openness of mind.

But over against these aspirations we set up a conflicting set of ideals—sound doctrine, consistency, fidelity to principle, the teachings of the ages, God's will, the dictates of conscience, eternal verities, immutable human nature, the imprescriptible rights of man. In practice we place our full confidence in these. Plato, Cicero and Montaigne may have gloried in sweet reasonableness, but what are they to the respected and unbroken line of dogmatists from Aristotle to our own day? Aristotle was well aware, however, of the distinction between discussion for truth's sake and argument directed toward victory. The one he called Dialectic, the other Eristic. The first is a way of acquiring, modifying or losing convictions; the other of protecting from harm those already got. Eristic is a peculiarly Christian virtue. It consists in putting on the armor of the Lord and defending the faith that is in us. It possesses a conspicuous element of military heroism which is usually missed in sweet reasonableness. It seems to suit the taste of carnal man. Few, like Montaigne, have well enough formed heads to find the pillow of doubt a comfortable one.

THE *New Republic*, we may assume, stands on the whole for dialectic; but even this implies a kind of partisanship and special pleading, for underlying and justifying all serious discussion is doubt, and doubt only arises when one becomes suspicious of accepted notions. A man has to prove his right to doubt before he can establish his right to discuss, and the limits of discussion are established by the extent of the doubt. Most discussion of morals and social and political reorganization

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is highly superficial, for the reason that the participants have no inclination, or do not venture publicly, to impugn the accepted views of the relations of men and women to each other and to the state.

The great opportunity of the *New Republic* seems to be that it proposes to introduce scientific doubt into human affairs on a larger scale than any other journal of opinion, with the conviction that only in this way can the intellect be freed for fruitful discussion. It proposes to question where others have assumed. It may refuse to confine its operations within the bounds of what seems moral, reasonable, practical and constitutional to thoughtful conservatives today, for its editors may well believe that they have good reasons for scrutinizing with suspicion those generalizations about human nature and human relations which have been erected into moral, religious and political principles. This is a hard saying, I know. But if, like Descartes, the editors decided that they had no reason for believing anything that they had been taught about mankind, they would at least justify free and fresh discussion beyond anything dreamed of in existing magazines.

The fundamental issue between ordinary reform talk and a bold journal of opinion lies in the acceptance or rejection of mere presuppositions. If we agree with high-minded representatives of the conservative class, we shall take an optimistic view of the past conclusions of mankind and make them the necessary basis of any reconstructions we may undertake. If, on the other hand, we believe that we must begin over, at least in our thought, we have an immeasurably more difficult task, but one that must be faced in the hope that the advances in social science may sometime reward us as those in natural science have already done.

At present the *New Republic* promises to become a chief solace to that growing class of thoughtful men who have no undue reverence for established habits of thought, and who feel that our final extrication from the present muddle must come in part at least through unhampered scientific criticism, not only of existing moral, social and political institutions, but of the very ideas and standards that have been underlying them.

May 8, 1915

The Spiritual Audacity of Duse

STARK YOUNG

Duse, closer to 70 now than 60, preserves still her old art of featuring nothing, but only of conveying the necessary truth. If you see one of the occasional performances that she is giving now in Italian theatres, you get the impression neither of a woman remarkably young-looking for her age nor of a woman on whom age has set an absorbingly interesting record. What you get is the impression of a slender woman with an extraordinary interesting mask, with beautiful hands, gray hair and a low poignant voice.

All through the performance that I saw, Duse did not suggest age so much as she suggested a diminished endurance. There was no question of quality but only one of quantity. That is to say you could see clearly that the actress might not be able to go on for so long or so many performances or for prolonged, violent scenes; but it was also equally clear that for what she does do her body lacks nothing and is entirely adequate in the most exact meaning of the word: Duse's body keeps its old coordination, the flow of lines is still perfect and continuous; there is no sense of stiffness or angularity, or, as happens with age, of that lessening in the capacity of the muscles to carry out the immediate intention of the thought and will. The voice is something less clear and vibrant than once but no less dramatic and poignant. Looking at Duse's figure there on the stage you get pretty much what you always got, the sense of a body that has no existence apart from its idea and that is inseparable from what she means to express. Now as always Duse's art is connected with the external, the visible and audible aspect of her, as music is connected with sound. And the ideas and qualities that Duse expresses show still no sign of fatigue, or grayness, of doting egotism, of drouth, but only that old, quivering, subtle, profound passion of absorption with life and response to it that occurs in human living in its most complete moments whether in art or in other manifestations.

Duse does not exemplify the art of acting so much as she illustrates the fundamentals of all art. All art, obviously, is concerned with the expression of life. To this purpose the artist is the first means, and after the artist the medium, color, words, sound, whatever it may be, that he works in. Duse's art illustrates first of all the principle in art of the necessity of the artist's own greatness, his sensitivity and power in feeling, in idea, in soul, in the education and fine culture of all these. Her art illustrates the necessity for a fierce and subtle and exact connection between the artist's meaning and his expression of it. It illustrates supremely the nature of the poetic as it applies not only to poetry but to every art.

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And so it is that you cannot easily get from Duse's acting a pure acting delight. She is not the actor's actor, as Velasquez is the painter's painter, or Spenser the poet's poet. That is to say you cannot delight in her performance as supreme craft, something that delights whether it is deep or fitting, delights because of the perfection of its brush, its tone, its manner, because of its competency, because of its happy application of the art and the possibilities of pleasure in it by reason of its sheer technical purity and perfection, independent, so far as that is possible, of everything in life outside itself. And it is difficult to take any academic delight in Duse's acting. Something in you withholds you from saying what a beautiful gesture that was, what a tone, what a contrivance in that scene, what reading in this, what technical facility. All these things are good in themselves, of course; they too may be almost in themselves a kind of art. They are means of speaking, dialects for ideas; and, after all art is art not life. Style, however, in the sense of an added elaboration and distinction of method, of something in itself creative and separable, style in that separable aspect of technical felicity or skill or tact, Duse rarely has. Style in the sense of a medium which, like a glass over a laboratory experiment, disappears before the matter which it isolates and exhibits. Duse is never without.

IT IS ONLY slowly that you see what labor and skill has gone to make up that creation of Duse's soul in the outer forms of an art. You see her bending over the child, you see her carry the pilgrim's staff, the lines of her long garment, the pity of her hands, the wandering of her hands among the lights on the altar. You see suddenly that dumbness, and then that flutter of life through the body. You see that the entire moment has revealed itself to you. You see what this woman knows; and you wonder whether such a knowledge of the human life and soul resolves itself in her finally into tears or into light. But it is only slowly that you perceive this artist's years of study of the lines of statutary—and especially of sculptors like Mino da Fiesole and Desiderio da Settignana and those more delicate realists of the earlier Renaissance, to discover the inevitable lines of grace and meaning, to learn how to study the rhythms of the form in order to free them of all but that last beauty of its own characteristics. And you gradually observe that Duse suggests perpetually a state of music which must have come from a long love and study of that art. And most of all you will see that such a gradation of emphasis throughout the play and so fine and so elusive but unforgettable a comprehension of the entire meaning of the character and theme could come only from a remarkable ability and association with culture and ideas, combined with a poetic and reflective nature, with a courage of mind, and, finally, with something throughout the personality, a kind of untouched and unstressed and constant spiritual audacity. *June 20, 1923*

Mr. Dooley

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

WHEN I WAS asked the other day to write the introduction to a book of selections from "Mr. Dooley," my first thought was how my mother would have received such a piece of news. She would, I am sure, have considered me a combination of Aladdin and Shakespeare. Even to have known him was a greater honor than she thought I would ever have. But it is even harder for me to realize that I could be performing such a task; and when Mr. Dunne called me by my first name, which was at our first meeting, I went home on air; my hero, our household hero, had accepted me.

That was one day at the old Waldorf-Astoria bar, and T. A. Daly, at that time editor of *The Catholic Standard and Times*, introduced us. After an hour, "I have to hurry back," Dunne said, "to write a piece tonight." "When do you have to get it in?" I asked naïvely, for I was on the *Evening Mail* staff, and my idea of imminence was a column due in an hour. "Last Thursday," said Pete.

Dunne was an artist. I use the word jealously. He revered the art of saying things perfectly; he hated slovenliness of thought and expression. That, perhaps, is why he had so acute an appreciation of Ring Lardner, an artist comparable to Dunne. And both were cursed, or blessed, with such lofty ideals of writing that almost never were they satisfied with their product; yet I know of no prose writers who could boast—though neither ever did—of so negligible a percentage of second-rateness.

The Dooley articles began in Chicago in 1893. That was the Chicago of the World's Fair; and Dunne was a newspaperman 26 years of age, already a veteran reporter of eight years' standing. He became a reporter for *The Tribune*; then he went to *The Evening Post*, where the first "Mr. Dooley" piece appeared in August, 1893; in 1897 he became editor of *The Journal*, wherein the "Dooley" pieces were printed until 1900, when he decided to come East.

And still for four or five years "Mr. Dooley" continued to appear weekly, syndicated in the newspapers by R. H. Russell. *Collier's Weekly* then published him with illustrations by C. D. Gibson. I met Dunne in the fall of 1907, when he, as one of the editors of *The American Magazine*, was writing a monthly department, "In the Interpreter's House." It was an editorial article on current matters. It was written in undialect and beautiful English, and though like most other writers he hated work of any kind, the medium of plain English was a relief to him after years of the dialect grind.

It may be that the interest in Irish dialect had waned.

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For in the nineties of "Mr. Dooley's" wide popularity, the country was full of first- and second-generation Irish; the fathers of the boys I played with, John Finerty, Harry McCormick and John Tait, were born in Ireland. And the stage was full of Irishmen; every vaudeville house had one or two Irish acts on its bill; the Russell Brothers, John W. Kelly, Bobby Gaylor, Johnny Ray, Ferguson and Mack, Maggie Cline and Johnny Carroll; there were still echoes of Harrigan and Hart; and the tenor voices of Chauncey Olcott and Andrew Mack, in Irish plays written for them, were heard in the land. Every burlesque show had its Irish comedian.

About the time the "Dooley" sketches first appeared in *The Evening Post*, *The Chicago Record* printed a daily column called "Stories of the Streets and of the Town." This was the work of George Ade, and in that column he wrote his first "Fable in Slang." Let Mr. Ade remember Dunne:

> When I arrived in Chicago in 1890, Pete Dunne, although still quite young, was a star reporter on *The Herald*. Even his newspaper stories showed a careful and precious use of words, and his witticisms were crystal clear and models of brevity. When I first met him I was properly awed, because he gave the impression of being informed, wise, vested with authority, superior, cynical and controversial. Early in the nineties the Whitechapel Club was organized, which is still remembered as a collection of harum-scarum irresponsibilities who scorned the conventions and shared an abiding enthusiasm for alcoholic liquors. It was more than that. It was really a round-up of interesting intellectuals whose opinions and doctrinal beliefs were far in advance of the Chicago environment of that time, although they have since come into favor and received governmental endorsement. Not all of what they stood for will ever be approved by popular vote, because they were irreligious and probably might have been classified as agnostics. They had such scathing contempt for the self-seeking political bosses and the stuffed shirts of the millionaire aristocracy of their own town, and such a hatred for the tyranny of wealth, that they probably might have been socialists, with a leaning toward outright anarchy. Certainly they believed that many of the so-called anarchists, convicted for encouraging the Haymarket massacre, had been framed by courts and prosecutors who had been urged to extreme severity by the panicky millionaires. Many of them had been behind the scenes and their radical opinions were fortified by the unpublished stories which they knew so well but never had been permitted to write.
>
> The "Dooley" sketches were caustic and witty editorials written in the Irish dialect. I don't think Pete ever took them very seriously or agreed with the public that they were more deserving of attention than his chaste and correct editorials done in dignified English. He was like me in that popularity was thrust upon him, and he was marked for all time as a specialist in the production of a certain freak sort of "humor." I am sure that none of us ever regard his output as "humor," but merely truth concealed in sugar-coated idiom and dialect. Pete was a positive character with a most engaging personality. He had a smile that was positively radiant. He was a remarkable person, with a vast understanding and an X-ray intelligence, and our friendship will always be one of my prized memories.

The expression of that social consciousness, as articulated in the "Dooley" sketches, would never have been printed unless they had been written in dialect. For editors, fearful of calling names, feel that the advertisers and the politicians and the social leaders—money, politics and social ambition being the Achilles heels of editors and publishers—are journalism's sacred cows. But if pretense and hypocrisy are attacked by the office clown, especially in dialect, the crooks and the shammers think that it is All in Fun. And when the Dunnes and the Lardners die, the papers print editorials saying that there was no malice in their writing and no bitterness in their humor. Few popular writers ever wrote more maliciously and bitterly than Lardner and Dunne. They resented injustice, they loathed sham and they hated the selfish stupidity that went with them.

Anger and a warm sympathy for the underprivileged underlay almost all the "Dooley" sketches. They may be divided, roughly, into two classes: those that might, but for a name or two, have been written yesterday; and those that are important only as bits of the American life of the day. Most of them, on the surface, are dated; many of them are outworn—almost museum pieces.

Yet to read them all again, as I have been doing, brings back to me countless memories of whole episodes and trends of political, social and literary history. And while they summon vividly Chicago local affairs of the nineties, and this about Tiddy Rosenfelt and that about William Jennings Bryan, you can substitute current names in such pieces and it will astonish you to see how many of the sketches are true of today. Essays like "Expert Testimony" and "The Supreme Court's Decisions" are sound philosophy; the Dreyfus-case articles are sane and burning criticism of conditions that might arise anywhere, in any nation where the prejudgment of biased power affects the liberty of its citizens.

For me to praise "Mr. Dooley" seems absurd: I would as soon endorse a sunrise. But there are many who never read Finley Peter Dunne's acute essays on American life. To them I should like to make a house-to-house canvass, on a satisfaction-guaranteed-or-money-refunded basis. To Dunneophiles, republication of selections from the "Dooley" series will be a joy.

Once Mr. Dunne was speaking of some current authors, writers of photographic dialogue. "They are wonderful," he said, "but they don't make anything up." And that was Peter Dunne's writing religion: To Make Things Up. And the things he made up were great things.

May 4, 1938

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As an Alien Feels

FRANCIS HACKETT

TWENTY-FIVE years ago I knew but dimly that the United States existed. My first dream of it came, as well as I remember, from the strange gay flag that blew above a circus tent on the Green. It was a Wild West Show, and for years I associated America with the intoxication of the circus and, for no reason, with the tang of oranges. "Two a penny, two a penny, large penny oranges! Buy away an' ate away, large penny oranges!"

America dawned for me in a social settlement. It dawned for me as a civilization and a faith. In all my first experiences of my employers I got not one glimpse of American civilization. Theirs was the language of smartness, alertness, brightness, success, efficiency, and I tried to learn it, but it was a difficult and alien tongue. Some of them were lawyers, but they were interested in penmanship and ability to clean ink-bottles. Some of them were businessmen, but they were interested in ability to typewrite and to keep the petty cash. It was not their fault. Ours was not an affair of the heart. But if it had not been for the social settlement I should still be an alien to the bone.

Till I knew a social settlement the American flag was still a flag on a circus tent, a gay flag but cheap. The cheapness of the United States was the message of quick-lunch and the boarding-house, of vaudeville and Coney Island and the Sunday newspaper, of the promenade on Broadway. In the social settlement I came on something entirely different. Here on the ash-heap of Chicago was a blossom of something besides success. The house was saturated in the perfume of the stockyards, to make it sweet. A trolley-line ran by its bedroom windows, to make it musical. It was thronged with Jews and Greeks and Italians and soulful visitors, to make it restful. It was inhabited by highstrung residents, to make it easy. But it was the first place in all America where there came to me a sense of the intention of democracy, the first place where I found a flame by which the melting pot melts. I heard queer words about it. The men, I learned, were molly-coddles, and the women were sexually unemployed. The ruling class spoke of "unsettlement workers" with animosity, the Socialists of a mealy-mouthed compromise. Yet in that strange haven of clear humanitarian faith I discovered what I suppose I had been seeking . . . America had a soul.

How one discovers these things is hard to put honestly. It is like trying to recall the first fair wind of spring. But I know that slowly and unconsciously the atmosphere of the settlement thawed out the asperity of alienism. There were Americans of many kinds in residence, from Illinois, from Michigan, fom New York, English-Americans, Russian-Americans, Austrian-Americans, German-Americans, men who had gone to Princeton and Harvard, women spiritually lavendered in Bryn Mawr. The place bristled with hyphens. But the Americanism was of a kind that opened to the least pressure from without, and never shall I forget the way these residents with their "North Side" friends had managed so graciously to domesticate the annual festival of my own nationality.

It is curious how the progress of naturalization becomes revealed to one. I still recollect with a thrill the first time I attended a national political convention and listened to the roll-call of the states. "Alabama! Arizona! Arkansas!" Empty names for many years, at last they were filled with one clear concept, the concept of the democratic experiment. "As I walk'd in Alabama my morning walk"—the living appeal to each state by name recalled Whitman's generous amusing scope. "Far breath'd land! Arctic braced! Mexican breez'd The Diverse! The compact! The Pennsylvanian! The Virginian! The double Carolinian!" The orotund roll-call was not intended to evoke Whitman. It was intended, as it happened, to evoke votes for Taft and Sherman. But even these men were parts of the democratic experiment. And the vastly peopled hall answered for Whitman, as the empurpled Penrose did not answer. It was they who were the leaves of our grass.

I THINK of Lincoln and his effected mysticism by union, union for the experiment, and I feel alive within me a complete identification with this land. The keenest realization of the nation reached me, as I recall, the first time I saw the capitol in Washington. Quite unsuspecting I strolled up the hill from the station, just about midnight, the streets gleaming after a warm shower. The plaza in front of the Capitol was deserted. A few high sentinel lamps threw a lonely light down the wet steps and scantily illumined the pillars. Darkness veiled the dome. Standing apart completely by myself, I felt as never before the union of which this strength and simplicity was the symbol. The quietude of the night, the scent of April pervading it, gave to the lonely building a dignity such as I had seldom felt before. It seemed to me to stand for a fine and achieved determination, for a purpose maintained, for a quiet faith in the peoples and states that lay away behind it to far horizons. Lincoln, I thought, had perhaps looked down from those steps on such a night in April, and felt the same promise of Spring.

In the daylight, no doubt, the capitol is different, a maze of practical politicians. But it is not from these men's activities that the alien derives his final belief—his belief that, however they fail, there is in these states a touchstone of humanity, and that here men may renew themselves to a free and conscious end.

July 24, 1915

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Loom Dance

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

THEY HAD brought a "minute-man" into one of the Southern cotton-mill towns. A doctor told me this story. The minute-men come from the North. They are efficiency experts. The North, as everyone knows, is the old home of efficiency. The minute-man comes into a mill with a watch in his hand. He stands about. He is one of the fathers of "stretch-out" system. The idea is like this:

There is a woman here who works at the looms. She is a weaver. She is taking care, let us say, of 30 looms. The question is—is she doing all she can?

It is put up to her. "If you can take care of more looms you can make more money." The workers are all paid by the piece-work system.

"I will stand here with this watch in my hand. You go ahead and work. Be natural. Work as you always did.

"I will watch every movement you make. I will co-ordinate your movements.

"Now, you see you have stopped to gossip with another woman, another weaver.

"That time you talked for four minutes.

"Time is money, my dear.

"And you have gone to the toilet. You stayed in there seven minutes. Was that necessary? Could you not have done everything necessary in three minutes?

"Three minutes here, four minutes there. Minutes, you see, make hours and hours make cloth."

I said it was put up to her, the weaver. Well, you know how such things are put up to the employees in any factory. "I am going to try this," he says, "do you approve?"

"Sure."

What else is to be said?

There are plenty of people out of work, God knows.

You don't want to lose your job, do you?

(The boss speaking.)

"Well, I asked them about it. They all approved.

"Why I had several of them into my office. 'Is everything all right?' I asked. 'Are you perfectly satisfied about everything?'

" 'Sure', they all said."

It should be understood, if you do not understand, that the weaver in the modern cotton mill does not run his loom. He does not pull levers. The loom runs on and on. It is so arranged that if one of the threads among many thousand threads breaks, the loom automatically stops.

It is the weaver's job to spring forward. The broken thread must be found. Down inside the loom there are little steel fingers that grasp the threads. The ends of the broken thread must be found and passed through the finger that is to hold just that thread. The weaver's knot must be tied. It is a swiftly made, hard little knot. It will not show in the finished cloth. The loom may run for a long time and no thread break, and then, in a minute, threads may break in several looms.

The looms in the weaving-rooms are arranged in long rows. The weaver passes up and down. Nowadays, in modern mills, she does not have to change the bobbins. The bobbins are automatically fed into the loom. When a bobbin has become empty it falls out and a new one takes its place. A full cylinder of bobbins is up there, atop the loom. The full bobbins fall into their places as loaded cartridges fall into place when a revolver is fired.

So there is the weaver. All she, or he, has to do is to walk up and down. Let us say that 20 or 30 looms are to be watched. The looms are of about the breadth of an ordinary writing desk or the chest of drawers standing in your bedroom.

You walk past 20 or 30 of them, keeping your eyes open. They are all in rapid motion, dancing. You must be on the alert. You are like a school teacher watching a group of children.

But these looms, these children of the weaver, do not stand still. They dance in their places. There is a play of light from the factory windows and from the white cloth against the dark frames of the looms.

Belts are flying. Wheels are turning.

The threads—often hundreds to the inch—lie closely in the loom, a little steel finger holding each thread. The bobbin flies across, putting in the cross threads. It flies so rapidly the eye cannot see it.

That is a dance, too.

The loom itself seems to jump off the floor. There is a quick jerky movement, a clatter. The loom is setting each cross thread firmly in place, making firm, smooth cloth.

The dance of the looms is a crazy dance. It is jerky, abrupt, mechanical. It would be interesting to see some dancer do a loom dance on the stage. A new kind of music would have to be found for it.

There are 15 looms dancing, 20, 30, 40. Lights are dancing over the looms. There is always, day in, day out, this strange jerky movement, infinitely complex. The noise in the room is terrific.

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The job of the minute-man is to watch the operator. This woman makes too many false movements. "Do it like this."

The thing is to study the movements, not only of the weavers but of the machines. The thing is to more perfectly co-ordinate the two.

It is called by the weavers the "stretch-out."

It is possible by careful study, by watching an operator (a weaver) hour after hour, standing with watch in hand, following the weaver up and down, to increase the efficiency by as much as 100 percent. It has been done.

Instead of 36 looms, let us say 72. Something gained, eh? Every other operator replaced.

Let us say a woman weaver makes twelve dollars a week. Let her make 16. That will be better for her.

You still have $8 gained.

What about the operator replaced? What of her?

But you cannot think too much of that if you are to follow modern industry. To every factory new machines are coming. They all throw workmen out of work. That is the whole point. The best brains in America are engaged in that. They are making more and more complex, strange and wonderful machines that throw people out of work.

They don't do it for that reason. The mill owner doesn't buy for that reason. To think of mill owners as brutes is just nonsense. They have about as much chance to stop what is going on as you have.

What is going on is the most exciting thing in modern life. Modern industry is a river in flood, it is a flow of refined power.

It is a dance.

The minute-man the doctor told me about made a mistake. He was holding his watch on the wrong woman.

She had been compelled to go to the toilet and he followed her to the door and stood there, watch in hand.

It happened that the woman had a husband, also a weaver, working in the same room.

He stood watching the man who was holding the watch on his wife in there. His looms were dancing—the loom dance.

And then suddenly he began to dance. He hopped up and down in an absurd, jerky way. Cries, queer, seemingly meaningless cries, came from his throat.

He danced for a moment like that and then he sprang forward. He knocked the minute-man down. Other weavers, men and women, came running. Now they were all dancing up and down. Cries were coming from many throats.

The weaver who was the husband of the woman back of the door had knocked the minute-man down, and now was dancing upon his body. He kept making queer sounds. He may have been trying to make the music for the new loom dance.

The minute-man from the North was not a large man. He was slender and had blue eyes and light, curly hair and wore glasses.

The glasses had fallen on the floor.

His watch had fallen on the floor.

All the looms in the room kept running.

Lights danced in the room.

The looms kept dancing.

A weaver was dancing on a minute-man's watch.

A weaver was dancing on a minute-man's glasses.

Other weavers kept coming.

They came running. Men and women came from the spinning-room.

There were more cries.

There was music in the mill.

And really you must get into your picture the woman—in there.

We can't leave her out.

She would be trying, nervously, to arrange her clothes. She would have heard her husband's cries.

She would be dancing, grotesquely, in a confined place.

In all the mills, the women and girls hate more than anything else being watched when they go to the toilet.

They speak of that among themselves. They hate it more than they hate long hours and low wages.

There is a kind of deep human humiliation in that.

There is this secret part of me, this secret function, the waste of my body being eliminated. We do not speak of that. It is done secretly.

We must all do it and all know we must all do it. Rightly seen it is but a part of our relations with nature.

But we civilized people are no longer a part of nature. We live in houses. We go into factories.

These may be a part of nature, too. We are trying to adjust ourselves. Give us time.

You—do not stand outside of this door to this little room, holding a watch in your hand, when I go in here.

There are some things in this world, even in our modern mass-production world, not permitted.

There are things that will make a weaver dance the crazy dance of the looms.

There was a minute-man who wanted to co-ordinate the movements of weavers to the movements of machines.

He did it.

The legs of weavers became hard and stiff like legs of looms. There was an intense up and down movement. Cries arose from many throats. They blended strangely with the clatter of looms.

As for the minute-man, some other men, foremen, superintendents and the like, got him out of there. They dragged him out at a side door and into a mill yard. The yard became filled with dancing, shouting men, women and girls. They got him into another machine, an automobile, and hurried him away. They patched him up. The doctor who patched him up told me the story.

He had some ribs broken and was badly bruised, but he lived all right. He did not go back into the mill.

The "stretch-out" system was dropped in that mill in the South. The loom dance of the weavers stopped it that time.

April 30, 1930

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Homage to Hemingway

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

ERNEST HEMINGWAY had the chance to become the spokesman of the war generation, or, more particularly, he came to be regarded as the spokesman of that generation by those who had not, in their own persons, known the experience of war. The phrase which he had culled from one of his many conversations with Gertrude Stein and printed opposite the title page of *The Sun Also Rises*—"You are all a lost generation"—was destined to *faire fortune*. And to this he appended another quotation from the aged and charming cynic of Ecclesiastes, which not only pointed the title of his book, but linked its own disillusionment with another so old and remote in time as to seem a permanent proclamation of the vanity of things.

His own generation admired him, but could also appraise how special his experience had been. It was still a younger generation, those who were school-boys at the time of the War, who were infatuated with him. Hemingway not only supplied them with the adventures they had missed; he offered them an attitude with which to meet the disorders of the postwar decade. It was they who accepted the Hemingway legend and by their acceptance gave it a reality it had not had.

It is as one who dictated the emotions to contemporary youth that Hemingway has been compared to Lord Byron. The comparison is in many ways an apt one. The years of Byron's fame were not unlike the decade after the last war. The hopes raised by the French Revolution had then been frustrated and all possibilities of action were being rapidly destroyed by those in power. In the 1920's, the disintegration of the social fabric which began before the War became apparent to almost anyone. Here and there were new faces in politics, but Hemingway, who had worked on a Midwestern paper in his youth, gone abroad shortly after the War as correspondent to a Canadian newspaper, come into contact with the literary diplomats at the Quai d'Orsay, followed the French troops of M. Poincaré into the Ruhr, known Mussolini when he too was a journalist, seen war and government from both sides in the Turkish-Greek conflict, was not likely to rate the new gangsters above the old gangs. It should have been obvious to a disinterested observer in 1922 that there was no longer much prospect of immediate revolution in the countries of Europe. It was in 1922 that Hemingway seriously began his career as a writer.

He was to become, like Byron, a legend while he was still in his twenties. But when I first met him in the summer of 1922 there could be no possibility of a legend. I had just come abroad and calling on Ezra Pound had asked him about American writers of talent then in Paris. Pound's answer was a taxi, which carried us with decrepit rapidity across the Left Bank, through the steep streets rising toward Mont Saint Genevieve, and brought us to the Rue du Cardinal Lemoine. There we climbed four flights of stairs to find Ernest Hemingway. He had then published nothing except his newspaper work, none of which I have ever seen; so that my impressions could be only personal. From that time until 1930 I saw Hemingway fairly constantly. Since then he has retired to Florida, and I have seen him but once. Any later impressions I have are gathered entirely from his books.

Hemingway, as he then appeared to me, had many of the faults of the artist, some, such as vanity, to an exaggerated degree. But these are faults which from long custom I easily tolerate. And in his case they were compensated for by extraordinary literary virtues. He was instinctively intelligent, disinterested, and not given to talking nonsense. Toward his craft he was humble, and had, moreover, the most completely literary integrity it has ever been my lot to encounter. I say the most complete, for while I have known others who were not to be corrupted, none of them was presented with the opportunities for corruption that assailed Hemingway. His was that innate and genial honesty which is the very chastity of talent; he knew that to be preserved it must constantly be protected. He could not be bought. I happened to be with him on the day he turned down an offer from one of Mr. Hearst's editors, which, had he accepted it, would have supported him handsomely for years. He was at the time living back of the Montparnasse cemetery, over the studio of a friend, in a room small and bare except for a bed and table, and buying his midday meal for five sous from street vendors of fried potatoes.

IN ATTEMPTING to say what has happened to Hemingway, I might suggest that, for one thing, he has become the legendary Hemingway. He appears to have turned into a composite of all those photographs he has been sending out for years: sunburned from snows, on skis; in fishing get-up, burned dark from the hot Caribbean; the handsome, stalwart hunter crouched smiling

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over the carcass of some dead beast. Such a man could have written most of *Green Hills of Africa.*

Byron's legend is sinister and romantic, Hemingway's manly and low-brow. One thing is certain. That last book is hard-boiled. If that word is to mean anything, it must mean indifference to suffering and, since we are what we are, can but signify a callousness to others' pain. When I say that the young Hemingway was among the tenderest of mortals, I do not speak out of private knowledge, but from the evidence of his writings. He could be, as any artist must in this world, if he is to get his work done, ruthless. He wrote courageously, but out of pity; having been hurt, and badly hurt, he could understand the pain of others. His heart was worn, as was the fashion of the times, up his sleeve and not on it. It was always there and his best tricks were won with it. Now, according to the little preface to *Green Hills of Africa*, he seems to think that having discarded that half-concealed card, he plays more honestly. He does not. For with the heart the innate honesty of the artist is gone. And he loses the game.

THE problem of style is always a primary one, for to each generation it is presented anew. It is desirable, certainly that literature reflect the common speech; it is even more necessary that it set forth a changed sensibility, since that is the only living change from one generation to another. But to an American who, like Hemingway, was learning the craft of prose in the years that followed the War, that problem was present in a somewhat special way. He must achieve a style that could record an American experience, and neither falsify the world without nor betray the world within.

How difficult that might be, he could see from his immediate predecessors; they had not much else to teach. On the one side there was Mr. Hergesheimer, whose style falsified every fact he touched. On the other was Mr. Dreiser, a worthy, lumbering workman who could deliver the facts of American existence, all of them, without selection, as a drayman might deliver trunks. Where, then, to start? To anyone who felt there was an American tradition to be carried on, there was but one writer who was on the right track: Sherwood Anderson. When he was in his stride, there was no doubt about it, he was good. The trouble with Anderson was there was never any telling just how long he could keep up his pace. He had a bad way of stumbling. And when he stumbled he fell flat.

So did Mark Twain, who loomed out of the American past. All authentic American writing, Hemingway has said, stems from one book: *Huckleberry Finn.* How much he was prepared to learn from it may be ascertained by comparing the progress of the boys' raft down the Mississippi with the journey of Jake and his friend from France to Spain in *The Sun Also Rises.* Mark Twain is the one literary ancestor whom Hemingway has openly acknowledged; but what neither he, nor Sherwood Anderson, who was Hemingway's first master, could supply was a training in discipline.

It was here that chance served. But it was a chance from which Hemingway carefully profited. There was one school which for discipline surpassed all others: that of Flaubert. It still had many living proponents, but none more passionate than Ezra Pound. In Paris, Hemingway submitted much of his apprentice work in fiction to Pound. It came back to him blue-penciled, most of the adjectives gone. The comments were unsparing. Writing for a newspaper was not at all the same as writing for a poet.

Pound was not the young American's only critical instructor. If Hemingway went often to 70 bis, Rue Nôtre Dame des Champs, he was presently to be found also at 12, Rue de Fleurus. There he submitted his writings to the formidable scrutiny of Gertrude Stein. It was of this period that Hemingway said to me later: "Ezra was right half the time, and when he was wrong, he was so wrong you were never in any doubt about it. Gertrude was always right."

What she taught Hemingway must be in part left to conjecture. Like Pound, she undoubtedly did much for him simply by telling him what he must not do, for a young writer perhaps the most valuable aid he can receive. More positively, it was from her prose he learned to employ the repetitions of American speech without monotony. (I say this quite aware that Miss Stein's repetitions are monotonous in the extreme.) She also taught him how to adapt its sentence structure, inciting in him a desire to do what Hemingway calls "loosening up the language." She did not teach him dialogue. The Hemingway dialogue is pure invention.

IN *The Sun Also Rises*, each of the characters has his own particular speech, but by the time we reach *Death in the Afternoon* and the extraordinary conversations with the Old Lady, there is no longer even the illusion that there is more than one way of talking. It is a formula, in that book employed with great dexterity and no small power; but it is dramatic only in words; in terms of character it is not dramatic at all.

> We were in the garden at Mons. Young Buckley came in with his patrol from across the river. The first German I saw climbed up over the garden wall. We waited until he got one leg over and then potted him. He had so much equipment on and looked awfully surprised and fell down in the garden. Then three more came over further down the wall. We shot them. They all came just like that.

It is easy to see how a story like this could convey the impression that Hemingway is indifferent alike to cruelty and suffering. And yet this tale is a precise record of emotion. What we have here is not callousness, but the Flaubertian discipline carried to a point Flaubert never knew—just as in the late war military control was brought to such perfection that dumb cowed civilians in

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uniform, who cared nothing for fighting and little for the issues of battle, could be held to positions that the professional soldiers of the nineteenth century would have abandoned without the slightest shame. In this account of the Germans coming over the wall and being shot, one by one, all emotion is kept out, unless it is the completely inadequate surprise of the victims. The men who kill feel nothing.

BUT THIS was a point beyond which Hemingway himself could not go. And in the stories that follow the first little volume, published in Paris and called *In Our Time*, he is almost always present in one guise or another. That is not to say, as might be assumed, that these stories are necessarily autobiographical. Wounded in the War, Hemingway was a very apprehensive young man. Indeed, his imagination could hardly be said to exist apart from his apprehension. I should not call this fear. And yet he could hardly hear of something untoward happening to another that he did not instantly, and without thought, attach this event to himself, or to the woman he loved. The narration is still remarkably pure. But there is always someone subject to the action.

For this is another distinction. In Flaubert, people are always planning things that somehow fail to come off—love affairs, assignations, revolutions, schemes for universal knowledge. But in Hemingway, men and women do not plan; it is to them that things happen. In the telling phrase of Wyndham Lewis, the "I" in Hemingway's stories is "the man that things are done to." Flaubert already represents a deterioration of the romantic will, in which both Stendhal and Byron, with the prodigious example of Napoleon before them, could not but believe. Waterloo might come, but before the last battle there was still time for a vast, however destructive, accomplishment of the will. In Hemingway, the will is lost to action. There are actions, no lack of them, but, as when the American lieutenant shoots the sergeant in *A Farewell to Arms*, they have only the significance of chance. Their violence does not make up for their futility. They may be, as this casual murder is, shocking; they are not incredible; but they are quite without meaning. There is no destiny but death.

It is because they have no will and not because they are without intelligence that the men and women in Hemingway are devoid of spiritual being. Their world is one in time with the War and the following confusion, and is a world without traditional values.

It is the privilege of literature to propose its own formal solutions for problems which in life have none. In many of the early stories of Hemingway the dramatic choice is between death and a primitive sense of male honor. The nineteen-year-old Italian orderly in *A Simple Enquiry* is given to choose between acceding to his major's corrupt desires and being sent back to his platoon. Dishonor provides no escape, for in *The Killers* the old heavyweight prizefighter who has taken that course must at last lie in his room, trying to find the courage to go out and take what is coming to him from the two men who are also waiting in tight black overcoats, wearing gloves that leave no fingerprints. One can make a good end, or a bad end, and there are many deaths beside the final one. In *Hills Like White Elephants*, love is dead no matter what the lovers decided. "I don't feel any way," the girl says. "I just know things." And what she knows is her own predicament.

The Spaniards stand apart, and particularly the bullfighters, not so much because they risk their lives in a spectacular way, with beauty and skill and discipline, but because as members of a race still largely, though unconsciously, savage, they retain the tragic sense of life. In *The Sun Also Rises*, the young Romero, courteous, courageous, born knowing all the things that the others —wise-cracking Americans, upper-class British or intellectual Jews—will never learn, is a concentration of contrast. And yet the character in that novel who most nearly represents the author is aware, as soon as he has crossed the border back into France, that it is here that he belongs, in the contemporary world. He is comfortable only where all things have a value that can be expressed and paid for in paper money.

The best one can do is to desert the scene, as every man and woman must do sooner or later, to make, while the light is still in the eyes, a separate peace. And is this not just what Hemingway has done? Is there a further point to which he can retire than Key West? There he is still in political America, but on its uttermost island, no longer attached to his native continent.

His vision of life is one of perpetual annihilation. Since the will can do nothing against circumstance, choice is precluded; those things are good which the senses report good; and beyond their brief record there is only the remorseless devaluation of nature, which, like the vast blue flowing of the Gulf Stream beyond Havana, bears away of our great hopes, emotions and ambitions only a few and soon disintegrating trifles. Eternity—horribly to paraphrase Blake—is in love with the garbage of time.

WHAT is there left? Of all man's activities, the work of art lasts longest. And in this morality there is little to be discerned beyond the discipline of the craft. This is what the French call the sense of the *metier* and their conduct in peace and war has shown that it may be a powerful impulse to the right action; If I am not mistaken, it is the main prop of French society. In *The Undefeated,* the old bullfighter, corrupt though he is with age, makes a good and courageous end, and yet it is not so much courage that carries him as a proud professional skill. It is this discipline, which Flaubert acquired from the traditions of his people and which Pound transmitted to the young Hemingway, that now, as he approaches forty, alone sustains him.

November 11, 1936

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Croly and Opinion

FELIX FRANKFURTER

THE ILLUSION of fresh stirrings possesses every generation. Certainly that an old tradition has become inadequate may merely prove the strength of the illusion. Yet a quarter-century ought to correct the blind vanity of youth. In any event, those of us who came to maturity in the Roosevelt era are still confident that new questionings and confusions and conflicts were beginning then to push their way to the surface of American society. The raucous voices and pugnacities of the Roosevelt days were not merely reflexes of his personality. Rather does Theodore Roosevelt appear to have been a function of his time—the first President to express the need for adjusting our political system to the changes resulting from the practical cessation of pioneer conditions and the increasing concentration of economic power.

In truth history *is* a seamless web. For at the very birth of the American Republic there begins to unfold, with the inevitability of a Greek drama, the conflict between a society of rustic simplicity and that of industrial capitalism. But in history also the emphasis makes the song, and what was episodic, tentative and subordinate in the decades before Roosevelt, after the Spanish War emerged with central significance. Sectional and abortive movements of the past attained enduring national scope. Proposals of heretics and outcasts became Presidential policies. Behind the diverse and discordant movements for reform to which Roosevelt gave voice lay the assumption that the traditional hopes of American democracy had been defeated and its purposes subverted by social and economic forces not contemplated by the founders of our nation. But there was lacking a thoroughgoing critical analysis of the ways in which Americanism had become merely a formal creed and a "combination of optimism, fatalism and conservatism." Roosevelt's exhilarating vitality readily lent a feeling of coherence to these motley elements of skepticism and reform. And his optimism suited the American tradition in evading rather than exposing the conscious transformation required of American opinion, if American democracy was to practise with success the art of self-government under changed conditions.

Stand-pattism had been challenged largely by slogans. The rallying cry was progressivism, and in Herbert Croly it found its philosopher. The progressive movement really came to its full tide after Roosevelt left the White House. Roosevelt himself made the most radical critique of the traditional system not while President, but when in opposition. In 1914, during the Wilson Administration, Croly could write with strict accuracy, "For the first time in four generations American conservatism was confronted by a pervasive progressivism, which began by being dangerously indignant and ended by being far more dangerously inquisitive." And to the "thoroughgoing curiosity" which conservatives themselves had provoked, Croly made the most powerful single intellectual contribution. His *Promise of American Life* was published in November, 1909, and reprinted the following June. Its total sales amounted only to about 7,500 copies. Those were the days before book clubs, but it is hard to think of this book at any time as "the book of the month." Croly never was meant for mass readers.

BUT THE "Promise" is one of those books which prove that the influence of ideas is not to be measured by sales. To omit Croly's "Promise" from any list of half a dozen books on American politics since 1900 would be grotesque. It became a reservoir for all political writing after its publication. Roosevelt's New Nationalism was countered by Wilson's New Freedom, but both derived from Croly. Very little political literature ever survives its day, and the devastation of the World War was especially fatal to the political speculation which preceded it. But Croly's thinking cut below episodes and incidents. He had an avid interest in the shifting scenes of contemporary politics and in its fleeting personalities. But for him, politics floated in the stream of history and was significant only in so far as it fulfilled the possibilities of man's nature. For years he was a student of philosophy, nurtured by William James and Royce and Santayana; for years also he soaked himself in European as well as American history. Unlike almost all American prewar writers on politics (with the notable exception of Captain Mahan, because of his special interest in navalism) Croly saw the American situation with its international implications. Thus, when American political writers generally were unconcerned with America's relation to the world, he wrote, "A decent guarantee of international peace would be precisely the political condition which would enable the European nations to release the springs of democracy; and the spread of democracy in Europe would incur and deserve the enmity of the European peoples."

Croly challenged the state of mind of the ordinary American who considered himself the member of a chosen people, whose success was guaranteed by Mani-

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fest Destiny. His book was concerned with defining our destiny in terms of national purposes:

> When the Promise of American life is conceived as a national idea, whose fulfillment is a matter of artful and laborious work, the effect thereof is substantially to identify the national purpose with the social problem. What the American people of the present and the future have really been promised by our patriotic prophecies is an attempt to solve that problem. They have been promised on American soil comfort, prosperity and the opportunity for self-improvement; and the lesson of the existing crisis is that such a promise can never be redeemed by an indiscriminate individual scramble for wealth. The individual competition, even when it starts under fair conditions and rules, results, not only, as it should, in the triumph of the strongest, but in the attempt to perpetuate the victory; and it is this attempt which must be recognized and forestalled in the interest of the American national purpose. The way to realize a purpose, is not leave it to chance, but to keep it loyally in mind, and adopt means proper to the importance and the difficulty of the task. No voluntary association of individuals, resourceful and disinterested though they be, is competent to assume the responsibility. The problem belongs to the American national democracy, and its solution must be attempted chiefly by means of official national action.

After the war, Croly saw more clearly than ever the extent to which democracy must vindicate itself otherwise than through political action—to the extent to which political action is itself an aspect of nature education and co-operative living. But at no time did he minimize the implications of democracy or maximize political reliances. With him humanism was always central. Not the sectarian humanism that is now having its day, not the humanism of negation, but the joyous humanism that is an affirmation of the latent possibilities of human nature. Such was the culminating note of the "Promise":

> For better or worse, democracy cannot be disentangled from an aspiration toward human perfectibility, and hence from the adoption of measures looking in the direction of realizing such an aspiration. It may be that the attempt will not be seriously made, or that, if it is, nothing will come of it. Mr. George Santayana concludes a chapter on "Democracy" in his "Reason in Society" with the following words: "For such excellence to grow general mankind must be notably transformed. If a noble and civilized democracy is to subsist, the common citizen must be something of a saint and something of a hero. We see, therefore, how justly flattering and profound, and at the same time how ominous, was Montesquieu's saying that the principle of democracy is virtue." "The principle of democracy *is* virtue, and when we consider the condition of contemporary democracies, the saying may seem to be more ominous than flattering. But if a few hundred years from now it seems less ominous, the threat will be removed in only one way. The common citizen can become something of a saint and something of a hero, not by growing to heroic proportions in his own person, but by the sincere and enthusiastic imitation of heroes and saints, and whether or not he will ever come to such imitation will depend upon the ability of his exceptional fellow-countrymen to offer him acceptable examples of heroism and saintliness.

The function of the editorial writer, according to Croly, was that of social mediation. But his acutely sensitive integrity made him uncommonly aware of the pitfalls of self-deception to which the purveyor of opinion was exposed. With surgeon-like candor, he analyzed the dangers of that very dogmatism against which the *New Republic* was to serve as a ferment:

> It is, I think useful to compare editorials to the petty currency of social intercourse, but the comparison interprets only part of what takes place in the minds of the writers and readers of editorials. Editorials rarely stimulate either one or the other to seek some better approximation to the truth for themselves. When I write an editorial, I am not conversing with my readers; I am usually telling them what is what. To be sure they hand me a penny? On the other hand, if I succeed in being honest with myself, how can I protect my readers from expecting too much from me? [The editor's] natural desire to play his part bravely almost forces him to magnify the pretensions of his job. He parades under the veil of anonymity the valor of ignorance. He makes sounds as if his editorials issued like an oracle from some divinely subsidized source, and they sound sonorous in his own ears. . . . What we editors need is a method of cutting opinions to suit the rapidly changing body of an editor's problems without depriving our own minds of continuity and integrity and without pretending to ourselves and others that in this business fine feathers make fine birds.

Croly thus stated what in recent years became more more and more the central problem of his thinking; how to adjust one's life in its social relations, how to contribute the experience gained from a conscious direction of the individual to the social fund of experience. More and more he was seeking illumination for the problems of politics from the slow accretions of insight into human behavior. He had no fixed system and was wholly committed to the fact that the findings of science are tentative, particularly the findings of scientific observation of human conduct. He was constantly striving towards a synthesis, but he realized that true insight depends on the interaction of an analytic-synthetic process. He would frequently talk of the "purging of personality from opinion." By this he meant an "inveterate curiosity about life," which included in the sphere of curiosity the thoughts and actions of one's own life. The effort was nothing less than to be actor and observer at the same time. This complicated self-conscious process he attempted to formulate at once as a confession and as a faith:

> Instead of treating the world as the permanent possibility of being edified by my virtuous opinions, I am

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> treating it as something which must primarily be inspected through the eye-glasses of my own feelings and interests, but always with the deliberate intention of separating what I observe from the coloring which my personality gives it. There seems to be a chance that in this way I may build up within myself a vision of the world and of my relation to it whose reports are not tainted at their source. In order to have any power of edifying or co-ordinating worldly processes and activities for the benefit of my readers, I must begin by co-ordinating the instinctive, emotional and intellectual activities which make up my life. Co-ordination, like charity, must find a home in the individual spirit, or it will have to satisfy itself with a habitation in churches, states and other institutions; and it is absurd even to seek the kind of co-ordination which we editorial writers among others need unless we can learn how to purify, stretch and intensify individual consciousness.

In fair weather and foul he lived his faith with extraordinary fidelity. Though highly sensitive and strong-willed, he maintained his intellectual and emotional rectitude with unruffled serenity. He was a Spartan, but the more Spartan because he wanted a world of joy and beauty and could revel in their exercise. I have never known a worldly man who was more just, nor one of tenacious will more gentle and forbearing. He cared passionately for the fulfillment of the promise of American life, and because he so cared, he labored with an almost heroic perseverance to bring his own life into the greatest possible accord with the insight that was vouchsafed him. He was as far removed from a prig as the poles are asunder; nothing therefore could have been farther from his mind than to serve as an exemplar. But if he had been consciously designed as a model of brave and sincere and generous living, he could not have been fashioned more appropriately.

July 16, 1930

Some Dangers to American Writing

MALCOLM COWLEY

WHILE reading the special number of the *London Times Literary Supplement* devoted to "American Writing: Its Independence and Vigour," I kept thinking of one subject that wasn't mentioned in a collection of thoughtful essays. Almost all the anonymous contributors spoke graciously, if they were English—or proudly, if they were Americans—about our literary achievements of the last 50 years. None of them made what should have been an obvious statement: that American writing, or at least American authorship, is now more precisely threatened than at any other time in the century.

An earlier situation has been reversed. We used to think that the literary present mightn't be brilliant, but that great things were surely on the way. Now we look backward instead of forward with assurance, to a brilliant period that began after the First World War. We suspect that the period is ending or has ended and our new uncertainties are about the future.

The uncertainties aren't caused by a feeling that the new generation is wanting in talent. One hears of many gifted writers now in their twenties and early thirties; the question is whether still young writers—and readers too—are being trained to take their places. The question is also whether the talent will be strong enough to resist the dangers that threaten from several directions. At present the dangers are intermingled, but they might be distinguished as political, social, academic and (in the narrow sense) educational. I propose to discuss each of them briefly, without paying much attention to the hopeful tendencies that are also present. Sometimes it is useful to look at the darker side of a situation; at least we know then what we have to fight.

THE POLITICAL danger to American writing is connected with the loyalty crusade, which has led to some curious activities in or against the literary world. Since many of these have been reported at length in the press, I can be excused for not talking about such familiar matters as the purge of American overseas libraries, the investigations into private opinions and family relationships, the blacklisting of many writers by the entertainment industries, the often successful attempts to censor books (or rather authors, since the books are usually attacked without being read), the denials of passports to various writers, and the denials of visas to distinguished foreigners like Graham Greene. There are, however, some aspects of the loyalty crusade that haven't received enough attention.

It hasn't been sufficiently explained that finding and exposing subversives, or possible subversives, has become a flourishing new profession, one that employs thousands of ambitious men. How many thousands would be hard to say, but—counting all the government, semi-

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public and private organizations in the field, not to mention the free-lance operatives—there must be many more investigators than there are open or secret Communists. The more suspects that each investigator finds, the better his chances for professional advancement.

The writing trade has become a favorite object of suspicion. Authors can be investigated without tedious travels and interviews, merely by going to the nearest public library. If authors have questionable opinions, they are likely to put them into books, and the books can be used against them after 20 or 30 years. The result is that authorship has become a dangerous profession for public servants and candidates for public office. Even the reading habit is sometimes regarded with suspicion, unless the reader confines himself to detective stories and the right magazines. There was a time when more books per capita were sold in Washington than in any other American city; that was before the loyalty crusade.

BESIDES discouraging some writers, and apparently many readers, the crusade has affected three of four specialized branches of American authorship. Radio and television writing has patently suffered from losing most of its few original craftsmen to the blacklist (while the others have learned to be cautious). Motion-picture writing has lately improved, but only after some years of abject dullness. The crusade has also affected American sociology, once a field for brilliant researches; of recent years most sociologists have been writing about subjects guaranteed to be uncontroversial, in a style that seems deliberately calculated to frighten away the intelligent but unspecialized reader. That same reader is being given few books on international affairs, at a time when good ones are desperately needed. With a few exceptions, new books in the field seem to be more timid or conventional in their ideas than most of the "think books"—as we used to call them—that appeared in the thirties and forties.

The social danger to American writing is the atmosphere of anti-intellectualism that has spread over the country. In some of its aspects it is a product of the loyalty crusade and of the effort to discredit the New Deal. Politicians argue that the New Deal was a creation of the long-hairs, the do-gooders, the eggheads, that they tried to impose a foreign pattern on the country ("a blueprint for socialism"), that they were sympathetic with Russian aims, and that they should all be turned out of their jobs, whatever the jobs might be. Senator Jenner said in Congress, "Let them earn their living as dishwashers or ditch diggers."

We can take for granted that the President doesn't agree with Senator Jenner, but he too made a point of attacking "so-called intellectuals." Mr. Eisenhower or his speech writers must have been sure that the attack would be well received by his radio audience. That is the most disturbing feature of anti-intellectualism in the 1950s—not its manifestations in official life (as when the head of a government bureau is warned "not to hire too many Ph. D.'s"), but its popularity in the country at large.

Some of its effects are evident in television, where book and information programs have been disappearing one by one. Other effects are displayed in the public schools, which are the mirror of popular ideals for the next generation. Gifted pupils used to be pushed ahead by their teachers and admired by most of their classmates (though with an undertone of distrust). Now, in many schools, they are forbidden to make more progress than the duller members of their age groups; nobody skips a grade or gets left behind. They used to distinguish themselves by making high marks, but now, in many school systems, marks have been abolished. The bright pupil is made to feel ashamed of being a "brain." The new ideal is the all-around boy, universally liked, perhaps a little weak in grammar and general knowledge, but a good dancer and dater and salesman of himself.

In the pre-literary world, a special manifestation of this atmosphere is the decline of high-school journalism. Every big high school used to have its printed newspaper or literary magazine; often it had both. Now, in many big schools, there is no publication edited by students, not even a mimeographed bulletin; interest seems to be lacking, and sometimes ability. College literary magazines have also declined in importance; many of the monthlies have become quarterlies or yearbooks or have disappeared; some were suppressed by the college administration. At Harvard, which doesn't practice censorship, there used to be two literary magazines, one a fortnightly, which between them published some 25 issues in the college year; now there is one literary magazine, *Mother Advocate,* which publishes six issues. As at many other colleges, young writers are losing the valuable experience of being published and read by their contemporaries.

THE ECONOMIC danger to American writing is the slow crisis in book-selling and publishing. Largely the crisis is due to the decline of the best-selling novel, which used to be the staple of the book trade. Most books lose money for their publishers, but novels with a sale of more than a hundred thousand copies in hard covers earn a large profit, which the publisher uses to support his other activities. There have been few novels since 1947 with a bookstore sale in the hundreds of thousands. Some novels have sold millions in soft-cover reprints, but they didn't yield much, comparatively speaking, to the original publishers, and they did nothing to support the bookstores.

I never expected to find myself writing in defense of best-selling novels. Formerly I pointed out that many of them were honest books, but that others were meretricious and helped to debauch the public taste. Now I remember that all of them, including *Forever Amber,* helped to support the writing profession at many levels.

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GREETINGS

to the

New Republic

on its

Fortieth Anniversary

from the

International Ladies

Garment Workers Union

David Dubinsky,

President

They attracted customers to the bookstores, and many of the customers also bought less popular books. They made it possible for publishers to subsidize young writers and issue many books of limited circulation. They paid for publishers' advertising, which helped to keep book-review pages and scholarly magazines alive.

People have been talking about the decline of book reviewing, which is a noticeable phenomenon of the last two years. It isn't a decline in the talent or training or good will of individual reviewers; chiefly the phenomenon is economic. Publishers without best-sellers on their lists haven't been able to spend so much for advertising. Many newspapers and magazines, warned by their accounting departments, have begun to devote less space to books, besides getting rid of some reviewers and piling more work on the others. From an economic point of view, the literary profession is interdependent at all its levels. Serious and experimental books have been receiving less attention because best-sellers haven't been selling.

UNABLE to support themselves by writing books, many authors have been taking refuge in the universities, and that too might prove to be a danger to American writing. I would be the last to censure authors for earning their livings as best they can. University teaching is better than washing dishes or digging ditches or writing speeches for illiterate Congressmen; it is a respected and self-respecting profession that grants some leisure for literary work. The alliance between writing and teaching has produced some promising results, notably a new school of analytical criticism and a quantity of poems, many of which deserve to be more widely read. It has also produced many novels written with patient attention to critical principles. If I say that it is a danger, that is because I am thinking of what might happen if some present tendencies were carried to extremes—as everything seems to be carried away in this country of extremes.

One tendency is for learning to be emphasized at the expense of invention and imagination. The scholar-writer turns his attention to the past. He analyzes Conrad and Joyce in order to explain how they produced their special effects and he learns how these can be reproduced in his own work and that of his students, but he is often less concerned with producing new effects—even though they may be needed to express his own sense of life. Another tendency is for criticism to assume a greater importance than fiction of poetry. Still another is for the scholar-writer to lose the sense of addressing a broad audience with varied types of experience; he begins to talk—as the sociologists and some of the new critics already do—in the narrow jargon of his craft. His novels, if he continues to write them, are likely to deal with narrow themes, so as not to betray

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his ignorance of the business world, the labor world, the political world. He lives and writes as part of a specialized bureaucracy.

But the greatest danger that threatens American writing is the decline of the reading habit, which has lately been especially noticeable in recruits to the armed forces and in new classes entering college. Among the many causes of the decline are illustrated comic books and television; we seem to be developing into a nation of lookers and listeners rather than readers. Perhaps a more central cause is the breakdown of public secondary education. Boys and girls are being graduated from high school without having been asked to read more than two or three paragraphs a week. Most of the less ambitious students—more than half of the senior class in some high schools—have never read a book from cover to cover.

But the decline in reading ability isn't confined to dullards and the indifferent. An Eastern university that chooses the best from a long list of candidates for admission gave a reading test to its students on two occasions, twenty-five years apart. The test showed that freshmen could read as well in 1925 as seniors in 1950. Other universities have found themselves teaching grammar, syntax and remedial reading instead of literature. These are some aspects of a situation that has been disturbing not only the book trade but also magazine publishers and newspaper tycoons. It helps to explain why magazines are printing sensational stories about the American schools. One syndicated Sunday supplement has paid for an advertising campaign in favor of the written word, which "endures." It is as if the publisher were trying to delay the time at which writing and printing would cease to be the normal means of conveying ideas and sales messages.

THE SITUATION isn't so black as I have painted it. I have omitted all the hopeful elements, including the vitality of American writing and the ability it has shown to survive and develop in other hostile periods, like the one that followed the Civil War. This country has always corrected its mistakes, often by going to the opposite extreme. Secondary education will be reformed once more; changes are already under way. The loyalty crusade will end some day, in spite of the individuals and institutions that would profit by extending it.

There is no assurance, however, that American writing will enter another brilliant period. Today for the first time we have to admit the possibility of a situation in which American writing would be confined to an elite of scholars, in which it would become as elaborate and dead as late-Roman writing, and in which the public would find its esthetic satisfactions in bang-bang gunsmoke on the television screen.

November, 1954

Old-Fashioned Widow's Song

SHE handed me a gay bouquet
Of roses pulled in the rain,
Delicate beauties, frail and cold—
Could roses heal my pain?

She smiled: "Ah, c'est un triste temps!"
I laughed and answered "Yes,"
Pressing the roses in my palms.
How could the roses guess?

She sang: "Madame est seule?" Her eye
Snapped like a rain-washed berry.
How could the solemn roses tell
Which of us was more merry?

She turned to go: she stopped to chat;
"Adieu!" at last she cried.
"Mille mercis pour ces jolies fleurs!" . . .
At that the roses died.

The petals drooped, the petals fell,
The leaves hung crisped and curled.
And I stood holding my dead bouquet
In a dead world.

March 5, 1930 KATHERINE MANSFIELD

The officers and members of the nation's largest union of operating railroad workers salute America's leading liberal weekly on 40 years of devotion to dignity and decency in all human relationships and to furthering peace and democracy everywhere. Let us hope that your life really begins at 40!

W. P. KENNEDY, President

Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen

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Big Business and the Liberals, Then and Now

CARL KAYSEN

AT THE TIME of the *New Republic's* birth, liberals had just seen a period of reaction give way to a period of progress; now, forty years later they are seeing a period of progress give way to what they fear is a period of reaction. In both turning points, Big Business occupies a pivotal position. It was over Big Business that the forces which culminated in the New Freedom triumphed then; it is to Big Business that the forces of the New Deal have lost now. This is what might be termed the official liberal creed: what can we learn by reflecting on its relevance, in 1914 and in 1954?

In 1914, Big Business had probably just passed the peak of its political and economic power. Ideologies tend to be a little old-fashioned, to reflect events as they were, rather than as they are, and the liberal creed at that time put Big Business in a central place in its demonology. In the economic sphere, the wave of promotions and mergers which marked the coming of age of American industrialism had subsided. The great enterprises which were created by those mergers, and whose names are today still household words, had taken something like their present shape. They achieved a relative importance which is fairly close to that which they now hold. The power of the Money Trust was great, and it still stood as a central symbol of the economic forces of Big Business. Although we were a rapidly growing nation, we were not yet a rich one. Hours were long and wages were low for the worker; the contrast between worker and capitalist was sharp. Profits were visible to a great degree as the personal incomes of a small class. The association of profits with finance and speculation gave a moral edge to the contrast between the low incomes of workers and the high ones of owners. Business had only just become national business: the handful of great moguls known to the whole nation who had replaced the larger number of smaller ones with only local or regional fame were still in their first generation.

Politically, Big Business had barely suffered its first important defeats. The income tax and the direct election of Senators were just a year old in 1914; low tariffs had only started to replace high. The Republican Party was the party of Big Business, and the history of Teddy Roosevelt underlined the fact. Trade unions as a political power hardly existed, and the memory of bloody strikes broken by the force of the state was still fresh.

Big Business offered itself as a valid negative symbol to the liberals of the time, and they used it. The Muckrakers had drawn from a deep stratum of popular resentment, fear, and hatred in their criticism of Big Business and the political figures associated with it. Competition was a positive liberal symbol, against which was placed the negative counter of monopoly, the product of greed, unscrupulous practice, and the maneuverings of high finance. Trust-busting was an important part of the liberal program; until the outbreak of the war, the level of enforcement of the Sherman Act was high, and two new major pieces of anti-trust legislation were enacted in 1914—the Clayton and Federal Trade Commission Acts. Big Business drew liberal fire not only because it was monopolistic, but simply because it was big. Brandeis, writing of the curse of bigness, expressed a wide liberal concern.

To be sure, trust-busting was not the major point in the liberal economic program, though it held an important place. The liberalization of tariff policy, minimum wage and maximum hour laws, social security programs and other expressions of the economic role of the positive state figured largely. And Herbert Croly, writing in 1914, could look at anti-trust policy as the expression of sophisticated conservatism rather than what he viewed as "Progressive Democracy." He and others of his circle professed a vague syndicalism. Their vision of the better industrial world was one of Industrial Democracy, in which the worker shared in the control of his work, and participated in both the operations and the fruits of business on more equal terms. This would end antagonism between unions and employers, permit the rational application of science to business to raise productivity. This, rather than a market economy purged of monopoly and abuse should be the progressive goal.

MATCHED with the fear of Big Business was the liberal faith in the power of positive government. The liberal creed was not merely a call for the end of privileges to business, and the suppression of big business abuses. It also relied on the positive action of the government as the major element in enlarging and equalizing prosperity.

Now, forty years later, the currency of Big Business as a negative symbol in the liberal creed is almost as great as it was then. Yet conviction and program congruent with the use of the symbol have almost vanished.

The power of Big Business in our total society is on the wane. It is certainly much less now than it was at

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President Wilson's first inauguration. In the economy, several new forces hardly visible then have grown to great size now. The Federal Government itself has become the largest single factor in our economic life: the largest employer; the largest spender; one of the largest investors. Trade unions have become an economic and political force of the first magnitude. The Money Trust has disappeared, and Wall Street is a symbol only to students and those with long memories. Increasingly, every large business is its own banker. Production and marketing, rather than finance, are the characteristic activities of business. Most strikingly, we have grown very rich. No longer are hours long and wages low for the mass of industrial workers.

Moreover, the gap between the pay of the boss and the pay of the worker, after taxes, has narrowed. The edge has been taken off the struggle over the distribution of income. Something of the moral edge has disappeared too, as the boss has become an executive visibly working as hard as his employees, rather than a capitalist. About half of corporate profits flow back into investment without becoming income to stockholders, another factor blunting the edge of the income struggle.

Further, as we grow richer, we spend an increasing fraction of our income on distribution and service industries, areas in which small business frequently competes on equal terms with big. Manufacturing, the sphere of Big Business, is no longer growing in relation to total output; as our wealth increases further, we may expect it to begin to shrink. While big businesses have grown bigger, the relative importance of Big Business in the private business part of economy has probably not increased at all since 1914, as far as we can measure it on the basis of available information.

THE decline of Big Business' political power has been even more striking. The great issues of Government intervention have been settled, for good. If Dixon-Yates contracts remain to be fought over, Social Security, and income tax rates of over 50 percent are here to stay. The Republicans cannot any longer be classed as the party of Big Business. Its stronger wing—from Taft to McCarthy—is more nearly the party of small business than of big.

Ideologically too, there have been great shifts. While Big Business is a symbol which still provokes popular hostility to some degree, it also carries with it great popular appeal. Big Business stands for efficiency, science, productivity: cars, television sets, nylon, synthetic soap. In 1914, Big Business could be identified for the most part with "heavy industry," producing capital goods for other businesses. Today, with the tremendous flow of consumer durables, and the growth of mass distribution organizations, Big Business is daily giving the mass consumers what they want.

Business itself, especially Big Business, is ideologically on the defensive. Competition, once a liberal symbol used against business, has now been captured by the businessman himself. A flood of business speeches, pamphlets, advertisements, proclaim how competitive are American business in general and each specific business of each advertiser in particular. Competition is both morally and economically virtuous; by advertising their practice of it, businesses seek to achieve virtue in the public eye.

TODAY'S liberals, for their part, have abandoned the symbol of competition without much struggle. Big Business regularly is denounced in liberal oratory, and liberal platforms regularly pronounce in favor of more vigorous anti-trust enforcement. But there is a certain ritualistic element in all this: old traditions are honored, but little real concern with this range of problems is manifested. The real concerns of the liberals have shifted elsewhere, to a great extent to issues outside the domestic economic sphere entirely—foreign policy, civil liberty. Within the area of the domestic economy, the main interest of liberals in recent years has been in counter-cyclical policies and income redistribution. The ideas of Keynesian economics, the circumstances of the Great Depression, and the needs of war finance have combined to create a powerful array of weapons to arm the Government in dealing with these problems. In recent years the liberal position in economic matters has consisted largely of urging the importance of using all available means to promote employment and promoting a program of income redistribution through income taxation, social security, government housing construction, government health programs, and the like.

This program has been opposed by business, to be sure. Big Business, on the whole has been weaker and less united in its opposition than small business. To some extent, Big Business is beginning to see itself as the beneficiary rather than the victim of Government policies which aim at promoting effective demand in order to maintain a high level of employment. Redistributive taxation is more strongly opposed. But even here it is not Big Business which leads the opposition. Thus the Committee for Economic Development has taken positions on this whole range of issues which differ considerably from the liberal position in emphasis and detail, but much less in general principle. The United States Chamber of Commerce, however, remains in radical opposition to the liberal platform. Yet the former is to a much greater extent a big business organization than the latter.

To the extent that any concern with Big Business as an economic force remains with the liberal today, he tends to see the direct control of business by Government as the appropriate reaction. In certain special areas, such as power and river development, the liberal is an advocate of Government enterprise, but only rarely does he suggest its extension beyond these areas. He retains his faith in the beneficence of positive Government action, at least in the economic sphere. Yet he is

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beginning to doubt the virtues of positive government action in other respects; few liberals today would call for an expansion of state-supported as against private higher education, for example, or would look with favor on the notion of a general federal police power.

If concern with Big Business and competition has sunk to the level of ritual in the current liberal creed, the themes of syndicalism and industrial democracy have vanished from it altogether. Partly, this is due to the great success of the unions in substituting a system of law and negotiation for a system of arbitrary despotism in respect to hiring, firing, work assignments, job classification, and the like. But partly, and perhaps more fundamentally, it is due to a basic shift in interest away from work and towards consumption. Hours of work everywhere, except in the learned professions and in executive jobs, are diminishing, incomes are rising along with the amount of leisure in which to enjoy them. Liberals have striven for these results, and continue to strive for more of the same. Thus they inevitably move away from concern with industrial democracy in the sense of partnership of the worker in the enterprise which involves an orientation toward work rather than consumption.

Indeed, to the extent that syndicalist ideas live an active life at all today, they too have passed from the creed of liberalism to that of business. The human relations movement, which emphasizes the view of the business firm as a society and the worker as a citizen of this society, is prominent in business ideology, especially in that of big business. This kind of syndicalism is perhaps not what Herbert Croly was calling for in 1914—though he, like its current advocates at the Harvard Business School, saw that it would require new relations between employer and union—but it does reflect an examination of a range of issues which the conventional liberal creed has almost completely abandoned.

Despite the changes in the relative power position of Big Business, real problems of business power remain which should be of concern to the liberal. First, the old-fashioned problem of monopoly is still a real problem, and one which is related to the power of big business. But it involves the economic power of business in particular markets, rather than some general power position in society as a whole. To the extent that we place our main reliance for the guidance of economic activity on the market, we want markets to be more rather than less competitive. This is true both because more competition does mean more efficiency, and because the fundamental logic of the market viewed as a process for circumscribing economic power rests on competition. The key problem here is how much we do, shall and should place our main reliance on markets for the guidance of economic activity. It is the purpose of this preachment to urge the virtues of a mild neo-Mancunianism. Liberals have learned that there are things which the market cannot do satisfactorily, and with respect to which positive Government action is desirable and even necessary. The control of the aggregate level of employment and output, and the determination of the distribution of income are the most important of these things. Liberals do well to teach this lesson to those who have not yet learned it, or seem in danger of forgetting it. In concentrating on this task, they seem to have forgotten that there are things which the market can do well—the determination of what should be produced, where, how, and at what price. If this is to be well done by the market, the market must be competitive. The alternative to doing these things through the market is to do them through direct government control. Liberals are beginning to be reminded of their much older fear of government power; proposals for extending government power certainly should be viewed in the light of such reminders. Yet it is clear that substantial private power will not be tolerated unless exercised under government control. The alternative to more competition is more government control; this is one of the still real problems of Big Business in which liberals should renew their interest. In this connection, it is worth noting that in England the Fabian Socialists have recently been discovering the virtues of the competitive market, and that books on economic planning by socialists begin with the proposition that the market is the best planning mechanism.

Second, the problem of the relation of the worker to Big Industry, whether in the form of Big Business or Big Government, is a real and vital one. Syndicalists and proponents of the human relations approach raise a question which must be answered. Liberals, having become impatient with or contemptuous of their answers, tend to ignore the question. In a world of mechanized, disciplined work, what are the relations between worker and job? To what extent is mechanized, disciplined work the price we pay for our superior technology, to what extent it is an archaism, no longer appropriate to our technical powers, imaginatively used? The liberals have tended to accept the way our society is currently dealing with this problem unquestionably: to reduce work to a minimum, treat it as a necessary evil, and organize social life around a consumption-centered leisure. Yet it is not clear that, in terms of the most important product of a society—the character of its people—that this is the desirable way. This problem transcends problems of ownership, and income distribution; as we get richer, it rises in its relative importance.

Big Business as a negative symbol retains its currency in liberal rhetoric; its use, however, conceals rather than exposes problems. The sentiments of 1914 are much less appropriate today; but there are still vital problems which were pursued then, which have tended to disappear from the liberal agenda, and which need to be rediscovered.

November, 1954

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Ubi Ecclesia

"You must seek a castle east of the sun and west of the moon."

"For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."—*St. Matthew, XXIV. 27.*

OUR CASTLE is East of the Sun
And our Castle is West of the Moon
So wisely hidden from all the wise
In a twist of the air, in a fold of the skies,
They go East, they go West, of the land where it lies
And a fool finds it soon.

Our Castle is East of the Sun
And abides not the law of the sunlight
The last long shot of Apollo
Falls spent ere it strikes the tower
Far East of the steep, of the strong,
Going up of the golden horses,
Strange suns have governed our going,
Strange dials the day and the hour.
With hearts not fed of Demeter
With thoughts unappeased of Athene
We have groped through the earth's dead daylight
To a night that is more, not less:
We have seen his star in the East
That is dark as a cloud from the westward
To the Roman a reek out of Asia
To the Greeks foolishness.
For the sun is not lord but a servant
Of the secret sun we have seen
The sun of the crypt and the cavern
The crown of a secret queen
Where things are not what they seem
But what they mean.

But our Castle is West of the Moon
Nor the Moon hath lordship upon it
The Horns and the horsemen crying
On their great ungraven God;
And West of the moons of magic
And the sleep of the moon-faced idols
And the great moon-colored crystal
Where the Mages mutter and nod:
The black and the purple poppies
That grow in Gautama's garden
Have waved not ever upon us
The small of their sweet despair
And the yellow masks of the Ancients
Looking west from their tinkling temples
See Hope on our hill Mount joy,
And the dawn and the dancers there.
For the moon is not lord but a servant
Of the smile more bright than the sun
And all they desire and despair of
And weary of winning is won
In our Castle of Joyous Garde
Desired and done.

So abides it dim in the midmost
The Bridge called Both-and-Neither,
To the East a wind from the westward
To the West is a light from the East;
But the map is not made of man
That can plot out its place under heaven,
That is counted and lost and left over
The largest thing and the least.

For our Castle is East of the Sun
And our Castle is West of the Moon
And the dark labyrinthine charts of the wise
Point East and point West of the land where it lies
And a Fool walks blind on the highway
And finds it soon.

September 11, 1929 C. K. CHESTERTON

Epistle to be Left in the Earth

. . . IT IS colder now. There are many stars. We are drifting
North by the Great Bear. The leaves are falling.
The water is stone in the scooped rocks. To southward
Red sun, gray air. The crows are
Slow on their crooked wings. The jays have left us.
Long since we passed the flares of Orion.
Each man believes in his heart he will die.
Many have written last thoughts and last letters.
None know if our deaths are told or forever.
None know if this wandering earth will be found
We lie down and the snow covers our garments.
I pray you, you—if any open this writing—
Speak in your mouths the words that were our names. . . .

I will tell you all we have learned. I will tell you everything.
This earth is round. There are springs under the orchards.
The loam cuts with a blunt knife. Beware of
Elms in thunder. The lights in the sky are stars:
We think they do not see. We think also
The trees do not know nor the leaves of the grasses hear us.
The birds too are ignorant.
Do not listen.
Do not stand at dark in the open windows.
We before you have heard this. They are voices.
They are not words at all but the wind rising.
Also none among us have seen God.
The moon's is the white face. We have thought often
The flaws of sun in the late and driving weather
Pointed to one tree; but it was not so.
As for the nights, I warn you the nights are dangerous.
The wind changes at night and the dreams come. . . .
It is very cold. There are strange stars near Arcturus.
A voice is crying an unknown name in the sky.

April 30, 1930 ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

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British and American Liberals

EDITORIAL

KINGSLEY MARTIN, editor of *The New Statesman and Nation,* in his reply to Richard Strout's comments on that British weekly begins by stating that: "The fact that the *New Republic* should publish Richard Strout's article shows in itself how seriously things have gone wrong between American and British liberals."

We disagree. We make no claim to speak for American liberals. We doubt if Mr. Martin should claim to speak for British liberals. We think that the peoples of Britain and America are liberal in spirit. We think they are as closely bound together as they have ever been in time of peace. As for the *New Statesman* and the *New Republic,* the contrast in their editorial policies has been apparent for a long time. Why should it be concealed? Mr. Martin repeatedly justifies his criticism of American policy by saying that outspoken honesty is the basis of a sound relationship. That is right.

The *New Republic* believes that the world is divided by a basic struggle. We believe that that struggle is between dictatorship of the Soviet brand and democracy. We stand on the side of democracy.

We believe that Stalinism is at war with democracy, and that it makes no moral distinction between war by military and non-military means. It recognizes military warfare as a legitimate means of conquest. It has demonstrated its capacity to direct aggressive war. That does not mean that it chooses war alone. It seeks to expand along lines of least resistance. Where the non-Communist nations are politically corrupted or economically prostrated Stalinism seeks to expand by revolution. Where they are unarmed, it expands by military force.

To argue that guns are not enough is to labor the obvious among liberals. To argue that guns are unnecessary is to invite attack. If we intend to win this conflict without world war, as we must, then we will have to make military warfare unprofitable for Stalin. That means the rearmament and the unification of the democratic nations.

We believe in the unification of the West. We believe in federation for Western Europe, and in Atlantic Union for Europe, North America and the British Commonwealth. We believe that partnership, open and equal, solid and lasting, of Britain and the US is the basis of all these plans. It is our "Rock of Salvation" and our great hope for peace.

The road to union is trying. Both countries have their isolationists, their nationalists, their vested interests who thrive on separation. We believe that the task of men of good will in Britain and the US is to carry union forward by constructive criticism, sound advice and practicable proposals. All this is for the purpose of freeing the United Nations so that it may function as the universal organization in which Communist and non-Communist nations resolve their conflicts short of war.

That is the editorial objective we have set for the *New Republic.* If it is also the objective of the *New Statesman,* then the pages of the *New Statesman* do not make it clear.

The *New Statesman,* Mr. Martin states, is "a socialist paper." He does not add, as we would add, that socialism and the Fair Deal are both valid expressions of democracy working toward the same ends. He says instead that the conflict is between socialism and capitalism and that because "the center of capitalist power has moved from London to Washington . . . socialists' criticism must also move from London to Washington." That apparently is the real issue to the *New Statesman* today.

AS FOR Russia, Russia to Mr. Martin is a Communist state, and Communism "is a world social movement which has already won its way mainly without aid from the Red Army over an area extending from the Oder to Vladivostok and Peking." (The fact is, of course, that every satellite nation holds power through the Red Army alone and further that the Chinese Communists took power by armed force.) Stalinism apparently is not inherently evil or aggressive to Mr. Martin. He concedes simply that "Soviet intransigence is largely responsible for what seems to us the present hysterical state of mind of many Americans."

As for halting Soviet aggression by a united Western effort to make war unprofitable, that is collective security, and collective security to Mr. Martin "seems an excuse for starting world war with the ludicrous idea of quenching Communism by bombs." The March 3 *New Statesman* argues that the issue for Britain is "collective security" or "national independence." Its conclusion seems to be that if Britain will repudiate the entire structure of the North Atlantic Alliance, she may then enjoy "national independence."

This is apparently the *New Statesman* line. Its editors argue that if the North Atlantic Alliance were disbanded, the American Air Force and Army ejected from Britain and Europe and the political ties of America and Britain broken, Britain could then act as "peacemaker and conciliator in world politics," neutral and "inde-

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pendent of both the American and Communist blocs."

To hold this view, one must believe that American democracy and Soviet dictatorship are equal threats to world peace. And that is the conclusion of G. D. H. Cole, a senior editor of the *New Statesman* and its clearest editorial voice. Cole writes:

> I believe the Soviet Union to have been quite largely responsible for the disastrous worsening of the world situation which followed the introduction of the Marshall Plan; I put the main blame for its subsequent worsening on the United States. . . .

In conversation, Mr. Cole continues that if it comes to a choice between the Soviet world and the American world, he will have no hesitation in choosing the Soviet world.

Is this the editorial policy of the *New Statesman?* Presumably it is, since it notes its disagreement with Mr. Cole only on minor points of emphasis.

We look on Cole's refusal to recognize a moral issue between Soviet dictatorship and Western democracy as moral bankruptcy. We suppose that Cole's moral bankruptcy represents in part the triumph of doctrine over fact in a man who has spent his life condemning capitalism as the enemy and who cannot change without seeming to repudiate himself. It represents also a deep-seated antipathy to American life and culture. In a letter to the *New Statesman* Lord Brand writes of Cole that, "Behind almost every sentence of his article seems to lie an irrational hatred of Americans and all their works." Those who know Cole will conclude that this is not an unfair statement. Again, is it the policy of the *New Statesman?* Mr. Martin is frank in his cultural antipathy for the US and expresses it on every occasion from depicting US soldiers in Korea as willful murderers to defending the booing of American tennis players at Wimbledon. Our concern is not that he is anti-American, which it is his privilege to be, but that today anti-Americanism does not serve peace.

WE KNOW that many American liberals and *NR* readers will disagree with us. We know also that many British liberals strongly disagree with the *New Statesman,* for its own correspondence columns argue our case far more eloquently than we have done. The argument itself serves to help all of us realize that the close co-operation of our two governments is not enough to bring about the unity of our two people. It is on the necessity for unity that we have no doubt.

That is also the position of Arnold Toynbee. And when Kingsley Martin quotes Toynbee's phrase, "no annihilation without representation," to justify his own neutralist position, he is standing Mr. Toynbee on his head. For Toynbee's point is that Atlantic Union is the means by which the British people can regain their lost sovereignty by pooling it in a common sovereignty with the United States in which full representation is given to both peoples in common representative councils. We hope that Mr. Toynbee does represent "the present mood of Britain," as Kingsley Martin asserts.

For the truth is that the present partnership of Britain and America is still concealed and illicit. As long as we refuse to affirm that we share a common destiny the stronger member of the partnership is bound to exert its power and make unilateral decisions, while the weaker is dragged protesting in its wake. Kingsley Martin may respond to this situation by leading the protests. The wise course as Arnold Toynbee knows is to create the common institutions through which the partnership may be made explicit, equal and lasting.

March 19, 1951

Manifest Destiny

THIS IS the American Century. The fact cannot be changed. It is equally the century of the common man, largely brought about by those media of mass communication which Americans did more than any one else to develop. The common man is today found not only on the assembly line, or at the American drugstore or the British four-ale bar; it is he who is demonstrating in the streets of Cairo or Teheran, or being indoctrinated in Communist China. The task of preserving this common man over two-thirds of the globe from falling under Communist sway is one which cannot be separated from that of running his affairs to a greater or lesser degree.

No doubt it is an imperial task which must involve the United States in expense of manpower and wealth—and also in unpopularity, sometimes in unexpected quarters. Yet can this be helped? As long as Hollywood, for example, continues its export drive, European film makers will regard it as the opposition, and European intellectuals will sneer at Hollywood values, not without cause. Or again, while Coca-Cola is being advertised all over France, the French wine industry will naturally join the French anti-American chorus.

Such facts may be unpleasant, yet they are only aspects of the American imperial position, and as such not to be bemoaned, as some American observers tend to do, but to be studied, evaluated and coped with—if possible. It is quite true that acceptance of the American position faces the American nation with many new demands: for troops to man far-flung frontiers, for American technicians willing to live abroad for more than a few months, for a genuine understanding—it's about time—of "Point Four," for a new class trained for foreign service—analogous, in the changed circumstances of today, to the British imperial administrative class of two generations ago. Not an easy nor perhaps an attractive prospect for an isolationist nation. Yet can American Manifest Destiny be ignored—now that it is already here?

January 7, 1952 T. R. FYVEL

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Old Possum at Play

ERIC BENTLEY

THE theatre is a place where it may be the supreme achievement of a T. S. Eliot to provide a good part for an Ina Claire. In *The Confidential Clerk*, Mr. Eliot has not given Miss Claire the funniest lines she ever spoke, or the most shrewdly characterized, but he has caught the speech rhythms of a rich lady with religious longings, and from these Miss Claire can make the highest of high comedy. Such precise timing, such delicate underlining, such subtle modulation from phrase to phrase and word to word are almost unknown to our stage today. Our younger actresses, whose hands creep so nervously about in so many directions, might watch the fewer but righter paths traveled by Miss Claire's. Our light comediennes, who so regularly practice the double-take and other tricks of the eye and turning head, might profitably watch the quickness of muscle and attention by which Miss Claire avoids having her devices identified as tricks at all.

The rest of the performance at the Morosco is also impressive. Claude Rains offsets Miss Claire's light comedy with a persuasive piece of Ibsenite acting, pathetic and dignified (I don't think it's his fault if it doesn't quite come off). Joan Greenwood, if she is in some trouble with her more serious speeches, establishes her own bright color at moments when all around seems a little grey. This actress will be a splendid comedienne if she doesn't let her vocal peculiarity (an amusing croak, soft loud, loud soft) become her chief interest in life. Douglas Watson, though slightly too elocutionary, gives the most fully molded of the half dozen good performances I have seen him give in the past couple of years.

It is probably obvious from my report that the actors in this show seem to go their own way—though there is one, Mr. Newton Blick, who is exactly what the author conceived, neither more, like Miss Claire, nor less, like Mr. Watson. It is hard to gauge the director's work. One could praise E. Martin Browne for giving Miss Claire a free hand or blame him for failing to impose a single style on the whole performance. Possibly Mr. Browne tends to duplicate Mr. Eliot's old-maidishness rather than make up for it; yet the happy corollary of this is that the author suffers none of the betrayals he would have met with at the hands of almost any American director.

Is it a good play? I enjoyed myself, I followed every line with interest, once or twice I was moved, several times I was touched, I laughed sometimes, smiled often. Why should this have been the hardest evening to sum up and appraise that I've ever been confronted with?

That the play is grotesque is the least of it: the whole occasion is grotesque. T. S. Eliot's name is in lights on Broadway! Coriolanus asking the suffrage of the plebs is not a stranger spectacle than Eliot asking the suffrage of those whose "rave reviews" are reserved for *Dial M for Murder* and *The Seven Year Itch*. Not that Eliot is a Coriolanus: in some mad medley of humility and ambition he seeks to come to terms with his voters. The word on Broadway is that Mr. Eliot has written an ordinary commercial play and it is *too ordinary*.

That is Broadway's revenge. Or would be—if it were true. But if anyone should see *The Confidential Clerk* without knowing who wrote it, the last thing he would write in his diary that night would be: "Have just seen typical Broadway play." It is true that the play falls short of both its main objectives: it is neither a great poetic drama nor a great light comedy. It is completely *sui generis*—praiseworthy or not, according to your own position. My position being a reviewer's aisle seat, I must praise the play as more entertaining than 99 shows out of 100—and entertaining in a different way. I found it remarkable, for example, how quickly the fidgety Broadway audience settled down to listen to the low-pitched voices of Mr. Browne's actors and the sinuous, melancholy periods of Mr. Eliot's verse. If you like being talked to by an incurably didactic but suave, eloquent and intelligent uncle, you will enjoy listening to *The Confidential Clerk*.

THE EXTREME didacticism of the dialogue suggests that Eliot had a third objective: to say something. And some of us would have been glad to overlook his shortcomings as poet and comedian, had he seemed at grips with life or even in the grips of an idea. His best dramatic writing was done in the decade of propagandist theatre—the thirties—and was by way of a counterblast at the Marxists. The trouble with *The Confidential Clerk*—once you are past the first enjoyment of it—is that, though ideas are incessantly talked, there is no energizing and overmastering Idea. I don't say the play has no theme. I suppose the theme is the search for the tradition you are really in. (Since the hero's real father is a second-rate artist, the hero concludes he should resign himself to the same fate.) But I rather think my hesitancy in stating this theme is due, not to any sleepiness on my part or any reticence on Mr. Eliot's, but to the

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fact that theme, in this play, scarcely seems to matter. The farcical apparatus seems not to bring it into high relief (as in classic comedy) but to rub it out. Conversely, the farce is kept from natural eruption into laughter by the avuncular speech-making.

What will *The Confidential Clerk* look like in the list of Mr. Eliot's own writings? As dramaturgy, it marks an advance over the previous plays in one respect: Mr. Eliot has come to see that a play needs a plot. Unhappily, a comic plot fails to justify itself when unsupported by comic rhythm, which is a fast, not to say, diabolical one; and Mr. Eliot, for all his larger qualities, seems, like his more fanatical admirers, totally to lack vivacity. In other respects, the dramaturgy is as limited as before—most notably, the characters are still too dim, too tame. The dialogue might have been put together by an accurate student of T. S. Eliot. The only relationship I could see to the poems was that the latter are sometimes paraphrased and watered down: the famous rose garden image of *Ash Wednesday* is explicated as by some New Critic. . . .

Am I saying that Mr. Eliot is turning Shavian? He began his career as critic and dramatist in strong opposition to drama in prose and drama of ideas, that is, to drama by Bernard Shaw; *The Confidential Clerk* has all the earmarks of Shavianism as described by the early Eliot without any of the merits of the real Bernard Shaw. Perhaps there is some confusion in Eliot's attitude to the theatre? Does he like and despise it at the same time? The possibility reminds us less of Shaw than James, who said that in the theatre you always have to throw your cargo overboard to save the ship. What is happening to Mr. Eliot in these latter days? Is he busy throwing his cargo overboard? (And is that *really* necessary?) Or has he no cargo left to throw? Is he in decline? Or just playing possum? *February 22, 1954*

Cartoon

THIS WOMAN mask that wears her to the bone
They say for certain is her soul's disguise:
Such holes are cut in colored cloth for eyes
Where the live lid winks beneath the painted one:
The eyes are here the mouth is not her own:
The mouth smiles soft remembers well is wise
Speaks answers laughs loves kisses: these are lies
When at the lids her serious look is shown.

Whether her soul in fear has made this mask
For easier wandering beneath our moon
Or whether time has matched her such a one
By turn of luck they neither know nor ask

And yet it's sure that when she comes to die
This is the mask sure death will know her by.

February 12, 1930 ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

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Eisenhower at Abilene

ABILENE is still a nice town—the kind you would like to raise children in—and in the memory of Dwight Eisenhower it is still nicer. He left it 40 years ago, in 1911, to enter West Point. He has carried the memory with him around the world. There have been 40 years of public service, largely abroad, and always there has been in the back of his mind this neighborly little town, set on the flat prairie, as representing the verities of America.

It is good for a political correspondent to visit Abilene, for it explains much. General Eisenhower's social ideas may be 40 years out of date, his dream of returning America to the friendly simplicities of Abilene may be hopeless (and under certain circumstances perhaps even tragic) but of its meaning the daily tableaux of the homecoming celebration left no doubt. On that last morning, when only the candidate's own special train was left of the village of Pullman cars that had housed press and dignitaries, the General and "Mamie" finally appeared. He held in his hand a tender little bunch of flowers, the type of bouquet that a sentimental valentine would show a young man holding, and without any embarrassment he took them to his car. They were flowers from his mother's garden. Then for 20 minutes he and Mamie stood on the Pullman steps signing autographs for Abilene children—so fresh at the political work that he gave a full signature, "Dwight D. Eisenhower," while his wife, bangs and all, cheerfully wrote "Mamie Doud Eisenhower." Another home-grown bouquet was passed up to her, "Gee, there's nothing smells sweeter than a garden rose!" she observed. That's Mamie.

It was a tender scene, too, when Ike dedicated the Foundation to his parents' memory. He spoke without a note, and he is a superb extemporaneous speaker in his simple sincerity. His parents' religion was "live and lusty," he said—there was "nothing sad about it." He added: "And they were frugal, possibly of necessity, because I have found out in later years we were very poor—but the glory of America is that we didn't know it then."

That is his memory of Abilene. European correspondents were startled by his constant public reference to the Deity. They were told that it was frequent in American politics—look at Truman. But was it sincere; was it in good taste? The question of taste was optional, American colleagues replied: but as to sincerity there seemed little doubt. Eisenhower and his five brothers were raised on the Bible in a devout Mennonite sect. At the dedication ceremony he recalled that just eight years before, to the day, he had postponed the D-Day landing because of the weather—the most agonizing decision of his life. He pointed out—reverently—that the storm abated just enough to allow a landing but not enough to undeceive the enemy, who were consequently taken by complete surprise. This column does not wish to be irreverent. But the weather in Abilene on homecoming day seemed almost in control of Eisenhower, too. Rain stopped just long enough for the dedication, began again but cleared briefly an hour later for the big parade; poured like water from a faucet thenceforward till nearly 5 p.m. CST when Ike had an appointment from an unsheltered stand in the fair grounds with 10 million radio and television fans, stopped on the dot of five, and then started punctually again as he finished.

The Eisenhower speech was a shock to correspondents. It was devout, platitudinous and dull. It probably lost him a million votes.

FAR MORE revealing was the question-and-answer press conference next day. It occurred in the local movie house, with TV cameras winning their battle to be present against the angry protest of reporters. The floor writhed with radio and TV cables, and the murals on the walls were garish fairy-tale landscapes drawn by a house-painter. It was a mad setting. Ike was master of the ordeal every minute. He was natural, sincere, warmhearted. He qualified almost every answer, or spoke in generalities. He could not be pushed beyond the line he set for himself. He has an effective little trick of *non sequitur* in which he begins, "I do not think this," and after developing at length what he does not think, says suddenly and positively as though in a burst of confidence, "But I *do* think this," and comes out with the answer to quite another question. There could be no doubt who won the Eisenhower-reporter duel. He charmed his audience and left it still uncertain. In a very important sense Eisenhower since his return to America has never had a press conference at all. What he has done so far is to appear on television shows where reporters asked questions, as captive performers, without being paid for it.

Even with this kind of mechanical protection, how-

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ever, the Eisenhower replies outline a conservative man. Most revealing was the disclosure that Ike accepted the Republican Congressional Declaration of Policy of February, 1950, written for the mid-term campaign. Ike accepted this, with unspecified reservations, as representing his "political philosophy." Liberal Republicans who are now foremost in supporting Ike against Taft—Lodge, Margaret Chase Smith, Ives and Governor Dewey—either criticized this Declaration or rejected weasel-worded phrases on labor or foreign policy, which Taft, on the contrary, eagerly accepted. Friends who chatted with Ike later got the impression that he had not known that his close supporters found fault with the Declaration; as he explained, it sounded all right to him. The circumstance is significant. Eisenhower is a shrewd man. But he knows little of politics and almost nothing of many modern social and economic issues. He does not know his own political handlers. He is in a terribly exposed position. It is charming to hear him say boldly, "I don't know the answer." But once this present honeymoon period ends, he must know the answers.

Nobody could doubt the well-meaning nature of the candidate's philosophy—a little to the right of Taft here, a little to the left there and always couched in generous, modest, patriotic terms. He is exposed to pressures by vested interests whose slogans of "free enterprise" and "anti-bureaucracy" appeal tremendously to him. Indeed some of this appeared later in informal talks with friends. He spoke approvingly of an effort by self-constituted representatives from 19 states to work out a farm plan. He frankly admitted he did not understand it perfectly, but what delighted him was that each and every one condemned the "Brannan Plan," the epithet-phrase in agriculture which symbolizes for him the hated "centralization."

EISENHOWER'S technical equipment as politician must be described as superb. He was the man picked out of all the Army to run the European command because he was able to get on with everybody. After years of dealing with Monty and other Allied commanders, domestic politics seem like child's play. We watched Ike handle a trainload of delegates, and there was a verve and gusto in his technique that sublimated the ancient business of back-slapping into something higher than art.

Underneath this charm there is steel. This was the man who made the 1944 decision to postpone "D-Day." Reporters watched him at Abilene as the rain threatened to spoil the whole great outdoor TV set-up. Technicians at last said there was still just time to move the whole thing under the grandstand if they worked fast. It was raining hard, but there was light in the West. Everything was at sixes and sevens. Suddenly Ike took command; he spoke crisply. They were going to hold the show outside as planned, he said. Everything fell into order. He walked to the exposed stand. A big market umbrella had been set up for him. "Take that thing away," he said briefly. There was no doubt about it—this was An Order. There was no loss of temper, or even geniality.

Add to this, finally, that Ike is one of the best informal extemporaneous speakers living, and then ask whether he can win the nomination by the tactics he is following. It is still an even-money bet whether the Old Guard regulars will prefer to take Ike or commit probable suicide with Taft. ("After all, aren't a lot of Democrats for Ike—doesn't that show he's unsafe?") Actually, Ike strikes us, with his turn-of-the-century Abilene idealism, as just about as conservative as Taft. He is, of course, infinitely wiser on foreign affairs. But his road is spread with pitfalls, carefully baited by designing men with Ike's pet prejudices. They will all tell him, again and again, that he can stretch a point for political advantage. Will he be smiling at the end of the campaign as he is today?

June 16, 1952 T. R. B.

American Veterans Committee

salutes the New Republic

on it's 40th anniversary

BILL MAULDIN

National Chairman, AVC

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